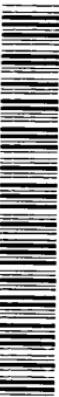


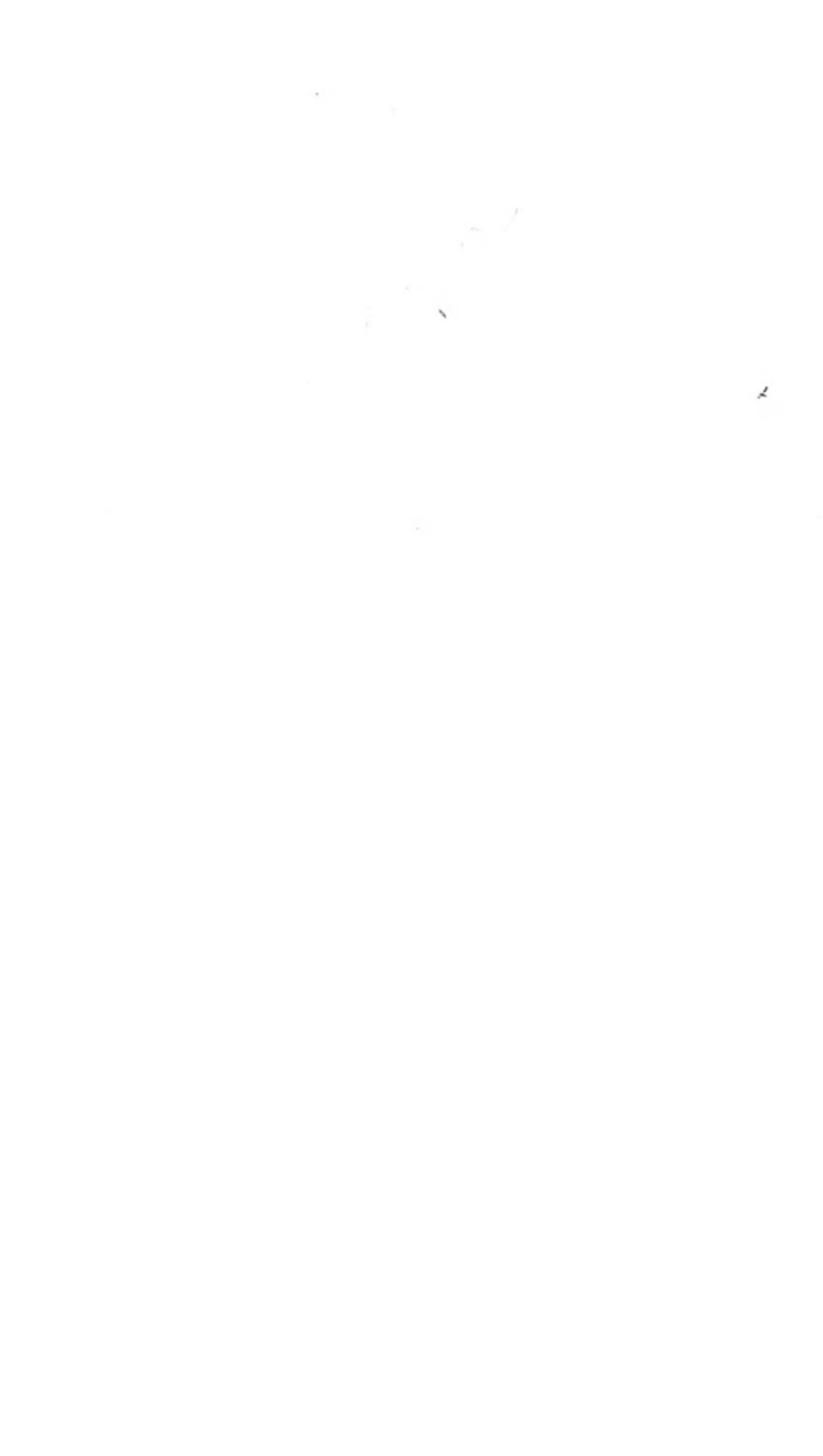
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CLARA CHESTER;

A POEM.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY OLIVER & BOYD,
HIGH STREET.

CLARA CHESTER;

A POEM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“ ROME,” AND “ THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.”

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sigh'd till woman smiled.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

She was fair
As Poets picture Hebe, or the spring;
Graceful withal, as if each limb were cast
In that ideal mould whence Raphael drew
His Galatea.

MASON.

EDINBURGH,
PUBLISHED BY
OLIVER & BOYD, TWEEDDALE-COURT;
AND G. & W. B. WHITTAKER, LONDON.

1823.

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DEDICATION.

WHEN the eyes of youth and beauty explore with delight the memorials of Roman splendour, and maternal love dwells with rapture on the dawning graces of those far dearer objects, a blooming offspring, it can hardly be expected that a lady, thus agreeably occupied, should waste an hour in perusing the journal of a rambling soldier: but as it was composed principally for the purpose of suggesting some improvement in the system of female education, in which that affectionate mother feels so deep an interest, to whom can it be so properly inscribed as to her, who has reared those tender blossoms from the bud—whose heart, superior to the temptations of fashionable indolence, was too pure to trust the precious flowers to the nurture of a foreign bosom; and who has traversed the Alps and Appenines, undaunted

DEDICATION.

by fatigue and danger, to invigorate their delicate frames with health from the breezy mountain, and enrich their minds with taste and science on the classic shores of Italy ?

Impressed with these sentiments, the Author takes the liberty of dedicating this last effort of his muse

TO

MRS WRAY PALLISER.

ERRATA.

<i>For</i>	<i>Page</i>	<i>Line</i>	<i>Read</i>
Millenium,.....	5,.....	10,.....	millennium.
Confituses,.....	18,.....	23,.....	confitures.
Picture,.....	27,.....	28,.....	pictured.
Lustre,	44,	271,.....	lustres.
Proud,.....	87,.....	1494,.....	pruned.
Traffickers,.....	109,.....	405,.....	traffickers.
Tollage,.....	118,.....	671,.....	tallage.
Hilloa,.....	140,.....	1309,.....	holla.
Bloted,.....	149,.....	1572,.....	bloated.
Commence,.....	167,.....	227,.....	commenced.
Rhind,	192,.....	964,.....	rind.
Millenium,.....	242,.....	2368,.....	millennium.

PREFACE.

“VIVE LA JOIE! Vive la bagatelle!” I like a merry preface; it sounds like a joyous proclamation, announcing peace and plenty (sometimes the forerunners of poverty and starvation), or a chime of wedding bells, ringing in the neighbours’ ears the blissful anticipations of the marriage morn, which but too often end in disappointment and sorrow. A lively preface puts the reader in good humour with the writer, and tickles his palate like a gouté of oysters before a French dinner. I love the bright side of the world, and feel contented with the splendour of the glorious sun, without peering at his spots through a smoked glass. Every situation in life can afford enjoyment to those who take the trouble of seeking for it. So little does human happiness depend on external appearances, that I never felt, before or since, such an exhilaration of spirits, as

when wading breast-high through a South American swamp, with aquatic birds whirring from the rushes ; or reposing at night on the cold clover, with a knapsack for my pillow ; depending on the Lasso men for daily food, the flesh and soup of an ox, which was killed, cooked and eaten in twenty minutes ; and in continual danger of being noosed by the Ladrone, who watched with an angler's patience for an opportunity to fling their eel-skin snares round the neck of a straggling soldier. In those wild regions we fancied the Trojan age revived, when kings and heroes officiated as their own cooks. It was a scene of military romance, brilliant at the moment, but now more pleasing when viewed through the softening mist of time. Old times have ever been the subject of agreeable contemplation, and afford enjoyments more tranquil than the brightest pleasures of hope ; but, alas ! these old times were the days of youth and health, when all the world was “ *couleur de rose* ;” it is the sweet power of memory, which, like the departed sun, throws splendour over the evening landscape ; and I feel now a charm in the recollection of past fatigues and dangers, and of those indescribable emotions which I felt, when first standing on the shore of the Western world. In the year 1807 it was my fortune to be employed in the disastrous expedition to Buenos Ayres ; and though at

that period I had little idea of appearing before the public in the character of an author, I took notes of the first impressions made on my imagination by the new and wonderful objects of the land and waves; and it has since often struck me with surprise that not one of our thousand living poets has chosen them as the subject of his illustrations. It is a field worthy of a Byron: how his noble genius would expand on those illimitable Pampas, a sea of verdure without a shore! How his splendid language would paint, with the reality of a picture, the majestic repose of the tropical landscape, disturbed only by the rolling of subterraneous thunder! I see him, in imagination, standing on the shore of the Caraellas, during one of those dreadful visitations, when, according to his own sublime description,

“ The mountains tremble, and the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains.”

I see his eagle eye pursuing the flight of the condor, till he becomes invisible above the flames of blazing Cotopaxi; or tracing the fire of the forest, that rolls like a sea of blood over the crackling pine trees. In those neglected regions every object is original, and every appearance of nature sublime. The Peon, with a silver spur on his naked heel, urges his flying steed

across the boundless meadow ; or breaks through a wall composed of the horns of cattle, whose flesh is considered worthless from its abundance. Mares are used as fuel, and lime is burned with the bones, and even flesh of sheep and oxen. Packs of wild dogs fill the vault of night with their howling, and millions of cattle and horses range the savannah, obstructed only by the richness of the clover. The voyage and operations of the troops, as far as the calamitous assault of Buenos Ayres, I have composed from notes written on the spot. It was not my good fortune to advance farther into that interesting country, as we were allowed but two months to evacuate Monte Video. I have therefore introduced a few passages, illustrative of South American scenery, from the works of that enterprising traveller, De Humboldt, whose stupendous intellect embraced the whole circle of arts and sciences, and who united in his person all the various talents and acquirements, which have raised individuals to the summit of literary fame. Linking myself with De Humboldt, I feel like a barnacle, that arrives safe in harbour, by cleaving to the side of a majestic argosy.

To connect these scenes with the web of an agreeable story is the object of the present effort. A poem purely descriptive seldom fails to excite a sensation of ennui, however meritorious the execution. To do justice to

the twofold object would require the charming facility of narration, exemplified in the beautiful story of “*Gertrude of Wyoming*,” the accomplished author of which is by far too sparing of the treasures from his rich and inexhaustible mines of genius. My kind readers, however, will take the will for the deed ; and I particularly solicit the indulgence of that gentle sex, to whose fame and praise these humble pages are devoted. All charming as they are, I anticipate a more glorious era, and look forward to a female millenium, when women and angels will become synonymous terms. It has long been a favourite maxim with me, that domestic duties, fashionable accomplishments and heroic fortitude, are all strictly compatible, and may without inconsistency adorn the same character ; that a woman may combine the useful with the agreeable, and possess all the mild graces of her sex, with the spirit of an Amazon. The history of nations, proverbial for levity, has shewn invincible courage united to the purest conjugal affection, and exhibited to an admiring world the fair martyr, who, finding all her exertions unavailing to save a beloved husband, has followed him to the scaffold, and volunteered to share his death with all the spirit and devotion of an Indian sacrifice. But there are minor touches which still seem wanting to complete the lovely picture. Those were golden

days when the daughter of a king thought it no disgrace to draw water at a well ; and in later times our prudent ancestors pronounced a young girl unfit to enter the married state till she was able to spin her household linen. No event has caused such a revolution in society as the improvement in female education. A century since, the fingers of our fair countrywomen were employed in pickling and embroidery, while their heads were little more than “a bulbous exerescence between the shoulders.” The consequence was, that the rougher sex, finding their company mere mental starvation, paid their court to the bottle, and a party in the country resembled more one of the Bacchanalian orgies than a feast of rational beings. We are now in danger of running into the opposite extreme ; for though it is impossible to cultivate the female understanding too highly, some attention should be paid to those minor duties, without which woman is as useless as a piece of ornamental china on her chimney-piece. There are some, who devote their days and nights to music, though nature has blest them with no better voice than an owl ; they substitute mechanical skill for natural taste, like Malliardet’s Automaton, and where we look for expression, they give us quavers. One of these fair quaverers treated me to such a succession of trilles one winter’s evening, that she threw me into a

fit of the shaking ague. There are others afflicted with the dancing mania, who, without paying attention to either time or figure, literally swim along, being drest in damp gowns, that cling tight to their bodies, and shew the form to greater advantage; and there are pretenders to learning, who may be called walking-indexes, and seldom dive deeper than the title-page. One of these blue-stocking monsters, who despise all domestic knowledge, after partaking plentifully of vermicelli soup, inquired if it was made of fiddle-strings. To cure this real or affected ignorance should be the object of female instruction. For my part, I believe women to be capable of any thing; what productions of wit, learning, and spirit, are lost to the world from their defective education. We may judge of their capacity from the brilliant effusions, that reflect such honour on the sex, from the sweet harmony of a Tighe to the eagle grasp of De Staël. All married men will bear witness to their powers of oratory, and, though a bachelor, I cheerfully subscribe to their verdict. Pope Joan governed Imperial Rome as well as any male successor of St Peter; Semiramis, Boadicea, and Elizabeth, have proved how kingdoms may be ruled by a petticoat. What lawyer can state a case, right or wrong, with the persevering eloquence of woman? Who so fit for a senior wrangler? And what

a saving in time there would be in Chancery, if the bench were occupied by a female, who would decide a suit without hearing it ! The distinction of sex is unknown among angels ; but there is one question that sets the matter at rest : Notwithstanding all the miseries which we suffer from these dear tormenting creatures, how should we come into the world without them ?

There is one class of females for whom I feel a peculiar interest, namely, the respectable society of Old Maids, that *Hortus Siccus* of departed flowers, many of whom preserve their virtues and agreeable fragrance when the roses of youth are withered. But dreary, indeed, is an old maiden's winter, when her spring has past without cultivation, her summer without blossoms, her autumn without fruit ; and she stands solitary on the blasted plain with a crown of snow and a heart of thorns ! These anomalous beings form a distinct class in the animal kingdom, and are perhaps the only creatures in it that enjoy real independence ; they have neither hopes nor fears ; a surly husband and a squalling child are to them matters of merriment ; they are the civilest of beings, and feel grateful for attentions, which are doubly welcome from their scarcity. When oppressed by the contemptuous frowns of scornful beauty, I always take shelter by the side of an old maid, as I would by a laurel-tree in a thunder

storm, and am sure to meet with kindness and protection ; and I would recommend it strongly to my young female acquaintances to consider seriously, before they cast a smile of contempt on my worthy and antiquated friends, that it is very possible in the revolution of time they may become members of that highly respectable sisterhood. I mention this (*en passant*) as a good-natured hint ; because I have known many, who anticipated the possession of some goose with a golden egg, which proved as fabulous as that of Esop.

As some of my readers may like variety, I shall treat them to a dramatic scene. My aunt Deborah is a very good woman, but sometimes unreasonable. Jack Hornet is a worthy fellow, but a cynical old bachelor, fond of stinging the ladies, in revenge perhaps for disappointed love. They both peeped into my study the other morning, Jack's dry face peering over my aunt's shoulder ; when perceiving a pen extended between my finger and thumb, and my eyes fixed on the ceiling, the worthy lady addressed me as follows :—

Aunt.—Ah ! nephew—at the old work, still scribbling, while your tea is getting cold ; will experience never teach you wisdom ? The critics say that your “Rome” is a dull enumeration of stones and brick-bats, and that your “Vale of Chamouni” set all their

tongues dangling like icicles. I hope your next will be something better.

Author.—Their tongues were truly frozen, for some of them paid me but cold compliments; but I hope to be on more friendly terms with them when we become better acquainted. While the crities reposed on feathers, I lay on a cold swamp, drenched with rain, having passed the day without food, and with little prospect of a breakfast on the morrow. I was sorry to find that some, for whose opinion I entertain a high respect, misunderstood my expressions. I never said a word against candid criticism, but, on the contrary, asserted that I honoured it; and surely a philippic against illiberal criticism cannot be considered a censure on fair discussion; as well might the “*Tartuffe*” be called a satire on religion, whereas it is merely an exposure of hypocrisy.

Jack.—I have heard that those cynics are particularly severe on gentlemen of your profession.

Author.—From the learned and the wise we are sure of meeting with liberality and indulgence; but there are small dabblers in criticism, who pounce on a poor officer, landing on his native shore, with his manuscript under his arm, and mangle him as ravens tear the body of a drowned mariner. Every little slip of the pen or grammatical error they lay hold of, and bottle up for

exhibition like an abortion in vinegar. One of those creatures, having imputed to me sentiments which I never uttered, and bad grammar, the offspring of his own, or his printer's ignorance, crowned all by asserting that I appeared before the public “*in formâ pauperis.*” I was as much amused at this as Lord Byron, when accused of taking a fee for writing puffs for Warren's blacking. The editor of the ephemeral work, to which I allude, should take a lesson of liberality from the *New Monthly Magazine*, that most respectable of periodical publications, in which an author is certain of finding his compositions criticised in the spirit of candour and the language of a gentleman.

Aunt.—You get warm, nephew.

Author.—True, madam, but not on my own account. I write for my amusement; not unambitious of a little fame, and without the silly vanity of rejecting a sheaf of the golden harvest, should I stumble on it at the foot of Parnassus. That pitiful scribbler can do *me* no injury; and it is probable his small journal has already passed away with the flies of summer, as I never heard of its existence before or since. My indignation was roused by the unmanly attacks on female authors, of whom I knew nothing but from their works; and I consider myself professionally

bound to draw either pen or sword in defence of lovely unprotected woman.

Aunt.—Bravo ! my bold champion. I never saw a critic, but always had an idea that he was a tall, bony, bilious man of fifty-five, with a black wig, bent brows, sharp nose and double spectacles. You are a desperate man to speak your mind so freely to those dark inquisitors. But, as I said before, I hope your new poem will be something better than your last.

Author.—I see, my dear aunt, that you echo the sentiments of an unreasonable public. Do they suppose that an author's brain is like a pedlar's pack, from the stores of which he can produce Spital-fields lace to-day and Brussels to-morrow ? Must every writer possess the rich fluency of Moore, who scatters his treasures with careless prodigality, like the mantle of Prince Esterhazy, from which every elbow shakes a shower of brilliants ? No, my dear madam ; we, poets, are “ the creatures of the elements,” and must depend on the weather for inspiration. On a fine May morning (before the ladies come down stairs) I pledge myself to write verses that will force you to smile either at my wit or folly ; but in dark December, when the cranium is damped by a cloudy atmosphere, my poetical nerves are like wet fiddle-strings, from which the bow of a Yaniewicz could extract no harmony.

Jack.—And so, by way of invoking the muse; your eyes were fixed on the ceiling: trust me, you may cast your eyes for many a day on an Irish ceiling, and find nothing there but cobwebs, which, after all, are spun with more ingenuity than the plots of some of your modern dramatists; a spider's tail is more prolific than a poet's head.

Author.—My dear Jack, nothing short of a gunpowder plot can afford sufficient excitement to gratify the taste of the present age. The public are become bilious from luxuriating in the high seasoning of Byronian cookery, and have lost all relish for simple diet; and the inexhaustible talent of the Scottish novelist has brought the Caledonian slang so much into fashion, that our ears are no longer sensible to the beauties of plain English. But when the literary world is deluged by a flood of immorality, why should I not cast my pebble into the stream? And if numbers would unite in the sacred cause, though the stone of the stripling be too weak to hurl the Goliah to the ground, he may feel encouragement from the ancient proverb, “Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.”

We now adjourned to breakfast, and the good lady attacked me on another subject. “Nephew,” said she, “let me ask you for the hundredth time, why don't you marry?”

Author.—Because, my dear aunt, I never met with my beau idéal.

Aunt.—Your beau whom? I really thought that a beau was a man.

Author.—True, madam; a simple beau is, or ought to be, a man; but a beau idéal is of the feminine gender, a sort of imaginary piece of perfection, that exists only in the poet's fancy. We have no word in our simple language to express this visionary being, and are forced to borrow a phrase from our old enemies, the French, though you know we can beat them at every thing but expression. To realize this vision of the brain, I have in contemplation a character, which I shall introduce by the name of CLARA CHESTER, combining the opposite qualities of useful and agreeable, and resembling one of those beautiful flowers, which the botanists call “Monsters.”

Jack.—Your plan is impracticable; there are but two descriptions of women in the world, the one useful, the other ornamental; like the real and artificial pipes of an organ, the latter of which are finely gilded, highly polished and good for nothing; while the former, which produce all the harmony, lie unseen, or are visible only to the fool that blows the bellows.

Author.—I maintain that my plot is a good plot, and take this opportunity of acquainting my female

friends, that when I meet with a correct copy of this fair original, I will marry her; that is, provided she will have me. Such a character is not altogether a poet's dream. This very morning the living portrait stood before me. A Rousseau's pen—a Titian's pencil would fail in attempting to delineate the features of her mind or person; in every situation new, in every one enchanting; on a vernal morn attired in her blue habit, seated gracefully on her light Arabian, with her black veil floating on the breeze, the roses of youth, health, and pleasure, blooming on her cheeks, vivacity and sweetness in her eyes—in the evening drest in vestal white, moving with the step of Venus in the dance, drawing magical sounds from the piano, or breathing music from her coral lips—and still more charming on the Sabbath morn, surrounded by the children of the neighbouring peasantry, and instructing their infant minds in the precepts of our holy religion. And thus she moves through life like a noble river, that flows along in pride and beauty, refreshing fruits and flowers with its salutary waters, bearing wealth and civilization to distant shores, and reflecting from its pure bosom the glories of heaven.

Jack.—You are mounted on your Pegasus, and cut so high a caper, that you have lost sight of the real character of woman; that strange animal is like a reel

in a bottle, which is sufficiently transparent to prove the contents a mysterious puzzle. I have studied the creature long and deeply without success, and if ever I discover the enigma, I pledge myself to rush into the street like Archimedes, drest or undrest, and proclaim to the whole world “ I have found it, I have found it.” The truth is, we must take these agreeable mixtures of sweets and bitters as we find them ; those who seek for perfection are like the adventurers, that went in search of “ El Dorado,” and, instead of a gilded king, discovered a troop of naked savages, perfumed with aromatic oils, and spangled with micae. Both men and women are better in a state of celibacy ; when joined in matrimony, they are like the unnatural combination of venison and currant jelly, where two good things spoil each other. A woman is like a polypus ; you may clip her, and nip her, and turn her inside out like a glove, and she will start up in some new attitude ; and I verily believe that if you lopped off her tongue, a new member, equally sharp and polished, would spring instanter from the root.

Author.—And yet these slender creatures contrive to incarcereate us with links, either imperceptible, or too precious to be broken ; and man, the Brobdingnagian of the world, finds himself chained to the earth by the

threads of Lilliputians. Woman is Nature's last and fairest work—the paragon of her labour; she created man like a lonely pillar in the desert, solitary and helpless with all his majesty and strength, till lovely woman came like the graceful capital, and crowned the column with beauty.

Jack.—I hope this fair lady will not be a blue-stocking—a female Mendoza, who stops her antagonist's mouth with a quarto, or brains him with a folio; for we are of late so bitten with the literary mania, that I expect shortly to hear of my groom writing sonnets to his currycomb.

Author.—Learned she shall certainly be; for true learning is always accompanied by modesty; but there are pretenders to it, who, swelled up by self-conceit, like the young flying-fish, soar out of their native element, and continue fluttering till they are swallowed by an albatross.

Aunt.—I hope your heroine will not be too proud to act occasionally as her own milliner.

Author.—The ornamental parts of dress she shall make assuredly with her own fair hands; and such is the rapidity of fashion's revolutions, that she may change her frills and trimmings agreeably to the existing mode. Nay, I will go farther—but how shall I express myself? I will even allow her to cicatrize those

interesting wounds, which time, or the relentless thorn, may have inflicted on the silken veils of beauty's tender pedestals.

Jack.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! I actually believe that Monsieur le Poëte means to say she must mend a hole in her stocking.

Author.—Shocking ! shocking !

Aunt.—Well—as for externals, they are matters of secondary consideration ; the passion for dress is inherent in our nature ; and the heart of woman still pants for beads and trinkets, from the tattooed savage of Otaheite to the Dutchess at Almack's ; but there is another point of more consequence ; she must positively possess some skill in cookery.

Author.—She shall be both a cook and a doctor ; with respect to cookery, I mean of course the ornamental part of the science. Though I am no epicure, I really think that a table, arranged with neatness and taste, reflects much credit on the understanding of the fair hostess ; and that some previous acquaintance with the art is necessary to enable her to give orders to her confectioner. I shall therefore dabble her pretty fingers in some little tiny kickshaws, such as “ confitures au citron,” *conserve de fleurs d'orange*, “ petits biscuits,” “ glaces aux framboises,” or spun sugar.

I have an old nurse, called *Norry Notable*, one of

those affectionate creatures who take liberties unknown to our more polished neighbours of the east ; and, above all characters, prize a man who has written a *printed* book. The poor Irish possess intellect, though some wise legislators would class them with wild beasts ; and as the worthy dame attended us at breakfast, she seemed deeply interested in the subject of our conversation, giving occasionally an assenting nod ; but when I came to the raspberry ice and spun sugar, she lost all patience.

Nurse.—Fiddle-de-dee ! froth and sillabub ! your wife must study the solids ; she must pot herrings—pickle mushrooms—fry pancakes, and prepare minced-meat for Christmas pies. The lassit must be her throne, and the rolling-pin her sceptre. There is no situation, in which the mistress of a family appears so respectable, as when, dressed in a dowlas apron, she moulds a substantial pudding, up to her elbows in paste and puffing dust like a miller.

Jack.—Break her in at once ; on the very day of my marriage, my bride shall scald a pig, and broil the tail of it for her wedding-dinner. Domestic discipline is as necessary in a house as subordination in an army. I have a stick, that supported me on the ashes of Mount Vesuvius, and I promise my pretty wife that she shall often feel the warmth of it on her tender shoulders,

particularly if I see her blade bones exposed to the waist ; and if she dare to daub her fair cheeks with rouge, I will scrape it off with a carder.

Author.—We know, my dear Jack, that this is all love in disguise, and that, like a good-natured spaniel, the worse you are treated by those fair tyrants, the more you fawn upon them. You would form a better opinion of the lovely sex, had you participated in the charming society at Villa Nuova, where the stranger is sure of enjoying the pure pleasures of refined conversation, polished wit, and elegant hospitality.

Jack.—Well—well—there is no rule without an exception ; but your female readers will expect a little touch of sentiment—something to excite their tender sympathies, and give them an appearance of amiable sensibility in the eyes of their lovers.

Author.—I would do any thing to please the ladies, but fear that heroic sentiment is beyond my sphere. I knew not, till lately, that a goose was subject to the gout, or a chicken to the quinsy. I never saw a thrush fall from a window-stool, nor shed tears over an expiring tomtit : but I have encountered perils by land and sea, and now make an humble attempt to describe what has fallen under my personal observation. I fear, however, that my poem will never become fashionable ; for I write a plain, straight-forward narrative, without

either dwarf, dumby, witch, or fool, to season my simple story. I shall introduce but two female characters—a white woman and a black one, both of whom are copied from nature, though the portraits are a mere shadow of the lovely originals. In prose there might be some chance of succeeding; but how am I to put all this into rhyme? Like Bonaparte's *destin*, some strange fatality whirls me along in the train of the Muses; for I was born with such a passion for metrical composition, that, were I condemned to undergo the solemn ceremony of marriage, I verily believe I could scarcely refrain from scribbling verses on that awful occasion. But rhyme is the chevaux-de-frise that impedes my heroic march; if my line end with "wife," the wicked Muse offers me "strife"—for "young," tongue;" for "old," "scold;" and for "marriage," "miscarriage." The critics find fault with my rhymes, and seem to think that a poor poet should strike a tuning key on his elbow, and cock it to his ear, before he ventures on a couplet. Must I sacrifice my best passages for a jingle, like the crow in the fable, that dropped his food in attempting to sing?

Maudit soit le premier, dont la verve insensée
Dans les bornes d'un vers renferma la pensée,
Et donnant à ses mots une étroite prison
Voulut avec la rime enchaîner la raison.—BOILEAU.

These nervous lines of the French satirist awoke the

dormant Muse, and to the surprise of my Aunt Deborah, and my testy friend Jack Hornet, I spouted, extemporaneously, the following stanzas.

THE BARD IN DISTRESS.

WHAT tyrant first in servile chains
The bard's aspiring pinions bound,
And screw'd his wild, impassion'd strains
With rivets to the sordid ground ?

Perhaps some stripling crost in love,
Who, roving round the convent's cell,
Invented jingling rhymes to move
The bosom of the captive belle,

Who, leaning from the lattice bar,
Drank deep the moonlight serenade,
As Florio tuned his sweet guitar
To charm the Lusitanian maid.

Perhaps some wand'ring Muleteer
By Tejo's pure, romantic stream,
Who sought with tinkling chimes to cheer
The spirit of his drowsy team.

Tight strapt and buckled up in rhymes,
With pain my laboured verses flow,
Like languid flowers of foreign climes,
When frost forbids the gem to blow.

Rhyme's like a Calvinistic boot,
Whose squeezing measure sorely pinches,

Which causes bitter pain to shoot,
And cramps the tortur'd feet to inches.

'Tis like the jailor's iron hand,
That shuts the light of cheerful day,
Or block of ice, or bank of sand,
That checks the towering vessel's way.

'Tis like the stocks that bind the feet,
The pillory that pains the head,
The "cul de sac" that ends the street,
Or torment of Procrustes' bed.

'Tis like a dam, whose folding gate
Obstructs the flow of mountain streams ;
A night-mare crushing with its weight
The splendour of poetic dreams.

This rhyming spell the muse o'erwhelms ;
Her ear is stunn'd, her eye is blind ;
Suppose I seek through British realms
The spirit of a master mind,

To guide the helm of nations fit,
Nor let the state's protectors rob it ;
Plain sense would point to Fox or Pitt,
But rhyme perversely answers C——t.*

* The French scholar need scarcely be informed, that this is a feeble imitation of the witty lines of Boileau on the same subject :

Si je veux d'un galant dépeindre la figure,
Ma plume pour rimer trouve l'abbé de Pure ;
Si je pense exprimer un Auteur sans défaut,
La Raison dit Virgile, et la Rime Quinaut.

Or one to guard a kingdom's weal,
Palladium of our sacred Isle,
Reason says Liverpool or Peel,
But rhyme, the jester, cries C——e.

'The mighty bards of ancient times
Unfetter'd pour'd the copious song,
And scorn'd the aid of feeble rhymes
To tow their foaming barks along.

Those masters, rich in fancy's fires,
Drew tones from music's sweetest cells,
Nor need their deep, harmonious lyres
The jingle of poetic bells.

But we, poor poetasters, puzzled
To realize some gorgeous dream,
Feel like the brute with nose-bag muzzled,
That sighs to taste the dulcet stream.

How sweet the unbound minstrel sings,
How free the wings of fancy play,
Light as the captive's hand that flings
On dungeon stones his chains away !

I, like distracted Romeo, tear
My locks, and like a maniac rave,
Yet find, when lost my wits and hair,
" The measure of an early grave."

Then why thus creep like wretched mite,
Whose spacious world's a cheese of Stilton ?
Burst forth, and try a daring flight
On plumes of Thomson, Young, or Milton.

Blank verse ! I hate the chilling sound ;
Long years I toil'd in martial ranks
To seize a golden prize, but found
My hopes and tickets turn up blanks.

While some are deck'd in stars and crosses,
Who neither spun, nor toil'd, nor bled,
I reap'd, for all my pains and losses,
The honour of ——— a broken head.

What little wits I had slipp'd out ;
My pate's confused—these verses shew it,
And prove beyond dispute or doubt
The man of war a crack-brained poet.

I once had thoughts of writing prose
In flowing language, rich and mellow ;
But critics vow'd I'd make them dose,
And call'd me but a prosing fellow.

I'd rove o'er mountains, rocks, or valleys,
To find some new-born rhyme or measure,
Or toil like convicts at the galleys
To give my gentle readers pleasure.

The days are gone, when poets drank
Nectar from great Apollo's daughters ;
One cup of sherry's worth a tank
Of sweet Castalia's crystal waters.

The bards of old, to swell the strain,
The Muses' wat'ry fountain quaff'd ;
Give me a bowl of bright Champagne ;
Rich wine's the true *composing draught*.

I tried the springs of Buxton, Bath,
Of Malvern, Harrowgate, and Mallow ;
They drained my body to a lath,
And left my purse and cranium shallow.

But, rich or poor, still youth or age
Shall ne'er condemn one vicious line,
Nor curse the poet's wanton page,
That cast one cloud on virtue's shrine.

Should painful tears from beauty's eyes
Warm down the cheek of crimson roll,
Or shame's indignant blushes rise,
Fling to the flames the worthless scroll.

I envy not those lips, that breathe
O'er vice the sweets of orient bowers,
And mask the dark design beneath,
Like chimney-sweepers drest in flowers.

I curb my champing barb too tight ;
Fly, my bold steed, and scour the plain ;
Dash with the foaming torrent's might,
With hoofs of fire and flowing rein.

When disposed for a gallop, how gaily the bard
Slakes his thirst at Castalia's inspiriting fountains,
And springs with the life of the light-footed pard,
When pursuing his prey on the Ethiop mountains !

High bounding and prancing he clatters along,
Gives a spur to the dunces, a smile to the lasses ;
Cheers the dull with his humour, the sad with a song,
And cuts at the crities, that grin as he passes.

At this pace how delightful and easy to slide,
 To chatter and gossip like glib Caleb Quotem,
 And to flirt with the Muse, as I'd play with a bride,
 With a whirligig, shuttle-cock, top, or teetotum !

This measure is sweet, when the heart-stirring plume
 Of a Moore, stored with passionate eloquence, showers
 The sparkles of genius, and fresh-breathing bloom,
 On his goblets of nectar and roseate bowers.

But the bard, who presumes on his pitiful reed
 To ape the proud tones of Anacreon's lyre,
 May count on a fling from his turbulent steed,
 With a roll from Olympus to sink in the mire.

“ Low ! low”—cry the dons of the critical press—
 The Cynics ! I knew the last line would enrage 'em ;
 They smile with contempt at the poet's distress,
 Nor consider “ Necessitas non habet legem.”

For a rhyme to sweet Italy's language I fly,
 When the lingo of Britain bewilders me “ molto ; ”
 Suppose, for experiment's sake, I should try
 My hand at the liberal “ Verso Sciolto.”

“ Romantic chivalry ! thy age is past ;
 Time was, when thousands of avenging swords
 Would from their sheaths have leapt, to save from harm
 One hair of royal beauty.”—Thus I cried
 Indignant, in the warm, emphatic words
 Of Ireland's Cicero, when, tired with all
 The pomp of proud Versailles, one summer's eve
 I wandered from the picture gallery,
 The splendid terrace, and the jet that spouts

Cold from the marble dolphin, to those scenes
Of rural beauty, where the martyr'd queen,
Fair Antoinette, to peaceful shades retired
From all the brilliance of imperial courts ;
And in the bowers of lovely Trianon
Tasted that pure enjoyment of the heart
So foreign to a throne. The little bark,
Which once her delicate hands in sport directed,
Still floated on the bosom of the lake ;
The rustic cottage too in evening's beam
Still bloom'd with all its tender plants and flowers,
The fair creation of her gentle hand.
Oh, land of courtesy ! the princely seat
Of cultured elegance, and all those arts,
That o'er the toilsome path of rugged life
Strew fragrance, like the primrose on the rock !
What cloud obscured thy sun ? What demon's hand
Has torn the tender veil, the mystic zone,
And those pure feelings of celestial stamp,
That link us to immortals, rudely rent,
Shatter'd the holy pedestal of peace,
And placed a sanguinary Moloch there ?
Thus I exclaimed, as, wrapt in solemn thought,
And roving through that wilderness of flowers,
I traced in shady walk, or green alcove,
Each sad memorial of a murdered queen.

Amidst the various monuments, that taste
And playful fancy with luxuriant hand
Had scatter'd through the groves, was one in style
And form pre-eminent—The Tomb of Love !
Ingenious satire of a witty race.
Oh ! say, when blue-eyed Mercy rose to Heaven,
Did that sweet boy on downy pinions fly,

Scared by the horrors of a bleeding land ?
Has anarchy mown down with sweeping scythe
The blooming ornaments of polish'd life,
And left a sad and lonely desert there ?
'Tis true, in fickle France, where words and thoughts
Float on the surface of a careless heart,
We seldom find the precious pearl beneath :
La politesse and courtly gallantry,
La Bienseance—*douceur*—*folie*—*usurp*
The holy name of *Love* : the rooted passion,
Built on the rock of friendship and esteem,
Ne'er flourish'd yet in fluctuating Gaul.
In British Isles that lovely plant is found
Firm as the steadfast oak, and breathing fresh
As vernal sweets ; nor blooms that flower alone
In jasmine arbours, or in myrtle groves.
The camp, all bright with sunny arms, the sea
Lash'd by the wintry storm, the rustic shed
Of hardy forester—have felt the power
Of all-subduing love. No swain I sing
Stretch'd in the towering elm's reviving shade :
No *Strephon* blubbers o'er a babbling stream,
Nor flings a wither'd rose-leaf to the wind.
No *Lindamira*, with a heaving heart
Full of sweet sentiment and wild romance,
Pours her imagined sorrows to the moon.
I sing a British seaman's manly love,
Pure as the bosom of unruffled waves,
And vivid as the rolling cannon's fire—
Of one, who ne'er to mortal bent the knee,
Till conquer'd by the gentle Clara's charms.
She, nurtured in the martial tent, imbibed
The hero's spirit ; yet in scenes of peace
No fawn, that sports along the dewy glade,

E'er moved with sweeter grace : when trials came,
Her fortitude, like valiant hearts in battle,
Rose with the storm ; but when the peril pass'd,
Subsided like the waves, the tempest o'er,
When evening gleams on ocean's glassy breast,
And Heav'n's pure image trembles on the deep.

In vain, alas ! on tottering stilts I stand
To raise my stature to that glorious band,
Whose laurels wave eternal and sublime,
Triumphant o'er the wreck of space and time.
That style, whose charm to lasting fame aspires,
Whose flow no music's melting close requires,
Demands a theme by Milton's pencil traced,
Sustain'd by genius, and chastised by taste.
No native powers my labouring bosom fill
To scale with inborn strength the mighty hill.
In youth's gay morn I trod the martial plain,
And march'd erect to music's lofty strain ;
The roll of thundering drum and cannon's fire
Drown'd lovely Poesy's impassion'd lyre.
To catch one smile from that bewitching maid
I fly to Rhyme's invigorating aid,
Tread with bewilder'd step enchanted ground,
And fill the vacant halls of sense with sound.

CLARA CHESTER.

BOOK I.

CONTENTS OF BOOK I.

Address to Woman—A Veteran and his Daughter—Female Accomplishments—Vicissitudes of Fortune—Death of a young and beautiful Woman—A Prison—A liberal Jew—Cottage on the Banks of Avon—A farming Soldier—Use and Ornament combined—The Eolian Harp—A Water Spaniel—Power of Music—Farewell to Rural Life—Fleet at St Helen's—Ships under Sail—Marlow Sidney—La Politesse Françoise—Definition of true Politeness—Sunset in the Tropics contrasted with an English Evening—A Sailor in Love—Proposal—Phosphoric Light on the Waves—Dramatic Readings—Jovial Companions—Monkland—Evans—Colton—Hart—Sea Song.

— Oh ! I have stood
Beside thee through the beating storms of life
With the true heart of unrepining love,
As the poor peasant's mate doth cheerily,
In the parch'd vineyard, or the harvest-field,
Bearing her part, sustain with him the heat
And burden of the day.—*Siege of Valencia.*

CLARA CHESTER.

BOOK I.

WOMAN ! thou sweetest source of mortal bliss,
From the pure pressure of the mother's kiss,
That welcomes to the light her darling boy,
Through life's vicissitudes, through pain and joy,
Man's only treasure, solace and delight,
The beauteous star that gilds his wintry night,
Till o'er the tomb the shades of cypress wave,
And thy soft tears bedew his lonely grave—
What words shall paint thee, or what pencil's power
Can sketch one feature of that lovely hour, 10
When, blooming like the morn, the virgin stands,
Sweet, trembling victim, while the sacred bands
Of Hymen faithful hearts and hands enclose
In fragrant twine, as woodbine clasps the rose ?
Oh charm of wedded love ! the mystic wreath,
That shades the thorns of life with flowers, beneath
Whose beauteous garlands flow the gentle tides
Of tranquil and domestic joy, as glides

Some noble stream, in pride of summer drest,
The water-lily floating on its breast. 20

Bereft of thee, no charm can wealth afford
To misers gloating o'er the glittering hoard ;
Nor can the king his lonely sorrow drown
In cups of gold beneath the blazing crown.

Thy presence adds fresh plumes to pleasure's wing,
And from pale woe extracts the venom'd sting—
The brightest gem where courtly splendour shines,
A cherub at the couch where sickness pines :

When rack'd with pain the babe implores for rest
What opiate sooths him like the mother's breast ? 30

When health returns, that sweet maternal eye
Reflects the glance of mutual ecstasy.

Nor, Adam, thee could Eden's joys inspire,
(Of all this breathing world primeval sire.)

Sad was thy lot, though flowers perennial crown'd
Thy peaceful arbours, and the lulling sound
Of warbling nightingales from bush and tree
Charm'd thee with nature's purest melody.

Thy days in cheerless solitude were past,
Each pensive hour an echo of the last, 40

Hopeless and desolate thy morning rose,
And tears of anguish fell at evening's close ;
The brightest rose of Paradise was pale
Till woman bless'd thee ; and the balmy gale,
That bore luxurious fragrance on its wings,
The liquid murmurs of pellucid springs,
And sweet nocturnal music from the grove,
Were tasteless all, till crown'd by woman's love.

Nor yet in brightest bloom and lustre shines
The world's fair paragon, when marriage twines 50
The holy wreath—a charm more soft and dear
Attends on filial piety : the tear
That flows from beauty at a father's pain,
The mantling cheek when Fortune smiles again,
More graceful seem than jewels that adorn
The queen of empires on her bridal morn.
List to a tale, in humble verse array'd,
The simple story of an artless maid,
Whose feelings, thoughts, and deeds and passions, prove
The bright pre-eminence of filial love. 60

In that green valley, where the lucid stream
Of Avon glitters to the morning beam,
The Vale of Evesham, rich in all the stores
That Nature's hand in sweet profusion pours,
An aged warrior dwelt—his noble form,
Like the proud oak that struggles with the storm,
Shatter'd, but not subdued, still tower'd serene,
The glorious monarch of the sylvan scene.
But hostile swords, on many a hard-fought day,
Had scarr'd his manly breast ; his youthful May 70
Had pass'd with all its flowers ; and winter now,
Cold winter, lower'd upon his sadden'd brow
In all the mournful shapes of sickness, age,
And unrewarded merit : honour's stage
To him was closed ; he sigh'd a last farewell,
As o'er the scene of hope the sable curtain fell.

And few more painful objects claim our tears
Than this, the gallant officer, whose years
Were spent in martial toil ; whose youthful eyes
Beheld the glittering star of glory rise
Bright, cheering promise of a splendid eve ;
But saw the faithless hand of Fortune weave
Her golden garlands for some favour'd brow,
Meed of the parasite's obsequious bow
And ceaseless importunity ; while pride,
That noble scorn, to modest worth allied,
Indignant shrank, return'd the idle blade,
And sigh'd unseen beneath the laurel's shade.

80

Still to the world by one dear object bound,
By Avon's stream the slighted soldier found
That solitude can yield unruffled charms,
Unfelt amidst the thundering clash of arms.
A richer boon than Fortune's golden showers,
One lovely daughter cheer'd his lonely hours,
Like some sweet star amidst nocturnal gloom,
An Iris in the storm, a rose-bud on the tomb.

90

Pale was young Clara's mild, bewitching face,
A field where Titian's glowing hand might trace
The lovely passions: when the painted wing
Of Hope on dove-like pinions told a spring
Of blooming joys when wintry winds were past;
When from the princely porch the menial cast
The famish'd orphan; or a tale of woe
Bade the pure fountains of the feelings flow,

100

And stirr'd with touch, beyond the leeches' art,
Those deep, mysterious blood-springs of the heart—
Oh ! then—not Vesper's rosy beams, that light
The tropic waves, e'er shone so sweet and bright
As Clara's tender cheeks ; the holy calm
Return'd when Pity pour'd her soothing balm, 110
Like Ocean's smile when thund'ring tempest cease,
The shining surface of a soul of peace.
Brown was her glossy hair, of that soft hue
That Autumn's rich and golden fingers strew
Amidst the falling beech-leaves ; gently rose
Her forehead, like the swell of Alpine snows,
When the white mountain glistens to the day,
And Zephyr sweeps the curtain'd clouds away.
Her clear blue eyes, the mirrors of her heart,
Seem'd from each crystal surface to impart 120
Her inmost soul, and each sweet image gave
Distinct and pure as Leman's azure wave.
In Hagley's shady groves the dappled fawn
Ne'er trod with lighter step the dewy lawn.
Her airy form, resplendent and serene,
Moved with the lightness of the Paphian Queen,
When from her pious son the goddess flew,
Nor from the glittering herbage swept the dew ;
Those charms divine, that mortal robes conceal'd,
The step of graceful dignity reveal'd. 130
When her white teeth through lips of crimson gleam'd,
Parted by chaste, enchanting smiles, they seem'd
The kernels of the cherry ; but the flow
Of her melodious voice, so soft and low,

Sank to the bosom like the distant fall
Of Terni's waters, when the golden ball
Of day sinks gently on blue Ocean's breast,
And sooths the stormy passions all to rest.

Not all the fire of fascinating eyes,
Nor teeth of lucid pearl, nor magic dyes, 140
That paint with tints of Heaven the lips and cheek,
To me with such warm eloquence can speak,
As that sweet tone, whose melting notes impart
Music of other worlds, the echo of the heart.

Within so pure a temple lay enshrined
A brighter gem, the jewel of her mind.
She was not cast in beauty's lifeless mould,
A statue fair, inanimate and cold,

Sprung from a Parian quarry, for the knees
Of connoisseurs to bend to—such may please 150
The purblind critic; Clara's glowing form
Bespoke the soul within—a bosom warm
With holy charity—a tongue to pour
Peace on the breast that want or sorrow tore—
A gentle hand to raise the bruised reed,
And with the cup of joy the pining widow feed.

Such is the slight contour, the picture faint,
The bard's presumptuous pencil seeks to paint
Of Clara Chester, that endearing maid,
Who now retiring to Misfortune's shade, 160
To filial love her thoughts and feelings gave,
And smooth'd a parent's passage to the grave.

First on the Belgian plains she saw the light :
Amidst the tumult of disastrous flight
That tender flower a fainting mother bore,
And perish'd on the field ; the awful roar
Of dread artillery and hostile cheers
First thunder'd in the helpless infant's ears.
No sweet maternal voice, nor downy breast,
Lull'd at life's stormy dawn the babe to rest. 170
Her father seized her with his trembling arm,
And bore the smiling Cherub, like a charm,
Safe through the bleeding ranks : in vain the sound
Of rushing squadrons shakes the echoing ground ;
The voice of Nature still is felt to tower,
And pierce the bosom with triumphant power,
With pity's pulse the coldest heart to move,
And clear a passage for paternal love.

E'er since that awful morn, the father's care
Was centred in his child ; with her to share 180
Those treasures won by years of pain and toil,
Became his sole delight : the genial soil,
Enrich'd by nature, and improved by art,
With flowers and fragrance cheer'd the parent's heart.
Preceptors, skill'd in philosophic lore,
In depths of science and in classic ore,
He sought, and bade the polish'd image shine,
As springs the statue from the Parian mine.
The sightless bards of Greece and Albion poured
Their spirit in her soul : her fancy soared 190

To regions where immortal Genius reigns,
Wrapt in the tempest of their lofty strains.
The language of Hesperia's golden clime,
The "Faithful Swain" and Tasso's song sublime,
Flowed from her tongue familiar as the sound
First utter'd by her infant lips : the ground,
That mighty Shakspeare trod, to her was dear
As Mecca to the pilgrim : to her ear
The glorious melody, that rolls along
His page, was sweeter than the night-bird's song. 200
With those endowments of the cultured mind
Were art's enchanting ornaments combined,
That shine like plumes above the warrior's helm,
Or woodbine blossoms round the giant elm.
She from the solemn harp or thrilling wire
Drew magic tones, that like electric fire
Pierced through the heart : her feeling fingers drew
Each flower that sparkles in the morning dew
With touch so delicate, such graceful ease,
It seem'd to flutter in the passing breeze. 210
With airy feet she wove the light quadrille ;
The fairy forms, that on the moon-light hill
Mingle in frolic dance, ne'er press'd the blade
With more elastic step ; and when arrayed
In robes of brightest azure for the chase,
She sat so sweetly, with such modest grace,
As o'er the fields her light Arabian flew,
She seem'd some flower that wanton zephyr blew
Swift o'er the sunny meadows : nor to these
Accomplishments and courtly forms that please 220

The modish world were Clara's thoughts confined ;
Domestic arts employed her active mind,
That sterling ore with outward polish blent,
And scorn'd the gloss of useless ornament.

And smile not, Fashion's slaves, whose worthless hours
Are past on downy Ottomans, in bowers
Of sloth luxurious, or the midnight ball,
O'er which Ennui expands her drowsy pall,
To hear that Clara's slender fingers bore

The stain of fruit, and from the garden's store 230

Cull'd the ripe peach, the cherry, and the pear,
While she, delighted, saw a father share

The food ambrosial. From the duleet stream
Rose the light foam of pure, delicious cream.

She made refreshing salads, cool and sweet,
From tender lettuce and the scarlet beet.

Her taper hands prepared the snowy grain
Of rice, or threads from India's juicy cane,
Mellow and clear, as autumn's evening sun,
In corbels, spires or fairy castles spun. 240

Light as the leaves that vernal zephyrs blow,
She wove patisserie from virgin snow.

From the green berry purest wine she press'd,
And brimm'd the cup to cheer the evening guest ;
Nor could Tocay's imperial grape surpass
The luscious mead that sparkled in the glass.

Inventive elegance these stores displayed,
And temper'd flowery light with pleasing shade ;
Bright glow'd the fruits, with pink and rose perfumed,
Till on the board a mimic garden bloomed. 250

Though skilful thus in each domestic art,
A nobler impulse moved the virgin's heart.
As the rich capital with beauty crowns
The Parian column—as the rock, that frowns
In stern magnificence o'er Ocean's breast,
Bears sweetest flowers upon its lofty crest ;
So Clara's bright accomplishments and grace
Rested on piety's immortal base,
That pedestal, that 'midst the blazing pyre
Shall stand serene when worlds are wrapt in fire. 260

Her life was practical—not idly spent
In speculation, nor with self-content
In fancied excellency, the lowly born
Humbling to dust with supercilious scorn.
She loved to share the treasures of her mind,
To pour the soul's effulgence on the blind,
To clear the mist of ignorance away,
And lead the faithless Pagan to the day.
Not in the courtly hall, with jewels bright,
Whose calm and native splendour dims the light 270
Of sparkling lustre—nor with plumes and flowers
Adorn'd, like gardens bathed in vernal showers—
Nor wafted by the courser's flying feet,
Shines youthful beauty with a charm so sweet,
As in pure charity's celestial cause
Employed—explaining those eternal laws,
Framed in the spirit of Almighty love
To guide frail mortals to the realms above.

Lovely shone Clara on the Sabbath morn,
Above the scoffer's smile, or fashion's scorn, 280
Surrounded by her young and rustic train,
The little cottagers that till'd the plain
Round her paternal mansion ; while the maid,
Patient, and with angelic smiles displayed
Those stores of wisdom, which the sacred page
Unfolds—the star of youth—the staff of age.
She seem'd like Ceres on the barren field,
When first she taught the savage hand to wield
Those implements that tame the stubborn soil ;
With persevering industry and toil 290
To fell the giant forest—to invest
With waving gold the mountain's stony breast,
Transform the dens of horrid brutes to bowers,
And spread a briery wilderness with flowers.

She was not one of that presuming sect,
Pamper'd with ghostly pride—the self-elect,
That trade in Heav'n's monopoly—reject
As outcasts—renegades from mercy's throne
All castes, whose tenets differ from their own,
To Paradise exclusively aspire, 300
And brand their brethren with eternal fire.
She was a CHRISTIAN—such as ancient days
Beheld, when shining with immortal rays
Derived from Heav'n, the blest apostles came,
The messengers of peace. With holy flame
Her breast was warm'd : like woodbine round the oak,
Tender and graceful, every act bespoke

Heroic spirit, joined to manners mild,
 A martyr's zeal, the meekness of a child.
 Her works were built on faith, as fruit succeeds 310
 'The lovely blossom—as the dewy meads,
 Where mingled grass and flowers luxuriant shine,
 Yield health and nurture to the roving kine.
 Prepared for heav'n by deeds of virtue here,
 She wove round all within her humble sphere
 Those sacred links, that prince and beggar bind,
 Peace, love, and charity to all mankind.

Seasons roll'd on—each fleeting hour that pass'd
 Disclosed some beauty brighter than the last,
 Like dawning day: the father's bosom heaved 320
 With silent joy; nor yet his love believed
 That dream of transient bliss could pass away.
 But soon his wasted revenue's decay
 Proclaim'd the sweet and splendid vision o'er:
 Remorseless creditors besieged his door;
 With iron hand they stripp'd the pictured wall;
 The breathing sculpture from the courtly hall,
 The harp, that echoed to her thrilling lay,
 Her books and lyre became the vulture's prey.
 The gorgeous equipage, the noble steed, 330
 The doves her gentle hand was wont to feed,
 The flowers she nourish'd with refreshing dew—
 All—all were seized—her loved Arabian too,
 Far from his well-known fields in triumph led,
 Enrich'd the tyrant's spoils; yet Clara shed

No unavailing tears ; her soul was calm ;
Trust in all-gracious Heav'n a soothing balm
Pour'd in her heart ; but when with felon grasp
They seized her noble sire, as serpents clasp
The lion in their folds, the tears repress'd 340
In torrents bathed her palpitating breast.
Then from her tender hands the rings she tore,
The bracelets that her sainted mother wore,
When the meek pastor bless'd the blooming bride—
Those little ornaments that harmless pride
For Clara, yet unborn, a parent wove,
The dear memorials of maternal love—
She gave them all—the reptiles grasp'd the prize,
Yet mock'd her beating breast and streaming eyes ;
Cold-bosom'd Avarice can smile at pain, 350
While age implores, and beauty kneels in vain.
And thus the goods of fickle Fortune fly
Like April clouds across the changeful sky,
Nor can the jewell'd crown, nor rosy bloom
Of youth escape the universal doom.

Oh ! transitory world—Oh ! fleeting hour
Of beauty's prime, that like the virgin flower
Peeps from the wintry bosom of the vale,
Born but to smile, and perish in the gale !
Oft in the glittering ball, where nimble feet 360
Flew like a feathery shower of mountain sleet,
And circling groups appear'd, in fancy's dream,
A wreath of roses floating on the stream ;

In pensive mood I mark'd the current fly,
Health on the cheek, and rapture in the eye,
And shed amidst that festive scene a tear,
To think perhaps within one little year
O'er some sweet form the dismal grass shall wave,
And careless childhood dance upon her grave.
The charms of youth and sparkling beauty pass 370
Like leaves that glitter on the frosted glass.
How sweetly pure on cool December's morn
Those tender webs the flowery pane adorn !
The swallow's bosom, glancing to the light,
Ne'er shew'd a plume more delicate and bright ;
Such careless elegance ! Such matchless grace !
Not Flora's light and rosy hand can trace
More lovely forms—but mark the glowing sun
Beam on the film by fairy fingers spun ;
The spell dissolves, the charming dream is o'er, 380
And winter's pictured garden blooms no more.
Snatch'd prematurely from this mortal scene,
As the scythe lays the blossom on the green,
One victim of remorseless death impress'd
The solemn truth more deeply in my breast.
Each Sabbath morn, when bells with mellow sound
Invite the Christian to that holy ground,
Where the broad branches of the lime-tree bend
O'er the lost parent, sister, child or friend,
I pause in sorrow at one silent tomb, 390
That shrouds the wreck of beauty's faded bloom.
She, who beneath that mound of chilly clay
Now sleeps, was once the gayest of the gay :

Her sylph-like form, as light as zephyr's wing
 Bounded to joy with life's elastic spring.
 Whene'er she came, the tear of sadness flew
 Chased by her smile, like sunshine on the dew :
 She loved the merry dance, and sparkled there
 Unrivall'd 'midst the graceful and the fair :
 She wedded—but the peal had scarcely rung 400
 Joy to the old, and promise to the young,
 When pale disease insidious stole unseen
 Like the cold mildew on the waving green,
 And the sweet splendour of the nuptial rose
 Was shortly doom'd in wintry death to close.
 Now moans the wind amidst the rustling weeds,
 And at each gust the wand'ring fancy leads
 From pleasure's halls, where once she shone so bright,
 To that low cell beneath, where, quench'd in night,
 And free from mortal hopes and earthly pain, 410
 Repose the last remains of sprightly *Jane*.

And, next to death, the spirit bends to thee,
 The warrior's victor, dread captivity !
 The pond'rous key, the fetter's chilling sound,
 Level the bravest bosom to the ground.
 Hard is the trial, when the prison door
 Grates on its horrid hinges to the core
 Of youth's high-throbbing heart ; when bolts and chains
 Ring through the cold, damp gallery, and strains
 Of mirth fictitious from a breast of care 420
 Mingle with moans, and shrieks of mad despair.

Poor, weeping maid ! what agony was thine,
When from the rich saloon, where lustres shine
With rays that emulate the morning's beam,
From meads of fragrance and the warbling stream,
The dungeon's floor received thee, and the damp
Of naked walls, that to the flickering lamp
Gleam'd like the tears upon thy pallid cheek,
Chill'd thy young bosom, and thy father, weak
And bent with mis'ry that subdues the brave, 430
No utterance to tortured feelings gave !
His calm and silent sorrow pierced thy heart
With deeper anguish than the Indian's dart.

All night upon the chilling stones she lay,
And watch'd his slumbers till the dawning day
Smiled through the prison bars : with spirits light
She rose ; for hope with visions pure and bright
Her solitary meditations fill'd ; she saw
The noble Chester on his couch of straw
Lull'd in the arms of kind oblivious sleep : 440
No time, thought Clara, now to watch and weep,
When duty calls, and vigour may restore
My sire to freedom : soon the grated door
She pass'd, and with the speed of eagles flew
To find some alley where the rav'ous Jew
Plied his dark trade ; a rich and brilliant wreath
Of purest gems, that lay conceal'd beneath
The modest lawn upon her gentle breast,
Escaped the spoiler's hands ; and now she bless'd

Her faithless memory that saved the prize. 450
She told her plaintive story, while the eyes
Of avarice alternately were cast
On costly stones and beauty that surpass'd
The priceless treasure : such the magic power
Of lovely innocence, that like the flower
That blooms on Alpine rocks, and sheds around
Delicious fragrance on the barren ground ;
Or like the splendour of the vernal beam
Piercing the surface of the frozen stream,
The coldest bosom feels the transient charm ; 460
Its cherub smile arrests the miser's arm,
And opes the griping hand of Mammon's slave.
His iron heart was melted, and he gave
With prodigality, and scarcely told
The ringing music of his cherish'd gold.

Light was her bosom, as with flying feet
Young Clara moved her mourning sire to greet
With joyful tidings : morn had just unseal'd
His lids, and with ungrateful beams reveal'd
The naked horrors of his lonely cell. 470
“ Visions of glory, wealth, and peace, farewell ! ”
The vet'ran cried,—“ Adieu the solemn roar
Of battle's thundering voice—these ears no more
Shall list with rapture to the clashing spear,
The rush of squadrons and triumphant cheer.
Spirit of Mars ! be still within my breast,
Nor break the solitary captive's rest.—

Clara ! thy hand, thy gentle hand to raise
These feeble limbs ; we still must kneel and praise
That gracious Power, whose will unerring moves, 480
That Power, that chastens most whom most he loves."

He rose, and cast his anxious eyes around
The cold and dripping walls ; but when he found
Himself sole tenant of the mournful cave,
The hardy soldier, who on land and wave
Stood like a rock in peril's awful hour,
And bared his bosom to the leaden shower,
Burst into tears—" and must I weep alone ?
Has Clara too, the faithless Clara, flown ?"

" Oh ! no, my father," joyous Clara cried, 490
As with light step she hasten'd to his side ;
" I come to bear thee from the dungeon's gloom
To blessed freedom ; from the dreary tomb,
Where cold and dark the lonely captive sighs,
To fields of fragrance and to cheerful skies :
For lo ! this dread and potent charm I bring,
This magic talisman, that opes the spring
Of nature in the miser's flinty breast.—

Immortal Gold ! the power that lulls to rest
The brain of vengeance—nerves the trembling hand
For deeds of blood, when o'er the felon band 501
The stars of Heav'n with lurid splendour glare,
And conscience cries in vain ' Forbear, forbear !'
The spell, that breathes o'er age's wintry snows
The bloom and charm of beauty's living rose,
Unbolts the bar, and breaks the captive's chain,
When justice pleads, and sorrow weeps in vain.

Come then, thou author of my life, oh ! haste
Beneath the bright and azure heaven to taste
That glorious freedom, which the bitter tear
Of sad captivity makes doubly dear." 510

She led him forth ; the breeze was fresh and sweet ;
The splendid sun's invigorating heat
Revived his bosom : now on every spray
The tuneful songsters pour'd their matin lay :
The cold, mute tenants of the sparkling stream
Sprang up, and glitter'd in the morning beam ;
All nature bloom'd as lovely and as bright
As Eden's groves in first-created light.

" Whither, my father," asked his gentle guide, 520
" Wilt thou retire ? To some sequester'd side
Of lucid river, hill or shady wood,
To taste the charms of rural solitude ;
Or shall we in the city's dusty cloud
Conceal our sorrows 'midst the bustling crowd ?
To me alike were court or cottage dear,
Could Clara's love suppress a father's tear."

" Angel of peace ! the heartless town was made
For smiling courtiers : thee the silent glade
Best suits, which Nature's hand has softly drest
In flowers, pure emblems of thy guiltless breast.
Oh ! lead me to some sweet and tranquil scene,
Distant from faithless man, where pastures green
Yield to the browsing herd ambrosial food,
Where no proud creditor with clamours rude
Shall break our slumbers, nor the silent tear
Shall flow at cold compassion's venom'd sneer."

Long time they roved through field and flowery dell,
Till from the woods the lengthen'd shadows fell,
And beaming bright in evening's crimson close 540
High o'er the vale enchanting Malvern rose.
They sealed the hill with weak and weary feet,
And quaff'd the stream whose waters bubbling sweet,
Pure as the fount on rich Sicilia's shore,
To health and joy the fainting frame restore.
Far as the eye could span the scene around,
They saw the Severn's lovely borders crown'd
With opulence and beauty ; golden grain
Waved on fair Worcestershire's delicious plain ;
Beneath, green Hereford her orchards spread 550
Of yellow pears, and lusty apples, red
As rustic virgin's cheek : the verdure told
Where the clear stream of classic Avon roll'd,
And to the drooping flower and herbage gave
Refreshment from his salutary wave.
On its green banks a charming cottage peep'd
Through wreaths of scarlet woodbine ; mowers reap'd
Ripe grass and clover on the sunny lawn ;
Aloft the swift-plumed pigeon sail'd; the fawn,
Light as the breeze that o'er the meadow blew, 560
Scatter'd from blade and blossom glittering dew.
All seem'd the fair creation of a mind
Attuned to rural elegance, refined
By cultured taste, and to the core imbued
With deepest love for sylvan solitude.
The daughter's eye discern'd, though inexpress,
The wish that labour'd in a father's breast,

Though Caution whisper'd in her ear "forbear,
Nor reap for present joy long years of care;"
In vain cold, calculating Prudence strove 570
To check the fervid zeal of filial love;
To see that being blest who gave her life—
To see him rescued from the jarring strife,
That like a tempest on the rocky shore
Rages, and steeps a battling world in gore,
Was all the maiden's wish; "that cot shall be
Our haven from the wild tempestuous sea;
In that sweet bower thy future home behold,
If pride or avarice will bend to gold."

Ere the last beam of rosy Vesper fled, 580
Beneath the flowery vestibule was spread
A rural banquet, such as Eve prepared
To feast her heavenly guest; and Chester shared
That inward joy, that makes the simplest home
Richer than palaces or Parian dome.
Clara's quick intellect and spirit bright
Ne'er slumber'd, but like Heaven's all-piercing light
Explored the deep recess with cheering ray,
And turn'd the mourner's wintry night to day.
The patron of those lands on foreign shores 590
Had breathed his last; his young successor's stores
Wasted by negligence demanded aid
From present gold; the proffer quickly made
With joy the heir accepted; and that hour
Saw Clara mistress of the sylvan bower.

In Chester's heart tranquillity now reign'd ;
Protracted wishes leave, when once attain'd,
A charm more lasting than the sudden fall
Of Fortune's favours. Now his copious stall,
Well primed with mellow corn, refreshing food 600
To steed and oxen gave : the fallow, rude
With rambling thorns, he plough'd, and spread the plain
With wurzel, vetch, and waves of rustling grain.
Nibbling the blade along the sloping field
Wander'd in careless groups those flocks that yield
The soft Iberian fleece : the thirst of gold
Allured his heart ; and Chester now behold
A Farming Soldier, full of airy schemes,
Of projects wild and visionary dreams.
What pleased the father charm'd the duteous maid ; 610
To all his plans she lent her cheerful aid ;
And now the lovely *Pastorella*, drest
In rustic bonnet and in simple vest,
When the lark warbled in the morning air,
To sweetest pastures led her fleecy care.
When genial summer pierced the thirsty soil,
And the ripe meadow claim'd the reaper's toil,
With graceful arm th' indented rake she drew,
And spread the grass, all bright with balmy dew,
To drink the sunbeams—but the painful bee, 620
That buzz'd around in boding agony,
She spared, nor would for Crœsus' wealth molest
The golden stores of her ambrosial nest.

Alas ! how soon the fairest prospects fade
In the proud city, or the lowly glade !
Sorrows and joys in swift succession pass
Like rain and sunshine o'er the April grass ;
And see brave Chester's airy fabric stand
On the vain speculator's base of sand !

The robber ranged his fenceless fields by night ; 630
His harvest perish'd in the mildew's blight ;
His barns to rat and weasel were a prey ;
Showers, thick descending, drench'd his new-mown hay ;
His reeking stacks were burnt ; the rapid tide
Swept his young crops ; his famished cattle died—
Sad warning to the brave, when trumpets cease,
And laurels droop beneath the sun of peace,
Who load their bosoms with the farmer's care,
And turn the sword of honour to a share !

The dark-brow'd creditor, whose heart ne'er felt 640
One touch of mercy, though a daughter knelt
In tears the monster's kindness to implore,
Grasp'd the small remnant of their little store ;
And those, who feasted in their plenteous hall,
Now foremost came, and gloried in their fall :
They came like stormy petrels on the flood,
Or ravens brooding o'er the field of blood,
Death's heralds ! croaking in a direful strain
The last sad summons from the bed of pain.

Once more of all bereft, in deep despair, 650
The soldier stood : he tore his silver hair,
And now too late deplored his visions wild,
That steeped in poverty his hapless child.

But not so Clara—her prophetic eye
Could still some gleam amidst the storm descry ;
Calm Christian fortitude sustain'd her soul,
While one faint drop still linger'd in the bowl.

“ Grieve not, my father ! brighter days will dawn ;
Though round our fate misfortune's hand has drawn
The sable curtain, still to Heaven's high throne 660
We look for aid when mortal friends have flown,
And trust that Power, that from the winter's tomb
Bids the sweet violet and the primrose bloom.

Though stripp'd of all those shadowy joys, that please
The slaves and victims of luxurious ease,
The mind's tranquillity and blooming health
Flow best and purest from unpurchased wealth,
And all that simple nature needs, the field,
The woolly flock, and cultured garden yield.

Our plunder'd cottage stands, a naked shed— 670
But Clara's hands shall glean the forest's bed,
And from the spoils of wintry storms prepare
The rustic table, and the willow chair.

Some tender lambs, that, shelter'd in my bower,
Escaped the sweeping grasp of ruthless power,
I hear with bleating voice and mournful cry
Their mothers call, like helpless infancy :

When, nursed with care, their slender forms increase,
I'll weave soft raiment from their snowy fleece ;
Nor shall these mild and harmless creatures bleed 680
To yield a sanguinary feast : the seed
Of sweetest pulse, in nature's bosom cast,
Shall spring in pearly dew, a pure repast

Afford, and labour's hardy sinews cheer
With food still varying through the circling year."

Now Clara smiled to see on Chester's face
Soft tears of love the streams of sorrow chase ;
Her soothing words, like music's melting lay,
Sunk in his soul, and charm'd his grief away.
She tried each little, dear, ingenuous art, 690
Best known, and only known, to woman's heart,
To cheer his lonely days ; the scanty food,
Which oft her solitary tears bedewed,
She varied so, and dress'd the little hoard,
It seem'd that wealth and plenty crown'd the board.
Her taste transform'd their cottage to a bower,
Worthy of Paradise ; each modest flower,
That paints sweet Worcestershire's enamell'd fields,
Each herb that Malvern's lovely mountain yields,
She train'd to decorate the lowly hall, 700
Or spread their garlands on the trellis wall.
The daffodil, that braves the winter's cold,
Rear'd on the lawn its cup of living gold :
The silver snowdrop raised its cheerful head
Like hope that dawns on pain's distracted bed :
Around the porch the cherish'd woodbine hung
Bells of Ambrosia : breathing roses flung
Their fragrance to the winds : the violet lay
Unseen, like modest worth that shuns the day,
But sent delicious odour from the shade, 710
A pleasing picture of the blue-eyed maid.

Amidst her green-house, where the graceful stands
 Bloom'd with the flowery spoils of foreign lands,
 With Flora's rare and costly treasures stored,
 The goldfinch and the sweet canary pour'd
 Their song mellifluous, and tasted there
 The freedom of the pure and balmy air,
 With ample space to spread the painted wing,
 To woo their loves, to flutter, and to sing.

Her shell-house glitter'd like some fairy scene 720
 Told in Arabian story ; marbles green
 Mingled with crystal from the rocky caves,
 Scollop and muscle polish'd by the waves,
 Arranged with matchless taste, in splendour bright
 As crowns imperial sparkled to the light ;
 And round the rustic door a knotted tree,
 Twined by fantastic nature, wild and free,
 Melodious when the wanton zephyrs blew,
 With sylvan grace the fluttering branches threw.

“ But whence such luxuries of fashion came ? ” 730
 I hear the murmuring critie's tongue exclaim,
 “ Presumptuous poverty's absurd pretence,
 To ape the modes of high-born opulence ! ”
 My answer's simple—little know the proud,
 Who never pined beneath misfortune's cloud,
 What stores inventive genius can command :
 More rich resources from one slender hand,
 Guided by taste and perseverance, flow,
 Than wealth can grasp, or monarchs can bestow.

Those bright acquirements, which in haleyon days 740
Wrung from pale Envy's lips unwilling praise,
Put all her vain competitors to flight,
And fill'd the candid bosom with delight,
Now in adversity's dark hour the maid
Produced, more brilliant from surrounding shade.
She scorn'd the pride, that will not bow the crest
To lighten anguish in a father's breast.
With cheerful labour for the publice mart
Osier and rushes with ingenious art
She twined, and from the hop, and nettle's bed, 750
Spun fibres finer than the flaxen thread.
With playful smile she turned her humming wheel,
And blithely caroll'd to the whirling reel.
Jonquille and rose her graceful pencil drew ;
Swift through the lawn her nimble needle flew,
Creating blossoms on the field of snow
As if by magic wand—with passion's glow,
Warm as the bard inspired, she pour'd a strain
Vivid and sparkling from the virgin brain,
And set her lyric lays—the song—the glee— 760
With inborn taste to purest melody.
These various arts, with care and toil pursued,
Enrich'd with gold their dreary solitude.
How Clara's heart rejoiced when Chester smiled,
Cheer'd by the labours of his darling child,
With him the goods of bounteous Heaven to share,
And pay with soft return a father's care ;
To mark the soldier's pallid features shine
Once more with cups of renovating wine !

And sweet to him to see his Clara bloom
 In robes light woven from her simple loom.
 In neat and artlesss elegance attired,
 Her cherub face and graceful limbs required
 No mincing milliner's fantastic aid ;
 By her own pure, ingenious hands array'd,
 Her fairy form in snow or azure moved,
 Those tender colours that her father loved,
 Border'd with mimic rose or primrose sweet,
 Till Flora blush'd to view the fair deceit.

770

Chapeaux de paille she wove with airy grace,
 Light as Livorno's boasted web ; and lace,
 Transparent as the net of Indian fan,
 Floating like filmy folds of Abrovan,
 Whose slender links on blade or blossom lie
 Clear, yet invisible to mortal eye.

780

In a small casement, where the lulling wind
 Blew sweetly, where perennial roses twined
 Their scarlet branches through the lattice bars,
 Blushing amidst the fair, resplendent stars
 Of fragrant jessamine, had Clara placed
 That airy instrument, whose music chaste
 And free from earth-born mixture, seems the sound
 Of warbling angels : when the leaves around
 Heaved to the fluttering of the zephyr's wings,
 Enchanting 'twas to hear the breathing strings,
 The liquid murmurs, and the rising notes
 Like the lark's morning melody, that floats
 High in the clear blue heaven ; till now the breeze
 Rushes tumultuous, and the swell of seas

790

Appears far distant on the rocks to roar, 800
 Or die in music on the moonlight shore.
 What mortal voice can mingle with those strains ?
 Cecilia's soul must revel in the veins
 Of her, whose tongue accords with that sweet lyre,
 Wanders with zephyr o'er the quivering wire,
 Nor mars the bright illusion : from the well
 Of music in the bosom—from the cell
 Where Echo's wild and awful accents breathe
 Like heavenly choirs, or mermaid's song beneath
 The rolling sea, that spirit must proceed : 810
 And such was Clara's soul—the tender seed,
 Cherish'd within her breast by pity's showers,
 Now rose and flourish'd in spontaneous flowers.
 One eve, when all the peaceful vale was still,
 And Luna's blush was dawning on the hill,
 To chase a father's silent grief away,
 She pour'd this wild and unpresuming lay.—

The Colian Harp.

SPIRIT of air ! oh ! gently breathe
 From chambers of the golden west,
 Soft as the slumb'ring child beneath 820
 The shelter of its mother's breast.

Float lightly as the willow leaves,
 That o'er the crystal Avon fly,
 Or web the flying spider weaves,
 Scarce visible to mortal eye.

But hark ! the fluttering breezes play
Still sprightlier on each filmy thread,
Clear as the lark's adoring lay,
When springing from his dewy bed.

Still rolls the stream ; my bosom feels 830
The strings a richer chorus yield,
Bright as the trumpet's lofty peals,
Harmonious on the martial field.

And louder yet the rushing lay
My heart with awful tremor fills,
Like thunder rolling far away
O'er echoing woods and cloudy hills.

And oft a single, tender note
Sounds harping in the stormy strife,
Like love, whose downy pinions float 840
Along the dusky waves of life.

It dies ! the zephyr's whirring wings
Have flown in mournful music past,
Leaving amidst the whispering strings
One strain—the sweetest and the last.

'Tis silence all—that viewless form
No longer weaves the magic spell—
Adieu ! thou genius of the storm—
Spirit of purest air, farewell !

The song had ceased ; the renovated sire, 850
Charm'd by the soothing voice and breathing lyre,
Clasp'd the sweet minstrel to his beating breast.
“ Oh ! beyond all Imperial treasures blest,”
He cried, “ is this bright hour, when thus I fold
My Clara to this heart, which, faint and cold,
Warms to the spirit, and the cheering ray,
That pour a radiance on my setting day.”

There was no mortal witness to this scene
Of filial and paternal love : the screen,
That shades misfortune from the public view, 860
Shuts out the train of hollow friendship too.
Still there was one, though not of human form,
That ne'er forsook in shipwreck or in storm
His master's fortunes—Neptune still was kind ;
For gratitude in golden links can bind
The brute, when fawning friends perfidious fly,
And leave the exiled wanderer to die.
He was a noble spaniel of that breed,
Whose spirit bounds to dare the desp'rate deed,
From murder's gory arm the weak to save, 870
At home alike on earth or foaming wave.
Young Clara nursed him ere the cheerful light
Pierced the dark curtains of his early night.
To Clara first he turn'd his grateful eyes
Swimming with joy ; each morn beheld him rise
To greet his mistress with that murmuring sound,
The voice of pure affection ; and to bound

Before her path along the flowery glade,
Till slanting sunbeams cast a lengthen'd shade ;
And when her task of pleasing toil was o'er, 880
That faithful sentry at her chamber-door
Lay couch'd, the wakeful guardian of her sleep,
Till bright-eyed morn rose blushing from the deep.

Oh ! think not that abstracted joy or pain
In these our mortal breasts exclusive reign :
Say not imperial man alone can feel ;
For oft, when seated at their homely meal,
If Neptune's longing glance young Clara spied,
The creature turn'd his downcast head aside,
Conscious how oft the feeling girl had spared 890
The morsel, that her mute companion shared.
Nor say that human forms alone can shew
Bosoms alive to music's melting flow.
He felt the magic of harmonious sounds ;
And see ! while o'er the flowery green he bounds,
He stops—and listens with attentive ear
The thrilling of that airy harp to hear ;
Then murmurs soft, as with presuming pride
To mock the stream of that melodious tide.

Through Nature's realms mysterious music flows,
In woods, in waves, in every gust that blows, 901
From the sweet buzzing of the golden bee
To solemn ocean's thund'ring harmony.
No creature dwells on earth, in air or bower,
But feels the pulse of music's magic power.

The sober herd, that crop the dewy plain,
List to the minstrel's fascinating strain,
Forsake their pastures, and collect around
In silent groups, to drink the lulling sound.

The serpent issues from his dusky cell, 910
Enchanted by the charm of music's spell,
In spiry dance his painted volume twines,
While his sleek skin with sunny splendour shines.

When the proud war-horse in the battle's storm
Feels to the madd'ning charge his spirit warm,
And the brave blast of martial trumpets hears,
He bounds undaunted on the hostile spears,

In dust and gore expends his latest breath,
And springs with joy to victory or death.

Oh ! Music—sweetest souree of pleasing pain, 920
In courtly hall, in camp, on sylvan plain,
Whate'er thy shape—from groves or echoing eaves,
From midnight storms, or lapse of shining waves ;

From larks, whose airy tongues salute the morn,
Soft flutes, soul-thrilling harps, or hunter's horn ;
From thundering peals, that o'er the welkin roll,
And shake the solid earth from pole to pole—

Still sweet, still pure, majestic and sublime,
The charm of every age and every clime—

The voicee of angels ! concord of the spheres ! 930
Sole language pleasing to immortal ears !

Methinks I hear thee on that awful day,
When stars and flaming suns have past away,
Inviting those, beloved of Heaven, to share
Eternal joys, when mortal pain and care

Fly like the wintry clouds on stormy wing,
Chased by the rosy breath of genial spring.

While Clara now beheld her sire rejoice
To hear that soothing lyre's impassion'd voice,
A letter came—" Oh ! may its lines impart 940
Some blissful news!"—with high and beating heart
He broke the seal : it spoke of war's alarms,
Of distant shores subdued by hostile arms,
Of fleets prepared to cross the western seas,
When fortune gave the first propitious breeze,
With brilliant hopes of glory and of gold
To all within the martial line enroll'd.

And now a charming contest rose—the sire
Felt in his bosom all the glowing fire
Of youthful days revive—his trusty blade 950
He drew, and thus address'd the trembling maid :
" Thou solitary star ! whose cheering light
Pours comfort on the soldier's wintry night ;
Dear relié of a sainted mother's love !
Welcome as music of the murmuring dove,
When with the branch of peace he flew to bless
The tenants of the wat'ry wilderness,
When o'er the deep the flag of death was furl'd,
And rose the floating remnant of a world !
Behold this blade, that on the tented plain 960
Ne'er knew the mark of foul dishonour's stain,
But now in dark, inglorious rust appears,
Tarnish'd by sighs, and dimm'd by hopeless tears :

For thee it glitter'd on the sultry shores
Of Indus; and in western realms, where roars
The thunder of Niagara; for thee
Through frost and blazing towns and foaming sea
It led my path; and though the flying wheel
Of fortune mock'd my grasp, this trusty steel
Once more shall pierce the flaming line, and place 970
Thee, lovely scion of a luckless race,
Above a world's indignant scorn to bloom,
When waves the cypress on thy parent's tomb.
I feel the soldier's spirit droop with shame
To mark the labours of thy gentle frame,
When Chester's idle arm the sword can wield,
And reap one harvest more on glory's field."

" Oh! not for Clara," cried the weeping maid,
" Shalt thou, my father, from the peaceful shade
To scenes of carnage fly; these hands shall toil, 980
And from the fertile bosom of the soil
Draw nature's sweetest fruits; when vernal showers
Brighten the blushes of the dawning flowers,
I'll range the dewy hills at morn to weave
A wreath for thee; when summer sunbeams cleave
The scorched earth, my jasmine bower shall spread
Clusters of blossoms o'er the mossy bed
To guard thy noontide slumbers; when the beam
Of richest autumn throws a golden gleam
Soft o'er the mellow woods, the orchard's store 990
Shall all its vegetable treasures pour

To cheer thy spirits ; and when winter cold
 Sweeps from the shivering tree the branch of gold,
 The social fire shall spread its influence warm,
 And calm thy bosom in the midnight storm.
 Or if these scenes can yield no charm to thee—
 If to the lands beyond the Western sea
 Thy fate once more propitious stars shall guide,
 War's rugged brow, with Clara by thy side,
 Will lose its terrors ; in the dusky night 1000
 My sweetest songs shall sooth thee ; in the fight
 My fervent prayer to gracious Heav'n shall rise
 To shield thee when the blazing volley flies.
 And if a wound upon the dreadful plain
 Should lay thy honour'd form 'mid heaps of slain,
 With eye more pierceng than the bird of Jove
 Shall Clara find thee, and a daughter's love
 The glorious scars with fond affection heal,
 And from thy breast the thorn of anguish steal."

“ Come to my heart, thou cherub, sweet and fair,
 Whose blessed aid the powers indulgent spare 1011
 To throw, like evening's soft and golden ray,
 One beam of gladness on my closing day ;
 Dear as the music of the gushing spring
 On Lybian sands, or earliest swallow's wing ;
 That lightly glancing o'er the shivering mast,
 Proclaims the storms of dreary winter past !
 Together shall we range the land and wave,
 When zephyrs breathe, or thund'ring tempests rave ;

Nor dread the lightning's flash, nor roaring tide, 1020
Hope our bright star, and Providence our guide."

There was an aged man, whose feeble arm
Their garden till'd, and who their little farm
With nightly watch protected ; morning's dawn
Beheld Cornelius on the dewy lawn,
Leading their lambs to taste the tender blade ;
And, when the towering elm's extended shade
Proclaim'd the day's decline, he paced around
With careful step his benefactor's ground,
To chase each vagrant from the wicker door, 1030
And guard from felon hands their little store.
To his direction and protecting care
They left their small possessions—" Oh ! beware,"
Said Clara, " when the winds of winter blow,
When beats the rain, and falls the chilling snow,
Let not the tempests tear my blooming bowers,
Nor frost nor hail deform my tender flowers ;
Nor let my bleating lambs implore in vain,
When fades the herbage on the wither'd plain ;
Hope whispers to my heart, once more we meet 1040
To taste the joys of this beloved retreat,
To rest serene, when storms of battle cease,
In the calm haven of domestic peace."

And now on Clara's tender arm reclined,
Chester moved cheerful on ; yet oft behind
They cast a painful glance where waved the trees
Round Woodbine cottage, as the morning breeze,

Sporting with bright Aurora's earliest beam,
Freshen'd the surface of the classic stream.
The faithful Neptune, bounding by their side, 1050
Bark'd with tumultuous joy ; now scamper'd wide
O'er heath and dewy fields ; now panting stood
With eyes that spoke his lively gratitude.
When some few days of painful march were past,
Above th' horizon rose the stately mast
And fluttering pennant, where the shores of Ride
Repell'd the foaming billows of the tide.
In silent pomp the gallant vessels rode,
A forest on the waves—with splendour glow'd
Their polish'd keels, like Cynthia's golden light 1060
Floating in azure through the fields of night.
The hollow gun with momentary gleam
Flash'd through the smoke like lightning's vivid beam
In stormy clouds ; brave Chester smiled to hear
Once more the well-known sound ; a joyful tear
Stole down his cheek, as o'er the liquid plain
He mark'd the towering monarchs of the main,
Those dread Leviathans, that range the deep,
And from the wat'ry world the foes of Albion sweep.

And now the flag of azure, pierced with white, 1070
Summons all hands on board ; clear ocean, bright
With sunny sails ; the helm and waving plume
Of gallant soldiers, and the rosy bloom
Of cheerful maids enliven ev'ry breast.
High foam the billows with triumphant crest ;

The yards are mann'd ; the jovial crew appear
Thick as departing swallows, ere the year
Fades into winter : now the windlass plies ;
From beds of sand the grappling anchors rise.

The stately barks with white and flowing sail 1080
Expand their swan-like bosoms to the gale.

Swift the light seaman scales the netted shroud ;
Loose flow the sheets ; the boatswain pipes aloud.
Now foams each prow along the stormy way,
Like the proud lion roaring for his prey ;
As the sharp keels the glassy plain divide,
Hoarse fly the foaming murmurs of the tide ;
The sailor climbing on the mighty mast
Swings like a fluttering sea-bird in the blast.

Cheering and glorious was the splendid scene ; 1090
The floating castles moved in pomp serene,
With martial music mingling with the sound
Of ocean's thunder, while the shores around
On every gale that o'er the billows blew
Pour'd forth the parting blessing and adieu.

The pulse of life beat quick, and bosoms heave
As the brave barks the briny surges cleave,
With flags and pennants streaming in the skies,
Proud pageant for the free-born Briton's eyes—
Those walls of oak, the bulwarks of his shore, 1100
Impregnable amidst the deaf'ning roar
Of winds, and waves, of hostile cannon's fire,
And vengeful Gaul's hereditary ire—

The guardians of that sole, and sacred land,
Where freedom, laws, religion, virtue stand
Firm as the Lybian pyramids—the home
Of exiled kings—the universal dome,
Where the pale emigrant to shelter flies,
Nor mourns the splendour of his native skies ;
Beneath whose canopy in holy peace 1110
All sects unite, and cries of discord cease ;
No shivering victim feeds the bigot's fires,
And Persecution's gory torch expires.

Proud at the helm the pilot stands sublime,
The monarch of the waves ! the stormy clime,
The shatter'd ice-berg ; and the boiling seas,
Beneath the dread Sirocco's burning breeze,
To him are pastime : in the starless night
He guides his floating world's tempestuous flight :
While the mysterious magnet points the way, 1120
He steers unerring through the pathless spray :
Let thunder roll or arrowy lightnings glare,
He ploughs the billows with his giant share
Till looms the destined shore, his sails are furl'd,
And rests his anchor in the Western world.

Green Wight's luxuriant fields are swiftly past ;
The Needles fly, and from the reeling mast
Seem sentries station'd in the breakers' roar
To guard from wave and storm that lovely shore.
Launch'd in the vast Atlantic, now the gale 1130
Fills the broad bosom of each lofty sail ;

O'er the dark ocean glittering crests appear
Like the white plumes upon a virgin's bier ;
As in the distance spire and forest fade,
The soul too feels a momentary shade.

When the last mountain of our native land
Sinks on the wave ; when rolling seas expand
One shoreless circle to the meeting skies,
Chill'd is the hardest breast ; the straining eyes
Swim with unbidden tears ; the dropping heart 1140
Feels struck by sorrow's hebetating dart.

But soon aloft the buoyant spirit springs,
And to the winds the pensive murmur flings ;
The quick'ning gales, that on the billows play,
Sweep from the soul the gloomy clouds away,
And beauty's cheek, revived by sunny beams,
Once more with health and rosy pleasure gleams,
As the red petals of an April flower
Glow brighter from the transitory shower.

There was a youthful, jovial crew on board, 1150
A gallant band, whose gen'rous spirits soar'd
Above those jealousies and petty strife,
That pour their poison on the landsman's life.
To them the wrangling of the peevish bar,
The bitter contest and conflicting jar
Of rival candidates for power and gold,
Seem'd fables : cast in Nature's manly mould,
Their hearts to honour's lofty shrine they gave,
And sought for glory on the swelling wave.

The wealth their valour tore from peril's arms 1160
Allured them not with meretricious charms ;
Free as the wind, that sweeps the glittering spray,
Heedless they flung the worthless dross away,
Or saved the treasure for their native land
To pour in sorrow's supplianting hand.

Their Chief seem'd born for high command ; to bind
In chains of concord with the master mind
Those fiery spirits and the daring soul,
Whose wild vivacity demands control.
Bright was his piercing eye, and sprightly too, 1170
With glance to subjugate a lawless crew,
Or win a fair one's heart : serene and clear,
Like the calm front of matchless Belvidere ;
Valour, that ne'er to mortal foe could bow,
Shone like a sunbeam on his candid brow ;
Yet mildness temper'd the commanding ray,
As dawns the day-star on a morn of May.
His limbs like proud Apollo seem'd to stand,
Chasten'd by symmetry's harmonious hand.
When raved the tempest through the whistling shrouds,
And the wild billows mingled with the clouds, 1181
His voice, like thunder in the echoing skies,
Was heard above the warring winds to rise ;
Yet could he pour in beauty's ravish'd ear
Those magic tones, that force the silent tear
To flow from love or pity's precious mine,
And fall an offering at Music's shrine.

Stamp'd on his form and in his manners, shone
The BRITISH GENTLEMAN, whose breast alone
Contains the true politeness of the heart, 1190
And scorns the trickery of Gallie art.
Not from the bow, the smirk, or doff'd *chapeau*,
The sterling feelings of the bosom flow ;
These may be prized amongst that fickle race,
Whose life's a farce and manners are grimace ;
Where chatt'ring fops the scales of fashion hold,
And pass their tinsel for substantial gold.
Politeness, consort of good taste and sense,
Springs from the source of pure benevolence.
To sacrifice the selfish thought ; to scorn 1200
The brightest flash of wit that plants a thorn
In sorrow's breast ; to raise the downcast eye
Of unobtrusive, bashful poverty ;
With kind, attentive courtesy to cheer
The modest stranger, whom the haughty sneer
Of purse-proud insolence to earth had bow'd,
And wrapt his struggling spirit in a cloud ;
From *mauvaise honte* relieve the silent guest,
That like a nightmare on his bosom press'd ;
To bid his streams of elocution glide 1210
Serene, self-gratified with honest pride ;
To free the wings of genius ; to unrol
The mines of thought, the treasures of the soul,
Till o'er the pompous dunce's sordid stores
The mind's supremacy sublimely soars ;
Birth, rank and titled splendour to conceal,
Whose contrast makes the poor dependant feel

The mortifying distance ; firm and true
 The lofty path of honour to pursue,
 Yet mild, and ever to indulgence prone, 1220
 To those whose maxims differ from our own ;
 But chief the heart of charming woman spare,
 Nor seek a rude, unmanly triumph there ;
 The pain unseen is felt, though not exprest,
 And tortures to the core the gentle breast ;
 Oh ! spare the blushes of the tender maid ;
 Cast not the sun of beauty in a shade,
 Nor with loose wit the feeling cheek abash,
 Though Rabelais might prize the brilliant flash.
 This is true *politesse*—an empty name 1230
 On foreign shores, where prince and beggar claim
 With shrugs and capers and distorted face,
 Exclusive title to that charming grace.
 I've roan'd where France her purple neetar yields,
 Through fair Italia's courts and classic fields,
 O'er Spanish hills and Lusitania's plain,
 Yet sought that bright accomplishment in vain ;
 Till, after years of pain and fruitless toil,
 I found it flourish on the British soil.

And none more deep that pleasing art possess'd 1240
 Than MARLOW SIDNEY : when his lovely guest
 To guide her steps lean'd on his aiding arm
 With trembling confidence, he felt the charm
 That weakness on the tender sex bestows,
 As the sweet blossom of the scarlet rose

Cherish'd still more in blushing beauty shines,
When round the proud, protecting elm it twines.
His manly tenderness assurance gave,
And calm'd the terrors of the foaming wave.
He taught her all the wand'ring seaman's lore ; 1250
What daring mariner from Europe's shore
To Western wilds the phantom, glory, chased,
And sought new worlds beyond the wat'ry waste ;
Who weather'd first the Lybian cape, and steer'd
Through seas unknown, till o'er the prow appear'd
The golden coast where rich Goleonda shines,
And robb'd proud Venice of her orient mines.
He shew'd each fix'd or planetary light,
That guides the seaman through the stormy night ;
Explain'd the needle's dip, and proved the power 1260
Of art mysterious at the noon tide hour—
Those magic instruments, whose mighty span
Measures the pathless heavens, enables man
Through wildest waves his steady course to keep,
And make each star a Pharos o'er the deep.
When constant now the welcome trade-wind blew,
And eased the labours of the gallant crew,
They smoothly sail'd before the faithful breeze
O'er the bright bosom of the tropic seas ;
The glowing clime a richer lustre gave 1270
To Heaven's high glittering host, and azure wave.
Exulting Nature smiled : her works fresh-born
Seem'd sprung from Chaos on Creation's morn,
And bore as clear as at their natal hour
The stamp and splendour of Almighty power.

In the cold north the ling'ring orb of day
 Slowly retires, and still with fond delay
 Pours the vermillion beam on mountain rill,
 On blooming orchard, or on pine-clad hill.
 But here the globe with quick gyration turns; 1280
 The golden sun with purer brilliance burns,
 And swift as bolts of thunder, that proclaim
 The wrath of Jove, and shake this earthly frame,
 Drops on the waves a ball of living flame.
 One burst of glory then illumes the skies,
 Splendid, but transient; soon the vision flies,
 And all the streams of gold and purple light
 Sink, like the dreams of Hope, in dusky night.

One lovely eve, on Sidney's arm reclined,
 When the proud bark before the steady wind 1290
 Seem'd scarcee blue ocean's fluid glass to break,
 As sails the cygnet on some azure lake,
 With rapture Clara mark'd the sun retire
 And light the deep with transitory fire:
 But when the burning beam like lightning flew,
 And darkness swift the sable curtain drew,
 Pensive as Niöbe's pale form appears,
 She sigh'd, and shed involuntary tears.
 " Why weeps my Clara? Say, can Sidney pour
 Balm on thy sorrows, and to peace restore 1300
 Thy gentle bosom? Can my jovial band
 Lull the remembrance of thy cherish'd land,
 And clear the clouds that o'er thy fancy stray
 With sportive dance, or music's melting lay?

Can pure affection, or inventive power
Devise some charm to cheer the lonely hour?"
" Oh ! no, my honour'd friend ; this bosom feels
With gratitude the gen'rous hand that heals
The exile's anguish ; oft to Heav'n I bend

1310

His bark, though warring elements conspire
With the dread thunder of the battle's fire.
And Heav'n will guide thee to the peaceful shore
Through hostile fleets, dark waves, and tempest's roar,
If the benignant Power in mercy hear
A father's prayer, or view a daughter's tear.
It was a passing thought of early days
That touch'd my soul, as fled the golden rays,
And o'er the deep an instantaneous gloom
Lower'd like a mournful cypress on the tomb. 1320

1320

I love the sunset on the British main,
When the red orb beneath the glassy plain
Sinks like a bleeding martyr ; round are spread
Circles of glory from his sacred head ;
With pious trust in Providence he dies,
With new-born beams in distant worlds to rise.
Oh ! then what loved obscurity succeeds,
Whose charm to holy contemplation leads !
Sweet to the soul is twilight's soothing hour,
That calms the bosom with its pleasing power ;
It seems like plaintive music, that recalls
The days of youth and joy—the festive halls,
Where careless childhood sipp'd the rosy stream
Whose nectar flow'd from Fancy's idle dream."

1330

Deep in the seaman's heart those accents fell :
No bark can fly from Cupid's magie spell ;
He climbs the mast, he roves o'er hills and plains,
And binds a captive world in flowery chains.

“ Clara ! thou angel ever fair and sweet,
Thou guardian spirit of my roving fleet, 1340
Sent as a blessing by Almighty power,
As on the waste the manna's welcome shower !
Forgive a sailor's speech ; untaught and rude
My youth was past on ocean's solitude ;
Far from perfidious courts, no polish'd art
E'er tuned my tongue to mask a faithless heart ;
Wild as the breeze, but as the needle true,
Sons of the wave, our wand'ring steps pursue
Those gems that shine on fleeting glory's ear ;
The point of honour is our leading star ; 1350
Yet would I fame's alluring path resign
For rural joys, were gentlest Clara mine.
Faint is ambition's sun, or glory's prize,
To one consenting glance from Clara's eyes.
Say, wilt thou trust the treasure of thy charms
To Sidney's love, to Sidney's faithful arms ?
To meaner souls the suitor might unfold
Ingots and clasps of fascinating gold,
Diamonds, and wreaths of pearl, and ruby chain,
The scorn of wisdom—idols of the vain ! 1360
For such has smiling Fortune shower'd on me,
The warrior's harvest on the stormy sea ;
But worthless all Peruvian mines can yield
To her who triumphs in a nobler field ;

Nor gem, nor pearl, nor Mammon's tempting lure
Can charm that heart, so innocent and pure.

I promise all devoted love can give,
With thee in wealth or penury to live,
To read thy wishes in those crystal eyes,
Ere to the lips the bosom's thought shall rise ; 1370
To guard thy health, as misers watch their gold,
Nor let the scorehing heat, nor Winter's cold
Impair the roses on thy tender check ;
Or should pale sickness come, for thee I'll seek
The genial clime, the salutary springs,
Whose power restores the spirit's drooping wings.
Say, can my Clara's gentle breast approve
These rude expressions of a seaman's love ?"
The proud coquette's or prude's fallacious art
Ne'er wove a veil round Clara's open heart ; 1380
Pure as the pearly globes that rise, and spread
Their crystal from the virgin fountain's bed,
The mantling blush her innocence bespoke,
And from her lips the voice of Nature broke.
" Noblest of men ! forgive these falling tears ;
They spring not from a timid virgin's fears ;
From gratitude's deep source the current flows ;
On Sidney's breast my future hopes repose
In firmest confidence ; my heart relies
On thee for all those fond endearing ties, 1390
That link the husband to the happy wife ;
Lord of my bosom ! partner of my life !"
He could not clasp her in his arms, nor steal
One kiss of rapture, love's delicious seal ;

For eyes observed them ; but the charming thrill
Of hands spoke volumes, though the lips were still.

“ Yet,” said the pensive virgin, “ one alloy
Chastens the spirit of thy Clara’s joy :

Should my dear father cheer us with his smile,

And bless our nuptials, shall his native isle 1400

Once more receive him, and affection’s ray

Gild the calm evening of his stormy day ?”

“ Thy father shall be mine,” the youth replied ;

“ This faithful dog that gambols at my side,

And all my gentle Clara loves shall share

Her Sidney’s tenderness, her Sidney’s care.”

Oh ! joy, more brilliant than those orbs that burn
With Heav’n’s own flame—the love that meets return !
Oh ! bliss beyond the proudest monarch’s boast !

Dear at the present hour, yet prized the most 1419

When o’er the past remembrance softly throws

Her charmed mantle ; and the vernal rose,

That bloom’d so sweetly on the genial morn,

Droops pale and wither’d on the wintry thorn.

Now arm in arm along the deck they roved,

And talk’d of all they hoped, and all they loved.

The palace of immortals seem’d with light

More pure to consecrate that blissful night,

Six halos, splendid as an Iris, shed

Rich streams of orange, azure, green and red, 1420

Ring within ring, around the silver moon,

In regal pride ascending to her noon.

Fair Cynthia sail'd amidst that lofty sea,
Where scatter'd shone in careless majesty
The rubies of the heav'ns ; the deep too glow'd
With rival splendour ; far astern there flowed
A stream of gems along the liquid glass,
Clear as the globules on the dewy grass ;
And where the prow advanced through murmuring spray,
Flinging the foam and breasting surge away, 1430
It seem'd as if the bark's majestic head
Plough'd up the pearls from ocean's briny bed.
The light-finn'd albacore with fiery sweep
Sprang like a blazing rocket from the deep ;
And sparkles, sprinkled by nocturnal gales,
Stream'd from the painted dolphin's glittering scales.
Ye sages, versed in Nature's secret lore,
Reveal from whence, from what volcanic store
Ascends the flash electric, swift and bright,
The scintillation of phosphoric light ? 1440
Whence spring these spangled micae of the waves ?
Dwells there a mine within th' unfathom'd caves
Of dreadful ocean, from whose fertile source
Storms submarine, or deep convulsions force
These treasures to the surface, where they shine
Rich as the galaxy ? or doth the brine,
Impregnate by prolific suns, produce
Myriads of sea-born insects for the use
Of all those rolling monsters of the deep ?
Whate'er the cause, when o'er the surges sweep 1450
The sparkling oars, sublime the midnight scene,
To mark like meteors through the blue serene

The burning blades, or swimmer's sinewy frame
 Dash the cold billows with his arms of flame.
 Clara and Sidney watch'd with pure delight
 These miracles of nature ; splendid night
 With all her glittering orbs majestic roll'd,
 Till from the kindling East a streak of gold
 Bespoke the coming of the god of day ;
 Quick faded star, and moon, and fiery spray, 1460
 As the bright morn, in crimson robes array'd,
 Cast all nocturnal glory into shade.
 The seaman now the hand of Clara press'd,
 And thus the partner of his soul address'd—
 “Retire, my love ! this sharp and chilling air
 Ill suits that form so delicate and fair ;
 May cherubs guard thy slumbers, and impart
 Dreams pure and peaceful as thy gentle heart !”

Moons swiftly pass'd ; the gallant Sidney tried
 Each pleasing art his floating world supplied 1470
 To charm with grateful change ; the page sublime
 Of Shakspeare, “glass of every age and clime,”
 Unroll'd its treasures ; Otway's tender muse,
 Whose plaintive lay the coldest breast bedews,
 And polish'd Sheridan their stores display'd ;
 With easy art accomplish'd Monkland bade
 The passions rise, or tears of sorrow fall ;
 Terror and pity answer'd to his call,
 As with poetic fire he pour'd along
 The lightning of the bard's majestic song. 1480

Lo ! poor Monimia mourns, and all around
Hearts throb responsive to the thrilling sound ;
Macbeth in horror, with a maniac's glare,
Starts at the viewless dagger in the air ;
Othello casts the precious pearl away,
Or wild Ophelia sings her soul-enchanting lay.
Nor less with comic humour blest, he drew
Each freak of folly's ever-shifting hue
In faithful semblance—Hal, that prince of mirth,
Banter'd the moving mass of moisten'd earth, 1490
The sack-primed Falstaff ; Lingo charm'd the ear
Of simple Cowslip ; or the new-made Peer,
The slave of custom, mourn'd his counter's loss,
Though proud and polish'd by the sage Pangloss.

These various scenes, with matchless skill portray'd,
Still doubly charm'd, combined with music's aid.
Evans, whose soul was tuned to sweetest measure,
With touch that woke the secret chords of pleasure,
Or thrill'd the bosom with delicious pain,
Pour'd through his plaintive flute the melting strain.
No lovelier note at evening's pensive close 1501
From hawthorn branch or blooming orchard flows
When the clear blackbird sings, and all around
The blossoms quiver to the dulcet sound.
Poor, careless Evans ! deep on ocean's bed
Thy corse lies bleaching ; and the lips that shed
Those lays harmonious are for ever mute :
Who now shall warble on that magic flute,

Revive the spirit of the minstrel flown,
Or breathe one echo of its dying tone?

1510

Colton to all the charms of land and wave
New elegance and cheering splendour gave.
He with his pleasing pencil, chaste and pure,
In landscape—portrait—lovely miniature,
Sketch'd to the life proud castles, rocks and towers,
Mountains and valleys, streams and vernal bowers ;
And, still to taste and simple nature true,
In tints of brighter, sweeter fancy drew
The rosy virgin's bloom, her smiling face,
Her flexible form, and fascinating grace. 1520
And far more precious than the painter's art
The virtues of that sound and manly heart—
Calm prudence—deep and uncorrupted source,
Whence fame and honour take their splendid course—
Sterling integrity—a noble mind,
Where solid sense with genius was combined,
As the rich branches of the orange shoot,
Yielding at once both flowers and luscious fruit—
And Friendship, still at morn, in dreary night,
Glowing and steady as the vestal light. 1530

I ask forgiveness—but the pleasing dream
Unbidden mingles with the poet's theme.
These were companions of my youthful hours,
When life's sweet garden with unfading flowers
Seem'd ever-blooming—Battle's gory arm
Circled the patriot's soul with nameless charm,

And firmer still, as peril stalk'd around,
The holy bonds of sacred friendship bound.

One jovial messmate must adorn my lay,
Young Harry Hart, the witty and the gay ; 1540
A true-born optimist, whate'er befel
On land or wave with joyous Hart was well ;
"Hope at the prow" he left dull care behind,
And cast all sorrow to the passing wind.
With cheerful anecdote and social glee
He chas'd the pallid form of cold *Ennui* ;
When fair winds shifted to the low'ring west,
He calm'd the grumbling pilot with a jest ;
And oft with songs the gloomy night beguiled,
Till on the bowl the beams of morning smiled. 1550
Those scenes, though mournful years have roll'd away,
Still cheer my heart on many a lonely day,
And murmurs still, harmonious in mine ear,
One jovial strain his messmates loved to hear.

Sea Song.

Let the sons of soft indolence loll on their pillows,
To the sweet serenade of the nightingale sleep ;
Give me the loud tempest, the dash of the billows,
And the chorus that breathes from the fathomless deep.

What flowers of the valley, besprinkled with dew,
All drest in their beauty and vernal attire, 1560

Can compare with yon concave of heavenly blue,
With the stars and the planets of glittering fire ?

What jewels, that gleam on the breast of the bride,
E'er issued so bright from their orient cave,
As the sparkles that float on the foam of the tide,
The braids of the mermaids, the gems of the wave ?

While the graceful young Clara benignantly smiles,
Old Neptune may roar, and old Boreas whistle, 1568
Here's a health to the fair of Britannia's green isles,
To the lads of the Shamrock, the Rose, and the Thistle.

END OF BOOK 1.

CLARA CHESTER.

BOOK II.

CONTENTS OF BOOK II.

DANCING—Old Customs—The Petrel—Flying Fish—Nautilus—The Shark—*Fucus Giganteus*—Canine Sagacity—Arrival at St Jago—The Palm Tree—A female Slave—Beautiful Goats—Tropic Fruits—*Le Premier Baiser de l'Amour*—Pleasures of Vieissitude—Porpoise—Marine Polypus—Ceremony on crossing the Line—A Proctor ducked—Naval Engagement—Female Heroism—A Ship on Fire—A noble Dog—Humanity of a Slave—Devotions at Sea—An Anthem—An Explosion—A female Physician—Hypocrisy rewarded—Arrival at St Helena—An Imperial Exile—The Telegraph—Lord Anson's Tree—Passion for Dress—The Tea Fever—Miseries of a Seafaring Life—Departure—A Spaniard in Love—Arrival in the River Plate.

DUSKY like night, but night with all her stars,
Or cavern sparkling with its native spars—
The sun-born blood suffused her neck, and threw
O'er her clear ebon skin a lucid hue,
Like coral redd'ning through the darken'd wave,
Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.——*The Island.*

CLARA CHESTER.

BOOK II.

THUS pass'd the midnight hours ; the merry crew
Partook sometimes of courtly pleasures too :
For not alone in Almack's blazing hall
Shines the seducing splendour of the ball ;
The sons of Neptune love the charming glance
Of youth and beauty in the graceful dance.
One eve, when Cynthia pour'd her pleasing light,
And all the lustres of the gorgeous night
Shone brilliant in the heav'ns, the seaman gave
The signal to the minstrels of the wave
To touch the viol's sprightly strings, and sound
The soul-subduing horn : with lively bound
Sprang the young Caledonians to the ring
To sport their light limbs in the Highland fling,
Or Scotia's wild, intoxicating reel :
Not Mercury with swift and feather'd heel
E'er flew more buoyant from the realms above
To bear to distant worlds the will of Joye.

That jocund whirl's exhilarating maze
The sinewy limb and agile form displays, 20
And warms, as twirling quick the dancer flies,
The high-toned pulse of health and exercise :
But seldom graceful elegance is found
In that gymnastic figure's ceaseless round.
Some mental charm should decorate the dance ;
How cold the tricks of pantomimic France—
The petticoat like broad umbrella spread—
The pironette, that turns the dizzy head—
To twist the taper leg, and Flora's charms
Exhibit clasped in fluttering zephyr's arms ! 30
In the wild waltz, by fervid youth embraced,
Each hand a girdle round the virgin's waist ;
Roused by the stimulus the heated blood
Swells the full veins with one lascivious flood ;
Warm passions flush the cheek, and graces die,
Lost in the vortex raised by ecstasy.
Long may the waltz and all its wanton train
Flourish in foreign courts, but seek in vain
A patron here, or taint Britannia's air.
The chaste quadrille best suits the British fair ; 40
And none more light than Clara knew to tread
The fascinating measure : Sidney led
The blooming girl to join the cheerful ring,
Fresh as the first-born gem, when breathing Spring
Comes smiling on the world, and pours around
Fragrance and beauty o'er the frosty ground.
It was her father's natal day ; and dear
To Clara's heart, when each revolving year

The joyful season brought, was that bright hour,
That found him braving, like the wintry flower,

50

The tempest fury, strong in hardy health :

She prized beyond the pride of rank or wealth

Those sweet and holy festivals, that move

The sacred fountains of domestic love.

Alas ! how fashion's cold and heartless forms

Have marr'd the joys of nature ! waves and storms,

Rushing from sea and sky with hollow roar,

Ne'er spread such ruin o'er the peaceful shore

As artificial life ; those ancient rites,

In which untutor'd innocence delights,

60

Now to the scornful court plebeian seem,

And loved romance has vanish'd like a dream.

The harmless pastimes of exulting youth

Have flown for ever ; calm, relentless truth,

Link'd with cold science, has exchanged the rose

Of life's sweet poetry for sordid prose,

And from the charm of bright Arabia's tale

Rent the rich folds of fiction's golden veil.

Can all the pomp of thrones one pleasure yield

So pure as virgins on the flowery field

70

Taste while they dance around the streaming pole ?

That rite, that still as circling seasons roll

Through the long lapse of centuries proclaims

The last, fair relic of the Floral games—

Or those wild charms the hands of fancy weave

So dear to youth on cherish'd Hallow eve—

The twirling apple, which the rosy boy

Snaps with his ivory teeth, and bounds for joy—

The true nut blazing on the burning bar,
Of constant love the bright, propitious star— 80
The egg in strange and fairy forms congeal'd,
Till Fortune's frowns or favours stand reveal'd ;
Or lead dissolved, and hissing in the pail,
Changed to a mitre-crown, or martial mail,
As fate ordains that Bishop—Hero—King—
Shall bind the virgin with the holy ring.—
The mystic holly-bush on Stephen's day,
With lovers' knots and snowy ribbons gay,
Where sleeps the little wren, that piped that morn
Merry, though cold, beneath the frosted thorn.— 90
And that red flame, when sultry June returns,
That still in city, camp or village, burns,
Shade of a sacrifice in days long past,
When with fanatic zeal the Druids cast
Devoted victims on the gory pyre,
And Stonehenge shudder'd, as the sacred fire
Rose from the giant altar ; these remain
The harmless sports of childhood on the plain,
And now with awe some nameless pleasure blend.
Thus from antiquity's dark mists descend 100
Fragments that float along the stream of time,
Relics of joy or sanguinary crime ;
As, when the thund'ring storms have ceased to roar,
Some sad memorials wafted to the shore,
Rudder and boom, that restless billows bear,
Prove what majestic barks have perish'd there.

But chief the birth-day charms ; by nature placed
A beacon-light, a landmark on the waste.

How bounds the mother's heart on that sweet morn

To mark some new and manly grace adorn 110

The hero of the feast ! in stature grown,

With sparkling eyes, and voice of firmer tone,

Like the clear dawn, that gives with crimson ray

The pleasing promise of a glorious day.

And Chester now, as in his native isle,

Beheld his Clara with exulting smile

Blooming in beauty and in tasteful dress,

A blossom in the wat'ry wilderness.

No flowers or pearls adorn'd her dark-brown hair ;

Rich in its sunny gloss, the Graces there 120

Loved those sweet undulating folds to twine,

Smooth as the polish'd ringlets of the vine.

A robe of shining pink her lovely limbs

Infolded, as the parting sunbeam swims

On waves of foam, or morning's rosy light

Pours warmth and splendour on some statue bright

Of Parian marble ; round her neck a chain

Of rich Mosaic, like some snowy plain

Sprinkled with Alpine flowers, and finely wrought

With all the artist's skill, or poet's thought, 130

Shew'd in sweet miniature each lofty dome,

Each tower and temple of imperial Rome.

No step was visible ; she glided o'er

The polish'd deck, as on the Lybian shore

The Queen of Love : yet music's lively strain

Beat quick and true through every feeling vein.

There is between the soul and sounding lyre
A deep, mysterious sympathy : the fire,
That trumpets, horns, and thund'ring drums impart,
Warms to the core the warrior's bounding heart : 140
The solemn organ calms the stormy breast,
And earthly pride and passions sink to rest :
Sweet flutes with magic influence can move
The selfish, clay-cold apathist to love ;
His iron bosom melts to music's stream
As ice dissolves beneath the morning beam.
But chief the clear-toned viol's lively measure
Pours through each quivering nerve, attuned to pleasure,
Responsive spirit ; beauty's breast returns
The sweet vibration ; chaste and lovely burns 150
Her crimson cheek, as through the ring she flies,
Flush'd by the glow of healthful exercise.
Thus Clara moved and charm'd ; the spell-bound crew
Gazed at the fluttering vision as she flew ;
Tears from their swimming eyes were seen to course
From nature's deep inexplicable source ;
The hardy tars were mute ; her airy form
They deem'd some spirit sent to chase the storm,
Some sky-born sylph, ordain'd by Heav'n to bless
Their labours on the pathless wilderness. 160

Yet not alone amidst the starry night
Can skies or heaving ocean yield delight.
Through long and cheerless days the cultured mind
Can still new stores of harmless pleasure find.

All nature is a blank to vacant souls ;
In vain the surges swell, or thunder rolls
For him, whose breast she ne'er has tuned to feel
One deep emotion at that awful peal.

On hearts of taste the beam of morning sheds

A sun-bright influence, and ocean spreads,

170

As bounds the bark beneath the torrid clime,

One floating picture, endless and sublime.

Light skims the petrel o'er the glassy wave,

And scarcely seems his milky breast to lave :

He lives for ever 'midst the billows' roar,

Nor rests his plume on mast or rocky shore :

The watchful pilot marks with troubled eye

That phantom's flight, that tells the storm is nigh.

Now spring bright myriads of that sealy breed

That vie with air's inhabitants ; decreed

180

By fate remorseless o'er the sounding main

To lead a ceaseless life of fear and pain,

Raised by the buoyant vesicle within,

Whose light balloon sustains the fluttering fin,

When through the yielding waves the dolphins chase,

Shoal after shoal that persecuted race,

Streaming with pearls on quivering webs they rise ;

Swift as the lightning's flash the dolphin flies,

And in the breeze devours the trembling prey ;

Or if perchance above the briny spray

190

Their flight eludes the bounding fishes' spring,

Lo ! the dark albatross with rushing wing

Comes like a storm, and breaks the glittering line ;
 Wide o'er the deep their dewy membranes shine,
 Till the hot sun each ling'ring drop exhales ;
 Then droop the flaccid fins; the silver scales
 Their humid splendour lose ; on ocean's breast
 They languid sink ; but there no welcome rest
 Awaits them ; with the piercing eagle's sight
 The quick bonito marks the stragglers' flight, 200
 And in the bosom of the yawning wave
 The poor exhausted wand'rers find a grave.

Light floats the nautilus in gentle gales ;
 O'er the smooth sea the tiny vessel sails
 With airy tackling rigg'd from prow to poop,
 By turns a ship—a gallant brig—a sloop :
 Its feet are oars, its arms a living mast—
 Its tail a rudder : when the raging blast
 Breaks the bright mirror, deep in ocean's caves
 It sinks, nor rises till the settled waves 210
 Once more reflect the sky's unruffled blue.
 From this small prototype the seaman drew
 The model of his bark ; first learn'd to sweep
 With blade or canvass o'er the boundless deep :
 Thus from an acorn oaks gigantic tower,
 Thus from a shell-fish springs Britannia's power.

But see the shark with rapid fin divide
 The briny flood ! while faithful at his side
 The pilots to the sun their spots display,
 And steer the sea-born monster to his prey. 220

Swift on his back he turns, with rav'rous eyes
Gloats on the floating bait, and grasps the prize ;
His bleeding jaws, deep perforated, feel
The griding torture of the barbed steel ;
Then flash his fins ; along the frothy main
He rolls, and tugs for liberty in vain.

Beneath his streaming gills the seamen slide
The fatal noose, and from the gory tide
Drag up the tyrant ; then his sinewy tail
He slashes furious, as with sturdy flail

230

The thresher smites the corn : then distant keep
From that fell member, whose tremendous sweep
Would crash a giant's bone : in safety stand
Till the strong carpenter's unerring hand
Severs with cleaving axe the dreadful limb ;
Then weak his heaving muscles seem, and dim
The vengeful flashes of his blood-shot eyes ;
He gives one shudder, and convulsive dies.

Nor yet their lost and murder'd king forsake
Those jackals of the waves ; the vessel's wake
The pilots follow still, and hope once more
To steer their monarch through the billows' roar.

240

Not on wild hills alone, nor balmy shores
Fair Nature spreads her vegetable stores :
Aquatic plants along the restless seas
Stream like the waving willow to the breeze.
Rooted in ocean's deep and viewless bed
The giant fucus rears its leafy head

In verdure softly floating ; far below
Those shelving banks, where coral gardens grow, 250
Its fibres grasp the ground ; a thousand feet
Through foaming waves the stems arise, to meet
The grateful light of Heaven, and there display
The polish'd petals to the sunny day.

O miracles of Nature ! dimly seen
By purblind man through forest, hill or green,
Though every blade that springs, or flower that blows,
Omnipotence in every tendril shows ;

And all the wonders of the starry sky
Roll in celestial pomp unheeded by. 260

Wave follows wave, the tides ascend and fall ;
Round its firm axis whirls this earthly ball,
Unfelt by mortals, though with cannon's speed
The planet flies ; from custom thus proceed
Coldness and apathy for works design'd
By Jove—the labours of th' immortal mind.
But when the wand'ring comet comes, and steers
His fiery train 'midst heav'n's unmoving spheres,
Behold the sage intent with optic glass

To mark the strange and splendid meteor pass. 270
Thus on the shadowy deep, when Flora weaves
A floating wreath of buds and humid leaves,
All eyes are charm'd to view the magic flower,
And man submissive owns Almighty power.

In Clara's heart these wonders of the waves
Were treasures for a future day ; when raves

The wintry storm, how sweet to draw around
The sacred hearth, to hear the rushing sound
Of howling winds, and showers of pattering rain
In volleys dash against the crystal pane,
While all within is peace ! to travel o'er
Those scenes of peril past, whose frown no more
Appals, but like Arabia's pleasing tale
Shines soft and calm through mem'ry's misty veil.

280

One morn, when musing o'er the sounding seas,
She mark'd her faithful Neptune snuff' the breeze,
Gaze in her face, and all his art employ
To see the maid participate his joy.

Far to the south she turn'd her anxious eyes,

Yet nought appear'd but waves and azure skies. 290

“ What means my Neptune ? ” quick the answer given
Proved the mysterious instinct drawn from Heaven.

“ Land !” cried the seaman from the rocking mast ;

Swift through all ears the cheering sound was past,
And all the toils and perils of the deep

Were soon committed to oblivion's sleep.

Dear as the spring amidst the shifting sands

Of sultry Mecca, when the fainting bands
Of thirsty pilgrims look aloft in vain

For one sweet shower of cool, refreshing rain;

Is land to him, who mournful moons has spent

In struggles through the stormy element.

A mass of bare and rugged rocks it seem'd,
Bereft of vegetable life; there gleam'd

No casement in the sunbeam, nor appear'd
Garden or bower by social man endear'd.
Such in the distance—but on closer view
Barancas bright with shrubs of various hue,
Delicious fruits, rich maize and dewy blade,
And roofs of palm-leaves glitter'd in the shade. 310
And thus in life—the brow of distant care
Seems like the precipice abrupt and bare ;
But near approach the mourning stranger brings
To fertile valleys and refreshing springs,
That still lie scatter'd through the rugged soil,
To quicken hope, and cheer the pilgrim's toil.
The neutral flag of Lusitania tow'r'd
Above the little fort, whose cannon pour'd
A welcome peal, and soon the rocky shore
Echoed from cave to cave the hollow roar ; 320
And now the fleet, with streaming banners gay,
Anchor'd in Porto Praya's crystal bay.
No classic monument, nor ivied tower,
Stood the proud remnants of departed power ;
But nature's simplest forms will ever please
The heart dispirited by tiresome seas.
Straight from the sand the stately palm-tree rose,
On whose green plumes the milky cocoa grows ;
Bare as a mast the stems gigantic shoot,
Then spread in feathery leaves and luscious fruit ; 330
Nor to the thirsty palate yields delight
Alone this vegetable treasure ; bright
As olive's purest sap the dulect oil
Sparkles to cheer the peasant's midnight toil,

And as amidst the gloom clear flames arise,
Each shell a lamp, each fibre wick supplies.
Thus through all nature man's attentive eye
Can Heav'n's protecting providence descry ;
The rock, the desert, and the sandy plain,
Prove to his heart that nought was made in vain. 340

Now through the yielding waves the gallant barge
Flew swift, as Sidney with his lovely charge
Hasten'd to touch the soul-reviving shore ;
For Clara long'd to see her sire once more
Taste those sweet fruits of garden, wood, or field,
That tropic climes so rich and tender yield.
With wild impatience, plunging in the spray,
Her sprightly Neptune led the liquid way,
Then on the sandy margin took his stand,
And with loud barking welcomed her to land. 350

But Clara's eyes were wet with pity's dew,
For lo ! a mournful object met her view—
A female slave, with galling fetters bound,
In sorrow bending o'er the burning ground.
Chain'd to a palm's rude trunk, her tender feet
Felt from the stones the sun's refracted heat,
While all the fury of the tropic skies
Flash'd on her beating temples ; deem'd a prize
Too precious to repose in cooling shade,
Here on the sultry beach the weeping maid 360
Was shewn for sale ; in naked beauty glow'd
Her polish'd limbs ; the Lybian clime bestow'd

That ebon tint that mocks the raven's plume ;
For not to iv'ry skin, or roseate bloom
Is beauty's charm confined ; her smile can please
From features bronzed by Congo's fiery breeze.
In realms of light the fairest cheek will fade,
As in the solstice shrinks the tender blade ;
While jetty bosoms stand the piercing stream
From Afrie's sands, or India's glowing beam. 370

To her white teeth new gloss her colour gave,
As the foam glitters on the dusky wave,
And like nocturnal gleams from northern skies
Flash'd the quick splendour of her sparkling eyes.
Ne'er from Canova's living chisel sprang
A lovelier form ; nor raptured minstrel sang
Features of sweeter mould in maid or bride,
Though deck'd in roses' and in lilies' pride.
Her tale was one, so oft in anguish told,
That hearts are lock'd, and Pity's pulse is cold. 380

Torn from her native woods, their shrieking prey
Rapacious pirates bore ; and far away
From Lybia's crystal brooks and golden plains
Dragg'd to the bark of misery and chains.
She saw her parents, lover, friends expire,
Her fields laid waste, her cottage wrapt in fire.
Bereft of all, no tie remain'd to bind
One passion, thought or feeling to mankind,
And there she sat in noon's oppressive air,
The lonely, silent picture of despair. 390

One look from Clara spoke to Sidney's heart
Clear as the brightest blaze of Tully's art :

What plume can cleave the breeze, what shaft can fly
So swift as love's all-penetrating eye?

“Thine be the act,” he cried, “the heavenly deed
To save one trembling wretch, when thousands bleed ;
With sweeter grace fair Charity appears,
When Beauty's bosom shares the captive's tears ;
From thee, my Clara, let the blessing flow ;
This worthless dross in freedom's cause bestow, 400
And prove that, quicken'd by that holy flame,
There lives one female Wilberforce to shame
A mercenary world.” The maiden flew
To seek the leader of that horrid crew—
The traffickers in blood : with iron hold,
Close as the vulture's grasp, he seized the gold.
Light she return'd, the harbinger of peace,
To strike the painful fetter off, release
From years of woe that poor, distracted maid,
And balk the planter's lash ; she gently laid 410
Her hand upon the trembler's arm, unbound
Her fervid limbs, and raised her from the ground ;
Then led her to the shade ; the liquor clear
That brims the cocoa's hairy cup to cheer
The thirsty peasant of the tropic climes,
The golden citron's juice and piercing lime's,
Within the maiden's burning lips she pour'd,
And with the plantain's mealy fruit restored
Her drooping senses : she on bended knees
(Such reverence are bondsmen taught to please 420
The Christian savage) shew'd by gestures rude
Her joy, respect, and boundless gratitude.

But Clara blush'd that mortal form should pay
That holy rite to one of kindred clay ;
" Rise, my poor girl, or pray to Him above
In grateful accents of adoring love ;
O'er mountain, valley, wave or rocky isle,
All share the universal Father's smile—
God of the Lybian, Indian, Jew, and all
The tribes that wander on this earthly ball, 430
His mercy flows in pure impartial streams
As yon bright sun, the shadow of his beams :
A slave no more, thy future days shall pass
Free as the zephyr on the wat'ry glass ;
Nor gold, nor power, can force one serf to toil
Or bend the knee on Britain's sacred soil.

From this green tree, whose branches yield thee shade
And pleasant fruit, I name my Lybian maid ;
Be *Tamba* call'd ; and whether fate decree
That thou shalt share a lowly lot with me, 440
Or to thy natal shores thy steps shall bend,
Still look to Clara as thy faithful friend."

She in her young protector's lips and eyes
Read her sweet words ; for nature well supplies
Amidst th' unletter'd race the powers of art
By glance or smile, the index of the heart ;
And more she utter'd by one grateful tear
Than all the skill that charms the cultured ear.
Her fair preserver charged the gallant crew
To shield the helpless maid ; then softly drew 450
Her arm within her Sidney's to explore
The sights and wonders of the foreign shore

Ere yet they reach'd the little town, was seen
The pensile goat amidst the herbage green
That glitter'd on the rocks ; or through the plain
The bearded monarch led his subject train.
High o'er his brow fantastic horns arose,
Like the bare branch above the wintry snows,
Rich as the antler'd elk, whose bones are found
Deep in the heart of Erin's swampy ground : 460
His skin shone glossy, delicate and clear,
Dappled in beauty like the graceful deer ;
And not a fawn on Hagley's flowery mead
E'er moved with lighter elegance or speed.

Strange was the scene, when first the rovers' feet
Enter'd the mart in Praya's busy street.
Naked as Eve, the sooty children play'd
With apes, baboons and monkeys, in the shade,
One kindred family in gesture, face,
Expression, posture, chatter and grimace ; 470
And Sidney smiled to mark that social crew,
That seem'd to prove Monboddo's fable true.
Fruits of sweet odour and delicious taste
Perfumed the breeze, in osier baskets placed
Round a rude obelisk ; the juicy lime,
The keen Nepenthe of that sultry clime,
The plantain's yellow capsules, that infold
A mealy substance, bright as burnish'd gold,
And rich as melting pears—the cocoa's shell
Brimming with milk—the gourd's luxurious swell— 480

The seedy guava—figs of luscious blue,
 And sliced pomegranates of the coral's hue.
 These treasures of the tropic world with care
 Clara selected, and the welcome fare
 Despatch'd on board, new vigour to impart
 To toil-worn tars, and cheer a father's heart.
 Round the fair stranger now the natives press'd,
 Gazed on her form, her noble dog caress'd.
 They were a simple race—the rich—the free
 Were deck'd in gorgeous, tasteless finery— 490
 The dark hair circled by a turban white,
 With tinsel, beads, and glittering spangles bright ;
 Necklace of scarlet berries, tawdry gear,
 And gold drops dangling from the dusky ear.
 Graceful they moved, unswathed by fashion's bands,
 Light as the wild goat on their native sands.
 The slaves and menials round the slender waist
 A cineture wore, that proved those feelings chaste
 That Heav'n implants within the breasts of all
 In savage hut, as in the courtly hall : 500
 But legs, and arms, and glowing bosoms shone
 Bare, bright and polish'd, in the flaming sun.

Now from the bustling town to balmy hills
 Roved the young lovers ; sweet and gushing rills
 Burst from each crevice in the rocks, and flew
 Light on the breeze in showers of pearly dew.
 High on the crags were playful monkeys seen,
 With features black, and coats of lively green :

Pebbles and fruits the sportive mimics flung,
And drown'd wild Echo with the chattering tongue. 510
Gallinas flutter'd in the grassy vales,
Mingled with countless flocks of piping quails,
And from the maize, in golden richness bright,
The red-legg'd partridge took his tardy flight.
How bounded Neptune with bewilder'd eyes
To mark the feather'd multitude arise
In rushing clouds, that shadowed all the land
Thick as dark locusts on the Lybian sand !
Along the cool Baranca now they stray'd,
Cheer'd by the palm and plantain's pleasing shade. 520
Sweet in the lofty cocoa's waving crown
The zephyrs breathed : the cotton's milky down,
Mingled with moss and leaves, a sylvan seat
Inviting spread ; and, languid from the heat,
Clara on that green bank her limbs reposed,
Lull'd by the spring that warbled near—enclosed
From all the world that cool, sequester'd shade
Seem'd for love's mysteries by nature made.
It was a scene of peace—from bush and spray,
Opening their golden plumage to the day, 530
Birds flutter'd through arcades of balmy flowers,
Tame and familiar as in Eden's bowers.
The green latanier spread its fans around,
And Sidney's hand his Clara's veil unbound,
And cheer'd her with its fluted leaves ; the rose
Revisited her tender cheeks, as glows
Pale heav'n, enlighten'd by the morning beam ;
Her gentle eyes diffused a mingled stream

Of gratitude and fear ; her heaving breast
Betray'd what virgin modesty suppress'd ; 540
And now, ye prudes, of taste and heart bereft,
Exclaim not at the daring seaman's theft,
When from her sweet and crimson lips he stole
One burning kiss, that thrill'd him to the soul !
It was a kiss of virtuous love—a ray
Of light preceding Hymen's glorious day :
But Clara softly from his arms withdrew,
Blushing, though not in anger, for she knew
His noble heart, and cried " Impatient youth !
Oh ! trust to Clara's constancy and truth, 550
Nor ask these trembling lips her faith to prove,
Till holy hands have sanctified our love."
" Whate'er proceeds from thee still more and more,"
Said Sidney, " sinks within this bosom's core ;
Deep in that fair and tender breast I see
The sterling stamp of true nobility,
Honour and sacred feelings richly blent
With pure affection ; nor could warm consent
More rapture to the daring victor yield
Than now I taste, though vanquish'd in the field. 560
Retire, my love, preserve thy spotless name,
To me more precious than the star of fame,
Nor let us give censorious venom room
To stain the rose, that smiles in vernal bloom."
He led her by the hand, in conscious pride
Self-gratified ; and soon the swelling tide
Rose to their view : the grateful Tamba stood
Impatient on the margin of the flood,

And welcomed them with tears of joy, that flowed
More sweet and bright than proudest tongue that glowed
With Grecian eloquence ; they quick repair'd 571
On board, and Clara's heart that pleasure shared
That temporary absence yields : the shore
Had now supplied them with refreshing store
Of fruits, and water from the gushing stream ;
The topsail, flapping in the golden gleam
Of eve, proclaim'd the Cæsar's jovial crew
Prepared the path of glory to pursue.

And now once more to sea—the fresh'ning gale
Sweeps the broad wave, and fills the shivering sail ;
The anchor heaved, the vessel ploughs the main 581
Free as the captive, who the galling chain
Tears from the tortured limb, and gaily flies
To sunny meads and renovating skies.
The sprightly seaman, ever fond of change,
Delights again the stormy surge to range ;
No Siren warbling on the flowery shore
So dear to him as ocean's hollow roar ;
Up the light shrouds and mighty mast he springs,
And o'er the yard-arm spreads the canvass wings ;
One strain of harmony pervades the fleet, 591
For life's vicissitudes are ever sweet,
And man, like Rasselas, still loves to fly,
Nor quits the " Happy Valley" with a sigh.
Can thus the transit from luxurious ease
To toil and pain the restless mortal please ?
"Tis even so ; the prince with jewell'd star—
The victor riding in his laurell'd car—

The youth, of all his wildest hopes possest,
 The priceless treasure of one faithful breast, 600
 Still pant for something more than earth can yield,
 The sceptre, virgin, or the conquering field,
 And thirst, while perishable pleasures cloy,
 To taste the fountain of immortal joy.
 Deep in the ancient's heart this feeling dwelt,
 Pledge of eternity ! the Heathen felt
 Its awful power—the calm, prophetic eye
 Of heav'n-taught Socrates could still deservy
 The banner of the future God unfurld
 Through the dim shadows of a cloudy world ; 610
 And retribution with tremendous knell
 Struck the proud atheist's breast ; his spirit fell,
 As trembling conscience through nocturnal gloom
 Pictured those awful realms beyond the tomb ;
 Till o'er the darken'd orb arose the light
 Of blessed revelation, pagan night
 To chase like mist before the sun, and prove
 This tangled web one scheme of endless love.

Now merrily the barks with shining keels
 Clove the blue billows : dolphins, sharks and seals,
 Sported around, or flew in terror past, 621
 Scared or attracted by the giant mast.
 The grampus, rolling on his azure bed,
 Spouted the glittering brine ; the porpoise led
 His tumbling flocks, that slowly rose and fell
 With sleepy motion, as the lofty swell

Of foaming waves alternate sank and raised
Their sable backs, that seem'd with crystal glazed.
All ocean was alive ; the mimic sail
Of lucid polypus before the gale 630
With oar and rudder glisten'd in the sun ;
When caught—a mass of shapeless jelly shone !
In those clear regions ev'ry object glow'd
With startling brilliancy : the liquid road,
Plough'd by the barks, appear'd, in distance lost,
One fair and floating field of sparkling frost.
The glassy convex of the heaving brine
Shrank to a narrow lens ; th' horizon's line
Contracted seeni'd ; and heav'n, in jewels drest,
Stoop'd from her throne to bathe on ocean's breast.
Now in the zenith flamed the god of day, 641
And pour'd with heat intense his piercing ray ;
O'er the equator roll'd the boiling wave ;
No latitude the silent quadrant gave ;
High on the glowing deck an upright spear
Produced no shade ; with warm and hearty cheer
The sons of ocean hail'd the joyful sight ;
For now arrived their season of delight,
The sailor's carnival, by custom placed
One sunny spot amidst the wat'ry waste. 650
Who ne'er has crost the flaming Line must now
The tributary rite perform, and bow
To Neptune's high command ; when noontide came,
Hear the shrill trumpet's Stentor voice proclaim
The king's approach—“ What ship, a hoy ?” he cried ;
“ Who dares disturb the monarch of the tide ?”

The boatswain answer'd, " Sire of winds and waves !
Britannia's pride, the gallant Cæsar, craves
Admittance to your realms."—" The captain who ?"
" Sidney, the father of his roving crew, 660
And terror of the Gaul."—" I know him well,
And could full many a deed of glory tell,
Unheard by fame ; his flag was oft unfurl'd
Within the borders of my wat'ry world,
And oft his thunder in the noble chase
Has rock'd my crystal palace to the base.
I know his hardy tars, and greet them all ;
Their features many a dreadful day recall
Of fight and storm ; but some fresh faces here
Amidst my brave and sun-burnt friends appear. 670
No smuggler dares, from tax or tollage free,
Presume to pass the barriers of the sea ;
Each bold intruder, soldier, priest or tar,
Must pay the toll to cross the mystic bar,"
He said ; and swift emerging from the flood,
Proud on the deck the son of Saturn stood.
He held a flesh-fork in his horny hand,
The royal staff, the trident of command :
An old tin kettle, sharply notch'd around,
Composed the cap, with which his head was crown'd ;
Streaming beneath his chin a swab appear'd, 681
Which form'd the mighty king's majestic beard ;
His robes were sail-cloths, in long service worn,
To graceful shreds by wind or battle torn ;
And down the tatter'd folds a torrent flow'd
Fresh from the fountains of his salt abode.

Tritons with forked tails, and skins of sheep,
 Flock'd round the lofty ruler of the deep.
 Glaucus and Ino on his right were placed ;
 His left Palæmon, Thetis, Phoreys graced. 690
 With pride the monarch view'd his splendid train—
 Those ushers, grooms and courtiers of the main ;
 And, while the deck with conch and trumpet rang,
 He thus with lungs Stentorophonic sang.

Neptune's Song.

I come from ocean's deepest cell,
 Where the green-hair'd mermaids dwell ;
 My throne is in the coral caves,
 My canopy the crystal waves ;
 When the rude wings of Boreas sweep
 The surface of the rolling deep ; 700
 When billows, swift as lightning's blaze,
 Fly thund'ring o'er the earthly ball,
 My trident on the surge I raise,
 And lo ! the liquid mountains fall.
 I hear unbidden strangers glide
 Presumptuous o'er my wat'ry glass :
 What vagrant dares in hardy pride
 This sacred barrier to pass ?
 Well may the gallant Sidney claim
 From sea-born gods a welcome here ; 710
 On earth or wave no brighter name
 E'er crown'd the hero's proud career.

And yon sweet maid with azure eyes
 My court with lively pleasure hails ;
 Behind her path the tempest flies,
 And softly breathe propitious gales.
 For oft the blade her valiant sire
 Has flash'd where wildest ocean roars,
 And rear'd aloft, in smoke and fire,
 His standard on my stormy shores. 720
 But strangers all must now prepare
 A votive wreath for Neptune's shrine—
 Come hither, lads and lasses fair,
 Who ne'er have erost the magic line.
 My toilet's rude ; my razor's rough ;
 Of marlinspikes my pins are made ;
 Yet no friseur with comb and puff
 More science, taste or skill display'd.
 And when my painful duty's o'er,
 You'll all admit (I hate professing),
 That no young belle or fop on shore
 Has e'er received so good a dressing.

There was a wretch on board, by name Paul Pest,
 An Irish proctor—one whose flinty breast,
 Cold as the polar ice, and faithless too,
 Ne'er felt one drop of pity's healing dew.
 To him the mourning widow knelt in vain,
 And roofless hamlets pour'd the famish'd train
 Of helpless children ; bent with age and toil,
 The nation's pride, the tiller of the soil, 740

Implored the favour of one little day,
One hour, the bailiff's iron hand to stay.
Deaf as the storm, that with the murky skies
Mingles the waves, he heard his victim's cries.
The last remaining cow, whose milky store
Was all their treasure, from the cottage door
He drove relentless, while the dismal air
Was fill'd with shrieks of hunger and despair,
He stood between the pastor and his flock
Like the dark summit of the hanging rock, 750
That flings its lurid shade o'er vale and stream,
And intercepts bright Heav'n's reviving beam.
His board with pride and luxury was spread,
His menials, parasites and cattle fed
With all that sloth's distemper'd palate cheers,
While the pale curate's crust was bathed in tears.
A white-eyed hypocrite, with saintly face,
He seem'd the meekest of the Christian race,
Drew from the orphan's store one day in seven,
And robb'd the poor, with looks upraised to Heaven.
Detection drove the reptile to the sea 761
To save his worthless life ; by fate's decree
Was Pest enroll'd amongst the Cæsar's crew ;
But well those honest tars the viper knew,
And mark'd for Neptune's sport. " What saint is here
With lisping tongue, lank locks and holy leer ?"
The monarch cried—" Such face I ne'er have seen,
Nor think my waves can wash the leper clean ;
Prepare the toilet for this ghostly man."
With heart-felt glee the merry Tritons ran 770

For brush and bowl: his rolling eyes they bound
 So tight, the wat'ry world seem'd whirling round.
 Across a tub of brine was placed a plank,
 On this they seated Paul; his visage lank
 Was drawn to frightful longitude; pale fear
 Wrung from the wretch his first—his selfish tear.
 They bound with whip-cord knots and fetters sore
 Those hands behind, that ever robb'd *before*.
 Their razor was a rusty iron hoop,
 Hitch'd to a saw; they scraped the chickens' coop,
 The yard, the mast, the rope, the greasy tin, 781
 To form a lather for his bristly chin—
 The brush a broom—his sable locks to rack,
 A shark's sharp teeth, and dolphin's bony back;
 With soot for powder, slush to wash his face in,
 And crock of smoking pitch the barber's basin.
 " Proceed, my maids," cried Neptune, " and if shame
 Forbid not, saintly sir, pray what's your name?"
 " P— P—," he stammer'd with a dismal note—
 Pop went the besom down his gurgling throat; 790
 And thus at each response they fill'd his jaw
 With tarry foam; they drew the jagged saw
 Sharp through his grisly beard, till rage and pain
 Sent his long howlings o'er the trembling main.
 " Holy St Patrick!" roar'd the shivering Paul—
 Said Neptune, " Aye, thy guardian spirit call;
 O'er winds and waves thy saint has no command,
 Nor shew'd much wisdom in thy native land;
 He banish'd snakes, and all the serpent kind,
 And left a reptile, such as thou, behind." 800

“ Oh ! Judy, Judy ! couldst thou see me here
In this sad pickle.”—“ Yes,” cried Nep, “ a tear
Of joy would trickle from thy Judy’s eye,
To see her love in this sad *pickle* lie.”

Then slipt the plank—and lo ! Paul Pest supine
Lay drench’d and flound’ring in the tub of brine.
They pour’d salt buckets on his hanging locks
Swift as the wild waves lash the weedy rocks,
Then, tired with sport, his saintly eyes unbound,
And shew’d him all the merry faces round ; 810
In silent sulks he slowly slank away,
And stored his vengeance for a future day.

Next came the youthful tars, who ne’er before
Had heard the equinoctial billows roar :
All these the merry maids of Neptune dress’d,
But more in mirth than mischief: surly Pest,
Well duck’d and scarified, the joyous crew
Contented, and the golden moments flew
In dancing, feasting, songs and sea-born glee,
Flashes of wit and thund’ring revelry. 820

Alas ! how swift the rich and transient gleams
Of pleasure fly, like evanescent streams
Of light, that o’er the Boreal landscape glow—
Vanish, and leave one cheerless waste of snow !
While thus the hours in mirth and music sped,
The seaman on the giddy main-mast head
Cried out, “ A sail !” The Cæsar far behind
Had left the squadron struggling in the wind ;

Lightly she swam along the foaming seas,
Like the white cygnet floating on the breeze, 830
And gaily for the destined harbour stood,
Sublime in ocean's awful solitude.
As the mild beams of Cynthia's orb emerge
Peaceful and silent from the billows' verge ;
Faint from the clouds her cold, reflected light
Through mist and darkness gems the robe of night ;
But rising clear in Heaven's empyreal way,
Pure from the zenith flows the gladsome ray,
And o'er the bosom of the swelling brine
Translucent gleams of chaste'n'd glory shine. 840
So came the stranger on—at distant view
A buoy—a fisher's boat on ocean blue ;
But soon the spirit of the fresh'ning breeze
Bore the proud frigate on the bounding seas,
And o'er the straining yard and snowy sail
Iberia's flag flew fluttering in the gale.
Now “ Clear for action ! ” gallant Sidney cried ;
“ This hour the Cæsar shall subdue the pride
Of haughty Spain ; within that costly bark
Glitter Peruvian dust and diamond spark ; 850
Bright in her hold the golden ingot shines,
Rent from the veins of rich Potosi's mines ;
And each bold tar the fates benignant spare
Partakes with Sidney an impartial share ;
The victor shall his days serenely pass
In wealth and ease, and wed his rosy lass.
Chester ! my brave, my noble friend, retire,
And screen my Clara from the hostile fire :

To guard that gem, more precious to these eyes
Than all the treasures of our future prize, 860
My crew shall bid Iberia's laurels fade,
And cast all former glory into shade.
The winds and billows form our proud domain ;
We toil and combat on the wat'ry plain ;
Wild ocean's murmurs and the cannon's roll
Are martial music to the seaman's soul :
But thee, my friend, has fair Britannia sent
To battle on a calmer element ;
La Plata's strand shall see thy flag unfurl'd,
Waving victorious o'er the western world ; 870
Oh ! then reserve, while naval thunders roar,
Thy strength and daring spirit for the shore."
" No, my brave youth," the soldier quick replied,
" Chester shall fall or conquer by thy side ;
Our swords are destined for the noble cause
To guard our country's liberty and laws,
And lead through Glory's path, on land or wave,
To Fame's immortal temple or the grave :
But this dear maiden would unman me now,
And stamp the coward on her father's brow ; 880
Clara ! my heart—descend till echoing cheers
Of splendid victory salute thine ears ;
Retire with Tamba from this stormy scene,
Till o'er the waves the sun of peace serene
Proclaim that Fortune has thy Sidney blest ;
Then clasp the conquering hero to thy breast."
Vain was the caution of her anxious sire ;
In Clara's soul hereditary fire

Lit by the star of purest honour glowed ;
Rich in her veins the martial spirit flowed, 890
And thus broke forth in words—“ To share with thee
The landsman’s fate, the perils of the sea,
I came, my father, from the peaceful bower ;
And all the terrors of this awful hour
Will serve, I trust in Providence, to prove
The truth and fervour of thy daughter’s love.”
No time for conference—in towering pride
The *Saragossa* roll’d along the tide,
Gigantic more and more—and swiftly too,
To meet her foe, the gallant Cæsar flew. 900
As rush two lions on the Libyan strand
In dread encounter, and the glittering sand
Tear with their horrid talons, shedding round
The foam of rage and madness on the ground,
The hostile vessels plough’d the stormy way,
Flinging from keel and prow the roaring spray.
But all within was hush’d in deep repose ;
No vaunting cry from British bosoms rose ;
And like that awful calm, that oft precedes
The flood when Etna’s burning crater bleeds, 910
And pours volcanic rocks and liquid fire,
Till from the flames Sicilia’s waves retire,
The silent warriors stood—the voice of Spain
First spoke in thunder o’er the echoing main.
A storm of round and grape came rushing past,
Thick as a sand-shower in Arabia’s blast ;
But still the British seamen, cool and slow,
Rein’d their proud spirits till the daring foe

Came within bow-shot—then the fire supprest
Burst like a blaze from Hecla's frozen breast. 920

The whirring shot in fatal volleys sped,
Swift as on crackling panes, or peasant's shed,
Clouds of bright hail pour down the pattering stones;
The pealing cannon, and the dying groans
Of seamen struggling in the bloody seas,
Mingled in horrid concert on the breeze.
Each flash came glimmering through the smoky pall
Sudden as lightning strikes the temple's ball,
Or meteor gleams with transitory light,
Lost ere the pilot marks the phantom's flight. 930

Above the ceaseless roll, and sounding cheer,
Rose Sidney's manly voice, distinct and clear—
“ Bravo! my lads; the day will soon be won;
Reserve your fire, and load each empty gun—
Now pour a broadside”—swift the volley flew—
Dark silence follow'd—but when breezes blew
The veil aside, the Spanish ship was seen
Deep on her beam-ends resting; waves between
Lifted the rolling corse, so thickly strewn,
The bodies form'd a floating bridge; but soon 940

The vessel rose with renovated pride,
And pour'd her thunder in the Cæsar's side.
Like the dark hurricane, that o'er the plains
Of Western India sweeps the shatter'd canes,
The planter's harvest; lays the forest bare,
And hurls the rocks like pebbles in the air,
Swift through the shrouds the iron tempest pass'd,
Rending the streaming sail and groaning mast.

When at his post the bleeding sailor fell,
And cheer'd his messmate with a last farewell, 950
Brave Chester fill'd his place—with steady hand,
And clear, cool eye, accustom'd to command,
He spurr'd the tardy, and repress'd the warm,
A calm, presiding genius of the storm.
Close by his side appear'd the gentle maid,
Too weak, alas ! for what can woman's aid
Avail in battle's wild, tempestuous hour,
When time and tide demand a giant's power ?
But still she stood, in robes of purest white,
Like some sweet spirit in the dreamy night, 960
That comes soft smiling to the couch of pain,
And bids the mourner wake to joy again.
In vain her sire implored ; she heard him not—
“ Perhaps some falling mast, or fatal shot,
Might scar his saered form ; some ruthless spear
Lay the brave soldier on the wat'ry bier ;
Perhaps—Oh ! horror—ere the pulse of life
Were yet extinct, amidst the madd'ning strife
Some careless hand, when wild the battle raves,
Might cast my bleeding father to the waves !” 970
Thus argued filial love—collected, calm,
She stood with bandage, and with healing balm,
To clear the sight, with pain and anguish dim,
To staunch the wound, or bind the fractured limb.
And Tamba too, the faithful Tamba there
Rejoiced her dear preserver's fate to share ;
For gratitude, the purest and the best
Of mortal feelings, in the sable breast

Impetuous runs, and kindles like a flood
Of solar fire, unknown to northern blood.

980

Now Sidney mourn'd to see his heroes fall
Like blades of grass beneath the coward ball ;
He watch'd the moment in the bloody fray,
When stern to stern the hostile vessels lay ;
Then, springing lightly as the mountain roe,
Flew through the cabin-window of the foe—
Thence to the deck—the poop—the staff that bore
Iberia's ensign seized, and bravely tore
The flaunting streamer down—the Cæsar's cry
Of cheers exulting thunder'd to the sky, 990
As, rear'd victorious o'er the Spanish sail,
The flag of England floated in the gale.
Now glow'd the battle with redoubled ire :
The vessels grappled, and through showers of fire
Sidney amidst his brave companions sprang—
“ Hurrah ! hurrah !” from deck to topmast rang—
“ Board them, my lads !”—the crews were mingled now
Close as an ivy's tendrils with a bough
Of sturdy elm—with grasp and sinewy hand
Pouring the lightning of the mortal brand. 1000
Bright through the smoke with transitory gleam
Flash'd the keen cutlass, like the glittering stream
That fitful plays amidst the lurid night
On Solfatara's breast—pursuit and flight
Alternate, as the human torrent flowed
From ship to ship, and Death insatiate mowed

His bloody harvest, long in doubtful scales
The fate of battle held : the shatter'd sails
Seem'd o'er the dreadful scene below to wave
Like the torn banners o'er a warrior's grave. 1010
Deep on that morn was Chester's sabre dyed
With Spanish gore : he stumm'd the rushing tide
Like Cocles, when Etruria's host dismay'd
Flew from the hero's solitary blade.
Now mark'd the leader of the yielding foe
The gallant arm that laid his seamen low,
And levell'd, with demoniac rage possest,
The fiery tube to pierce his aged breast.
But Clara rush'd between—and, spreading wide
Her snow-white arms, in thrilling accents cried— 1020
“ Oh ! spare my father”—at that holy name,
And sight of that beseeching girl, that came
Like some sweet vision of departed days,
The Spaniard paused—and ere his arm could raise
Once more the deadly gun, with speed of light
Tamba sprang in, and grasping with her might
The mortal weapon, flung it to the deep.
The conquer'd host, despairing now to reap
War's lofty laurels, or their gold retain,
Struck to that towering flag that rules the main. 1030

Time now was precious ; for the shatter'd prize
Seem'd sinking in the waves ; desponding cries
Rose from the captured, as the Britons bold
Drew the rich coffers from the brimming hold—

The topaz, shining like an evening beam—
The ruby, like the lava's ruddy stream—
The purple amethyst in tints array'd
Pure as the sweet-lipp'd violet in the shade;
And diamond brilliant as the living light
Of fire-flies glittering in the dewy night,
Or that bright ray, in beauty's eye that burns,
When from the wars her faithful lord returns.
All these from ocean's grasp the captors bore,
With dust and ingots of Peruvian ore
Of priceless value: now, when all was clear'd,
Swift to the south the bounding Cæsar steer'd
With cheerful gales, and blue, propitious skies,
And through the billows tow'd her crippled prize.
Gaily they danced along, but ere the close
Of crimson eve, reversed and sad arose
The signal of distress, and o'er the seas
The cry of *fire* was mingled with the breeze.
Quick from Iberia's bark in fury broke
Torrents of flame, and clouds of sable smoke:
A choice of death the dreadful moment gave—
To burn, or perish on the whelming wave.
Now from the deck the lusty swimmer sprang;
To mast or slippery spar the feebler clang
With desperate tenacity; the sound
Of thund'ring guns their cries of anguish drown'd. 1060
But Sidney's heart, to finest feelings warm,
A lamb in peace, a lion in the storm,
Felt more impress'd by Pity's pleading eye
Than all Bellona's proudest pageantry;

1040

1050

1060

(Courage and mercy ever yet possess'd
With equal power the British seaman's breast.)
Prompt were his orders, prompt and cheerful too
The toil and peril of his daring crew.
The boats were mann'd, oars, planks, and cordage flung,
To which the cold and panting swimmers clung. 1070
What succour now can woman's beating heart,
Her sighs, her unavailing tears, impart ?
The Beauty, cradled in luxurious ease,
Scared by the cannon's roar and boiling seas,
Might wring her useless hands, and softly weep,
While shrieking thousands perish'd in the deep :
But Clara's soul a new-born strength display'd,
And cheer'd their breasts with unexpected aid—
" Off, Neptune, off!" the maiden quickly cried ;
Her faithful spaniel, springing from her side, 1080
Plunged in the foaming waves ; with lion's grasp
He seized the swimmer, when the mortal gasp
Proclaim'd that Nature's task was nearly o'er ;
Then to the boat the streaming body bore,
And dash'd again, importunate to find
What sinking wretch his feeble hold resign'd.
And Tamba proved in that appalling hour
That not on iv'ry breasts alone the shower
Of pity falls—the sable bosom too
Participates the sweet and sacred dew. 1090
She, nursed where Lybia's hot and piercing beam,
Invites the swimmer to the pearly stream,
Amphibious, half her golden summers spent
Sporting within the crystal element :

And now she rush'd with more than dolphin's speed,
While Britons, wondering at the daring deed,

Mark'd her surmount illuminated seas

Light as the fluttering sand-lark on the breeze.

Undaunted by the cannon's deadly fire,

That flash'd like lightning from the floating pyre, 1100

Swift to the flaming bark she swam ; received

Within her nervous arms the wretch that cleaved

Hopeless and frantic to the burning mast ;

Then to the boats her helpless burden cast ;

Return'd—the waves—the hissing volley braved,

And toil'd, untired, till ev'ry soul was saved.

Yet this was one, from tribes of Afrie born,

That proud philosophers hold up to scorn,

And fancy still the brand of Cain impress'd

On the dark forehead, and the inky breast. 1110

This matchless maid the bloody merchant tore

In tears and anguish from her natal shore,

And doom'd to lead on Cuba's thirsty plains

A life of ceaseless misery and chains.

Blush, Britons, blush ! the sacred charm behold,

That binds the breathing world in links of gold ;

See how the stream through all creation runs

From globes of dust to stars and flaming suns ;

And learn those holy sympathies that move

To deeds of social charity and love, 1120

That Heav'n to brute—to man—to angel gave,

From one poor spaniel and a Lybian slave !

Both these with cold, and glorious labour spent,
 Clara received with soothing blandishment ;
 And now her noble dog the maid caress'd,
 Now strain'd the shivering Tamba to her breast ;
 Within their lips reviving cordials pour'd,
 And soon their strength and bounding health restored.

The contest o'er, the work of mercy done,
 With rays of golden splendour sank the sun 1130
 On ocean's bosom ; quick the glittering sky
 Display'd her gemm'd and awful canopy.
 Bright shone the stars amidst nocturnal gloom,
 Like showers of fire from Adrian's ancient tomb ;
 When Sidney call'd his gallant tars to bend
 To Heav'n in prayer, and with their triumph blend
 Thanksgiving to that dread, mysterious Power,
 That saved their bark in battle's stormy hour.
 Not from beneath the proud and sculptured dome,
 Or marble temples of imperial Rome, 1140
 The voice of purest gratitude proceeds ;
 The spirit of the meek-soul'd Christian needs
 No Angelo's or Titian's magic art
 To kindle zeal, or elevate the heart.
 Religion, calm and unobtrusive flies
 To scenes of peace from pompous pageantries ;
 From halls, where mercenary vergers stand
 To grasp the shining silver from the hand
 Of opulence—then smiling march before,
 And on the bashful stranger slap the door ! 1150

Oft has the simple village church display'd
Scenes of primeval piety : the maid,
When warmly clasping to her faithful breast
Her rustic swain, in all her wishes blest—
The mother, smiling o'er her little wealth,
Her only child, restored to joy and health—
Breathe from the bosom to the throne above
Spontaneous accents of adoring love.

And see that aged cultivator lead

His rosy group o'er stile and flowery mead, 1160

While Sabbath bells along the cheerful breeze
Are sweetly ringing ; round the porch he sees
Memorials of some dear and honour'd name,
Whose unassuming virtues live, though Fame
Ne'er from her hollow trump their deeds has blown,
Nor carved fictitious praise on Parian stone.

Beneath that dark-leaf'd yew, where softly blows
The lulling wind, his ancestors repose.

For centuries the giant boughs have spread

Their waving arms to shield the hallow'd dead ; 1170
And every sigh, as low the branches bend,
Seems the mild whisper of a long-lost friend.

Tranquil and sweet, the place—the day conspire
To raise devotion's pure and holy fire ;
And not a silent prayer, or simple strain
Of sacred song, ascends to Heav'n in vain.

Thus Sidney and his brave companions pour'd
Their orisons ; and Clara's heart adored

That gracious Providence, whose mighty power
Saved her dear father in the fiery shower. 1180
No fretted canopy of gorgeous mould
Spread its rich concave, bright with burnish'd gold ;
But Nature well the void of art supplied,
And rear'd her splendid temple o'er the tide.
Aloft in heav'n the starry dome display'd
Living mosaic—azure skies inlaid
With brilliants glittering like a dewy wreath,
Soft gleaming in the wat'ry glass beneath.
No music from the sweet harmonious plains
Of Italy ; nor Handel's lofty strains 1190
Inspired them ; but along the moonlight sea
The breezes swept unearthly melody ;
And from the deep the solemn ocean gave
The diapason of the thund'ring wave.
It was a glorious scene—the hands, that bled
That morn in Britain's cause, now calmly spread
In grateful homage, and the prostrate forms
Of heroes, whom the lightning's flash, and storms
Prophetic, like the raven's voice, of death,
Ne'er daunted, now like gentlest woman's breath 1200
Pouring thanksgiving, reverence, and praise.
Solemn and clear was Sidney heard to raise
His manly voice : as in the battle's tide,
They follow'd still their true and gallant guide,
Humble to God—amidst the cannon's roar
Invincible ; and when the sacred task was o'er,
Clara, as if inspired, with artless tongue
This unpremeditated anthem sung.

Anthem.

As to the golden orb of day
The Persian's knee, untutor'd, bends ; 1210
To thee, dread Power ! this simple lay
In fervent gratitude ascends.

We learn from thee, with Faith's prophetic eyes,
To seek the living God beyond the starry skies.

Father of all ! when rushing loud
Sweep the dark pinions of the wind,
And flashes from the fiery cloud
The pilot's ball of vision blind,
Thy hand can teach us still our course to keep,
And steer our reeling bark along the dusky deep. 1220

When battle rears his gory crest ;
When streams of pure and gen'rous blood
Swift gushing from the seaman's breast
With crimson dye the seething flood,
Thy voice can bid o'er dark Iberia's slave
Thy free and favour'd isle's immortal standard wave.

As now in this victorious hour
All hearts and hands are turn'd to thee,
Oh ! grant that neither pride nor power
May quench the soul's humility ; 1230
But pious deeds and grateful bosoms prove
Our deep remembrance of atoning love.

As springs the hart, that Asia's sultry beam
 Oppress'd, exulting from the limpid stream,
 The warriors rose refresh'd ; for prayers impart
 A cheering cordial to the pious heart ;
 And Clara's voice, impassion'd, sweet and pure,
 Could with resistless charm the mind allure
 From mundane joys to bliss beyond the grave.

Now Sidney to the war-worn seamen gave
 Salubrious viands, and the brimming bowl,
 To nerve the limb, invigorate the soul.

1240

The Cæsar's prowess on that glorious day
 Became the theme of many an artless lay ;
 Yet still a sigh was mingled with the strain
 For those who slept beneath the restless main.
 While now they pass'd the cup, an awful sound
 Shook their tall bark, and swell'd the billows round.
 Bursting from smoke, and blazing to the skies,

Arose the fragments of their Spanish prize ;
 The dread explosion scatter'd on the gale
 Tackle, and shiver'd mast and burning sail,
 That dropp'd like stars from heaven's aerial steep,
 Their transient sparks extinguish'd in the deep.

Yet long the flaming keel with horrid light
 Lay hissing on the waves ; the orbs of night
 Seem'd pale, as floating o'er that fiery mass
 They faintly glimmer'd in the ocean's glass—
 Ere morning dawn'd, amidst the billows' roar
 The giant cauldron sank, to rise no more.

1250

1260

Now all retired ; and when some tranquil hours
 Of soothing sleep recruited nature's powers,

The indefatigable Clara rose
To aid her bleeding friends—her vanquish'd foes ;
For she, like Cæsar, saw no purpose gain'd,
While unperform'd one glorious act remain'd.
She scorn'd the puling sentiment, that sheds
Tears o'er fictitious sorrow, and on beds
Of drooping lilies weeps, while, weak and old,
The famish'd beggar shivers in the cold.

1270

She knew each simple on the flowery field,
Whose sweet and salutary juice can yield
A balm to sooth the weary couch of pain ;
And oft on Malvern's hill, or Evesham's plain,
She glean'd the magic leaves with chemic art,
Drew from the poison'd herb the purest part,
In vials screen'd them from polluting air,
And stored her treasures with a miser's care.

And now she sped, with Tamba by her side,
From birth to birth ; the healing salve applied

1280

To fretful wounds ; the shatter'd member bound
With bandage, and with lulling opiates drown'd
The sense of present pain ; when, weak and slow,
The vital current scarcely seem'd to flow,
She gave, ere death had spread his awful shade,
Religion's sweet, consolatory aid ;

And pointed to the heavens, when thunders cease
To roll—the harbour of eternal peace !

The seamen bless'd her ; and the closing eye
Still linger'd on her form—the parting sigh

1290

Was breathed for her, who o'er the waste of death
Strew'd manna ; and the last, expiring breath,

Proclaim'd, when scarce the clay-cold tongue could move,
Unutterable gratitude and love.

Sidney, meantime, the remnant of his crew
Summon'd on deck ; 'twas sad to count the few
That weather'd out the storm, with toil opprest,
Limping with fractured limb, or bleeding breast.
Now silent in the melancholy roll,
The chasm of heroes lost depress'd the soul. 1300
But one was missing—"Where's our messmate Paul ?
Who saw that formidable champion fall ?"
"Invisible to feeling as to sight"
Was Paul, since first commenced the glorious fight ;
They search'd in vain where ropes and sails were roll'd
In heaps ; at length when groping in the hold,
Coil'd in the bottom of a seaman's chest
They found that man of war, the brave Paul Pest !
"Proctor, a-hoy ! hilloa ! my lad, what cheer ?
What, in the name of Neptune, do'st thou here ?"
He answer'd not—as jugglers drag a snake, 1311
Nestled in thorns beneath an Indian brake,
They drew the reptile out—his standing hair
Seem'd like a wild boar's bristly back to stare ;
Pallid his visage as the chalky coast
Of Britain's isle, or Evelina's ghost :
He shook his ears, and wildly glanced around,
Scared by the fancied cannon's awful sound,
And startled when a Spaniard's sallow face
Met his, proclaiming him of hostile race. 1320

“ Courage, my boy ! the battle’s lost and won ;
The day is ours ; and ere the setting sun
Shall stream in splendour from the western skies,
All hands on board, but Paul, shall share the prize.”
Of both his eyes the white appear’d alone,
Fix’d as the rayless orbs of sculptured stone ;
And shivering thus he spoke—“ The sinful trade
Of war was not for holy churchmen made ;
We wrestle with the flesh, but love to find
Friendship in foes, and peace through all mankind ;
My conscience smote me when the bullets flew ; 1331
To scenes of massacre I bade adieu :
I would not shed the blood of man for gold ;
The Scripture saith, that “ whoso sheddeth”—“ Hold !
Preach to the fool, thou hypocritic knave !
On shore a tyrant, on the deep a slave
To dastard fear—Ho ! boatswain, quickly bind
His saintship to the shrouds, and lash his rind,
Till tender as his conscience it appears.”
“ Ay, ay, sir”—then, with universal cheers, 1340
The boatswain laid, with many a hearty smack,
A tough rope’s end across his coward back.
He growl’d, and mutter’d, “ on an early day,
Revenge in blood shall wipe this score away.”

Sweet as mild evening’s sunshine on the green
The calm that follows battle’s stormy scene
With gentle gales along the glittering main
The vessel moved ; and many a joyous strain

From Harry Hart the weary hours beguiled,
And Evans' flute, that, like the warbling wild 1350
Of fabled Sirens on the moonlight sea,
Pour'd on the breeze delicious melody.
The wounded too could soon the pastime share,
Revived by Clara's unremitting care ;
She was their only hope—a fatal ball
Had pierc'd the cockpit—surgeon—mate, and all
Those servitors, that tend the sick man's bed,
At one fell blow were number'd with the dead ;
And lovely woman stood their guardian now,
Felt the weak pulse, and wiped the streaming brow—
Woman—our cheering star through every stage 1361
From helpless infancy to trembling age !

Thus sail'd they merrily, till evening's smile
Far to the south display'd a dreary pile
Of barren scoria, that seem'd to rise
In pride and menace to the lofty skies,
Pointing its fractured pinnacles—its form,
Stamp'd with the print of dread convulsion's storm,
Cast from the waves by struggling nature's shock,
Proclaim'd that shore the sad and lonely rock 1370
Of SAINT HELENA, parted from the world,
Amidst the main, as if at random hurl'd
Midway between two hemispheres—a speck—
A beacon on the desert sea—a wreck
Of ocean's bed ejected from the deep;
Not, as in after times, the dungeon keep,

Where, reft of freedom, crowns, and boundless sway,
Th' Imperial Exile closed his wintry day.

Oh ! curst Ambition ! whither dost thou lead
Thy spell-bound votaries ? By fate decreed 1380
To raise a prostrate kingdom from the flood,
Where anarchy had steep'd her shores in blood,
To glory's zenith—blest with talents rare,
With matchless energy, and soul to dare
Those deeds, from which inferior spirits shrink ;
To snatch the golden prize from peril's brink—
On thee, stern Despot ! Fortune's favour'd child !
In calm and storm the powers benignant smiled,
And bade thy hand above the laurell'd grave
The branch of love, the peaceful olive wave ; 1390
But lost for ever was the glorious hour
In cold revenge, and thirst of lawless power.
Those slaves, that led thee to the lofty spire,
Perish'd in pathless snows, or Moscow's fire,
Unwept by thee—for when did pity's stream
Soften ambition's sanguinary dream,
That, like the gorgon, turns the heart to stone,
And counts each corse a ladder to a throne ?
Amidst these dreary sands the spirit pined,
Whose dawn foretold a blessing to mankind ; 1400
And o'er that autocrat's inglorious urn,
Lo ! the dark branches of the cypress mourn.
Now, as they near'd the land, in floods of flame
The peal of martial salutation came
From embrasures, that roar'd with hollow sound,
Scoop'd from the bosom of the stony mound.

High o'er the rocks the telegraph display'd
 Its mystie fingers, oft, alas ! array'd
 In sorrow's emblems, that from hill to hill
 Gleam like death's awful harbingers, and fill
 The virgin's eyes with tears, ere yet the gale
 Or flying courier waft the dismal tale.

1410

Ingenious art ! that o'er the foaming floods,
 The trackless desert, and the tangled woods,
 Annihilates the bounds of space and time,
 Swift as the meteor of the polar clime ;
 Through stormy elements a summons sends
 With light's rapidity—the bosom rends
 With more than mortal anguish, or imparts
 Tidings of peace and joy to bleeding hearts.

1420

The Briton starts on that wild shore to hear
 His native language murmur in his ear,
 Reviving days of bliss, or nights of pain,
 By deep association's wondrous chain.
 Refreshing were the shrubs of lively green,
 Where from the bosom of the cool ravine
 Arose the village spire of glittering white,
 And James Town, gaily bursting on the sight,
 Smiled in the yawning breach : the rocks around,
 Bristled with batteries, terrific frown'd.

1430

Fort Munden stood the guardian of the pass ;
 And Ladder-hill, that tower'd a pointed mass
 Of rugged lava, seem'd the wild retreat
 Of birds, impassable to human feet ;

Yet signals flutter'd in the middle air,
And proved laborious man had triumph'd there.
Impregnable was all that barren shore,
Fearless of hostile cannon, or the roar
Of restless ocean: and the tranquil scene
Within that barricade with joy serene 1440
Fill'd ev'ry bosom; where the rocky veins
Had yielded to the rush of tropic rains,
Green herbage glitter'd, fruits and flowery trees
Cool'd with their tremulous leaves the sultry breeze.
In James Town square a beauteous plant appear'd—
The tulip-tree, by noble Anson rear'd.
When round the circling orb, enrich'd in fame
And Spanish gold, the brave Centurion came,
He on these barren sands his anchor cast,
And raised this sweet memorial of the past. 1450
Proud as the laurel, o'er the gravell'd bed
The flowing branch and glossy leaves were spread.
The rind was polish'd as the shining bell
Of lotus, or the chesnut's satin shell,
And from the blossom's cup, that on the gale
Pour'd dewy fragrance, fresh'ning all the vale,
Stood spears, light trembling, lovely to behold,
Of crimson tipt with vegetable gold.
In pensive mood, beneath its pleasing shade,
Sidney in silence with his gentle maid 1460
Remark'd the solemn wreck of mountains piled
Like fractured pyramids in Lybia's wild,
From whose green fissures and romantic dells
The pearly spring in streams salubrious wells,

That, like the camel in the desert, yields
Refreshment on wide ocean's pathless fields.

Now all was mirth along the bustling street ;
The flags aloft proclaim'd an Indian fleet
Standing for shore ; with songs and hearty glee
The natives hail'd the coming jubilee, 1470
Their golden harvest, when the gorgeous East
Pours her rich stores, and spreads a tempting feast
Of shawls and glittering silks, that beauty's eyes,
Whether in court, or rural hamlet, prize
Beyond all earthly treasures ; boundless rage
For dress, the madness of the passing age,
Pervades all ranks, on ocean, rock or green,
From the plain milkmaid to the sceptred queen.
For this the fair mechanic oft resigns
The plenteous meal, and with pale hunger pines ; 1480
Menials the painful forms of fashion ape,
And sacrifice all-precious health to shape,
In that dread vortex fame and morals drown,
And barter life and honour for a gown !

Another passion strides with rapid pace
To hurry to the grave the lowly race—
The love of tea—that fatal leaf, that pours
A deleterious draught on Britain's shores,
Worse than the fabled nips—taints the spring
Of young existence like the scorpion's sting, 1490
And through the mortal vessels works unseen,
Till the nerves shiver like a mandarin.

That furor runs through ev'ry stage of life
From the proud dutchess to the dustman's wife,
Breathing from China's pestilential tree
Hysterics, qualms, and mental atrophy.

Mark Lady Languish flutt'ring like a leaf,
All tremor, terror, ecstasy or grief !

She shrieks at passing shadows on the wall,
And faints to see the harmless spider crawl. 1500

On sofas lolling all the listless day

She dreams in spasms her worthless hours away,
Like the cold corse, whose members wildly start,
Roused to convulsion by Galvanic art.

From rich to poor behold through ev'ry class
The passion for that subtle poison pass.

See that old sempstress creep with sloven's streele,
With ragged petticoat and shoeless heel,
Soil'd cap, rough-tangled locks, and loose attire,
And long, lank spindles, mottled by the fire. 1510

That wretch has left her helpless babes—her home,
In search of beggar's charity to roam ;
Neglected honourable toil to crave

The stranger's alms, nor has the heart to save
One crumb to still her famish'd infant's cry ;
And now she waddles through the lane to buy
Her ounce of congo—grasps with shrivell'd hand
The paper pyramid, and, mix'd with sand,

Her dust of sick'ning sugar—see her stuff

The treasure in her poke with pipes and snuff ; 1520
Then totter back, her nose with Hollands blue,
In haste her copper beverage to brew.

The tea-pot is her little world—the whine
Of singing kettle harmony divine.
Cozy and warm the selfish beldam sips
The black infusion through her quivering lips,
While the pale children, crawling from the bed,
Extend their little hands, and ask for bread !

Nor could this solitary rock escape
The dread contagion—exiles love to ape 1530
Each new-blown fashion of the mother isle ;
And here, rejoiced to see the sailors pile
Chest upon chest of China's precious teas,
That pour'd inviting fragrance on the breeze,
They brought their little wealth from plain and tree,
And barter'd sure for transient luxury.
Now came the meagre kine, and feeble flocks,
That nipp'd their scanty pasture on the rocks,
With bones sharp prominent, and ragged fleece,
Turkies, and gabbling ducks, and gouty geese, 1540
Both starved and pluck'd, of flesh and feathers bare,
The sorry merchandise of James Town fair.
But all were welcome—novelties were these
To tars accustom'd on the sultry seas
To junk, stale biscuit, pork, and rattling peas.
Oh ! that all pamper'd epicures were bound
To sail, one year in ten, the world around ;
To swing, as oft has been the poet's lot,
In the tight hammock, or the restless cot,
While some young wag, with health and spirits gay,
Cut from the cleets the tackling cords away, 1551

And poet's knob, nigh severed from the neck,
Popp'd like a pumpkin on the ringing deck !
To count the stars, to trace the moon's pale light
Through the cold mid-watch all the dreary night—
To hold the nose, and drink with ghastly grin
Thames water from a leaking tot of tin—
To bite hard biscuit, that would need an axe
To cleave it, till the tortured grinder cracks—
To stand for hours, like marble statue fix'd, 1560
To see stale rum, or odious toddy mix'd,
Or cook with ladle serve the hungry crew
From copper boiler, reeking with burgoo—
To find no resting-place by night or day
From flapping sails, dun smoke or briny spray—
To feel, when nestled in some snug retreat,
The bucket splash against the streaming feet,
Or filthy swab—to fly in search of soap,
And sit tight pasted on a tarry rope !
Could but the landsman, lapt in downy ease, 1570
Behold these teasing torments of the seas,
The bloted alderman, inclined to roam,
Would rest, and cherish his neglected home ;
Learn at life's minor miseries to smile,
And boast no more of fashionable bile.

As idly thus I wander from my theme,
Time on swift pinions, like a summer's dream,
Unheeded flies—deluded by the sound
Of magic numbers, o'er enchanted ground

The poet strays, and still some measure sweet
 Invites to distant shores his roving feet :
 Before his path the bright horizon flies,
 New landscapes dawn, and azure mountains rise ;
 Wild thoughts to unexpected beauty lead,
 As flowers spontaneous spring from scatter'd seed ;
 And one small note can swell his breathing lyre,
 As from a flint the casual sparks aspire,
 Till Etna bursts in thunder and in fire.

Then haste we on, nor quit our humble road
 For flights of wit, or tempting episode ;
 Who apes the course that lofty Byron steers,
 Begins in vanity and ends in tears :
 His soaring spirit wave and storm commands,
 That rend the lowly skiff and dash it on the sands.

1580

1590

The Cæsar now her fluttering wings display'd
 Fresh from the wounds that wind and battle made ;
 Revived by water from the virgin spring,
 And wine that prompts the dullest drone to sing,
 Hark to the merry seaman in the shrouds,
 With heart that care or sorrow never clouds, 1600
 Carol to constant love the melting lay,
 Which soon the passing breezes puff away !
 With joyous visions bounded ev'ry breast,
 Their land of promise in the golden West,
 Where fair Columbia spreads her brilliant stores,
 Her fields of plenty, and her balmy shores ;
 And soon, along the foaming surges tost,
 That dreary isle to keenest sight was lost.

Adieu ! thou dismal rock—unnoticed now ;
But fame shall stamp upon thy barren brow 1610
A seal, that rolling time can ne'er efface ;
Historians, yet unborn, to thee shall trace,
From Moscow's flames across the pathless deep,
The grave where glory, pride, ambition, sleep.
In future days all eyes shall turn to thee,
Scene of a despot's last captivity—
The boast—the shame—the wonder of an age !
That like the shackled lion in his cage,
Though bound his talons, and his tusks no more
Can revel in a prostrate victim's gore, 1620
Still shakes the distant forest with his roar.

As o'er the simmering waves the vessel flew,
One lonely form amidst the bustling crew
Lean'd in abstraction o'er the lofty side,
Watching the sparkling bubbles of the tide,
That like a diadem the billows crown'd ;
Insensible to all the mirth around
Pensive he mused through dark and chilly night,
And scarcely mark'd the morning's rosy light
Blush on the deep—'twas he, whose flag had bow'd
To Britain's thunder ; who beneath the cloud 1631
Of blasted hopes and lost ambition pined,
Of wealth and glory scatter'd to the wind—
By name Alphonso—gallant, bold, and free,
Full of *hauteur* and high-born courtesy,
Those blended shades of arrogance and grace,
That mark the proud Castilian's noble race.

But not for gold or blighted fame he mourn'd ;
Within his breast a sweeter passion burn'd ;
The God of Love had aim'd his arrows there, 1640
And pierced his heart with anguish and despair.
That lovely vision, that in battle's fire
Rose like a seraph, when her gallant sire
Stood mark'd for death, still spread her tender arms
To fancy's view, and with bewitching charms
Haunted his frantic dreams ; and what dull ear
Could that sweet girl's melodious accents hear ;
What eye could witness all her graceful deeds—
Her smile, like sunshine o'er the flowery meads,
Diffusing life and joy—her spirit bright 1650
With amazonian fire, nor feel delight
Steal through the senses to the inmost heart ?
The Spaniard, scorning all insidious art,
Though conscious of a rival in her breast,
In manly tone the pensive maid address'd.
He spoke of boundless wealth, of feudal power,
His Moorish palaces, and his orange bower ;
Of fleet Arabians flying o'er the lawn,
Light as the breeze, and gentle as the fawn—
The gay Bolero's fascinating dance ; 1660
Green-waving woods, the region of romance ;
Fruits dropping nectar from the golden grove,
Unfading pleasures and eternal love.
With candid modesty the virgin gave
Her unaffected thanks ; his heart to save
From Hope's delusive dream, she told the power
Of Sidney in her breast—the bridal hour

Delay'd till war should hide his thirsty spear
In wreaths of blossoms, like the vernal year,
That strews ambrosial sweetness on the plain, 1670
And heals the scars of winter's stormy reign.
Silent and proud the brave Castilian heard
Her frank and artless speech ; but not deterr'd
By female blushes, or repulsive frown,
That cast the stripling's bashful spirit down,
He bow'd with courteous deference, and, fired
With hopes of final victory, retired.

Swiftly the Cæsar spun before the gale,
Now softly sinking in the glassy vale,
And now triumphant on the billows' crest, 1680
Like the young courser, that with panting breast,
Spurning the rocks and mountain streams behind,
Scatters his foam indignant on the wind.
At length the waves their blue transparency lost ;
Thick flow'd the flood, as, when with numbing frost
Obstructed, rivers work with struggling pain
Their slow and heavy passage to the main.
Some current seem'd to stem the lab'ring tide—
“ Quick ! heave the lead,” the wary pilot cried ;
The sounding plumb on slime and shelly sand 1690
Rested, but yet no loom of cheerful land
Rose o'er the waters ; wide and lofty seas
Still dash'd in hostile rage against the breeze.
“ Let go the anchor,” with exulting voice
Sidney exclaim'd ; “ my gallant friends rejoice !

This night repose in calm, unruffled sleep,
And dread no more the perils of the deep ;
La Plata, monarch of the streams that pour
Their mighty tribute to the eastern shore
Of these wide realms, expands his waves around ; 1700
Fill the rich bowl, and let each glass be crown'd
With rubies of th' immortal grape"—the cry
Of exultation thunder'd to the sky.
That cheerful eve the toil-worn seamen spent
In tales, and songs, and roaring merriment :
But Clara, stealing from the bustling scene,
Look'd to the heavens, now brilliant and serene,
And, cent'ring all her deep affections there,
Pour'd her heart's gratitude in fervent prayer.

END OF BOOK II.

CLARA CHESTER.

BOOK III.

CONTENTS OF BOOK III.

To the Spirit of Columbus—The Pintada—Arrival at Monte Video—
Sail for Ensenada Bay—Landing at Barragen—March across a
Swamp—Luxuriance of the Pampas—The Peon—Method of catching
Wild Cattle with the Lasso—Apostrophe to War—Storming of
Buenos Ayres—Sir Samuel Achmuthy—General Burne—Chester's
Gallantry—Capture of the Light Brigade—Retreat to the Placa de
Toros—Sidney's Heroism—A Virgin carried off—A wounded Veter-
an—A Chase—A Lover's Importunity—The Vampire Bat—
Boundless Savannahs—Hum of Insects at Noon—Fire-flies and
Glow-worms—Forest of Palm Trees—Delicious Fruit—A Forest in
Flames—The Mammoth—Electric Eels—A Tiger—Tivitivas—The
Cow-tree—A Rattlesnake—Lovers' Meeting—A Rescue—A Croco-
dile—Death of a Hypocrite—Turtles—Evening—The Turtle Feast
—Graham Henry—A Brace of Weddings—Dinner on the Table—
Dreadful Accident—The Soldier's Return—Parting Admonition.

He spurn'd the poor adventurer from his throne,
Who came to give half earth's encircling zone !
Say, did not Europe hail and kings caress
His dauntless mind, whose powers ensured success ?
Ah ! no—sent home in galling shackles bound,
Vespusius names a world—Columbus found !—**COLTON.**

CLARA CHESTER.

BOOK III.

SPIRIT of him, who first with fearless heart,
And giant soul (restrain'd by infant art)
Plough'd the unknown Atlantic's awful plain,
And sought an India on the western main !
Breathe o'er my song, and lend some partial fire
To warm my breast, and light the poet's lyre :
For now no more, by Rhone or Tiber's stream,
I sing an ancient world's exhausted theme ;
I fly to scenes, where minstrel ne'er before
Has strung his harp to wave or whirlwind's roar— 10
That mighty hemisphere, where all is grand,
Vast and sublime, as if by Titans plann'd,
Bearing in torrent, hill, and giant tree,
Primeval nature's stamp of majesty—
Rivers like inland oceans—mountains white
With everlasting snow, that seems the light
Of fleecy clouds, and more in heav'n than earth—
Oaks, that from silent ages date their birth,

Whose stems have braved the deluge and the blast,
While crowns and laurels to oblivion pass'd— 20
The thund'ring earthquake—hurricanes that sweep
Temple and tower like foam along the deep—
The solemn cataract, that rocks the ground,
And soars aloft with more than earthly sound—
Rapids, that swift as winged lightnings fly,
And drown the solitary fisher's cry,
As whirl'd along, and launch'd in middle air
To death, he shrieks in horror and despair !
Thou wondrous world ! in native splendour drest,
With young creation's virgin seal imprest ; 30
No mortal hand with meretricious taste
Has marr'd thy beauties ; solemn, grand, and chaste,
The landscape spreads her bosom sweet with flowers
Bright as if Heav'n, had scatter'd them in showers ;
The palm's green branches murmur in the breeze,
Melodions as the lapse of moonlight seas ;
And brilliant as above the rosy wreath
Shine the rich treasures of the world beneath.
Those awful regions of eternal cold,
The glorious Andes, o'er the mine of gold, 40
Like guardians of some fair, enchanted land,
Their proud and glittering canopy expand.
And still more precious than the balmy bower,
Or sparkling gem, the herb of healing power—
The bark, that when hot fever swells the vein,
And rolls in fire and madness to the brain,
Subdues the tyrant, nerve and sinew strings,
And pours a flood of joy in life's exhausted springs.

Yet from the treasures of thy fertile shore
 Flows wealth to some, and misery to more. 50
 Evil and good like rain and sunbeams fly
 Alternate through the world's inconstant sky.
 As in those lovely lands by nature blest
 With smiling beauty, from the mountain's breast
 Thunders a mass of liquid flames that sweep
 Hamlet and palace to the boiling deep—
 As in the chequer'd scene of social life
 Pleasure and pain are mixed in warring strife—
 So midst the flowers, that on thy bosom blow,
 Are scatter'd seeds of misery and wo. 60
 That ore, that issued from thy golden veins,
 Flow'd like a torrent o'er Iberia's plains,
 Of pride and glory sapp'd the solid base,
 And steep'd in apathy a noble race.
 Wars, endless wars, have bathed the burning sands
 Of Africa in blood ; ferocious bands,
 Raging with vampire thirst for human gore,
 Have ravaged all that once pacific shore
 To till thy rich plantations—son and sire,
 Mother and infant, rushing from the fire, 70
 Escaped from instant death to waste long years
 Of weary life in servitude and tears.

Yet not the less to thee, proud chief ! we owe
 Unbounded gratitude ; our bosoms glow
 With admiration at thy lofty name,
 Pre-eminent amidst the ranks of fame.

Thee, great Columbus ! not the frown of kings,
 Sedition's wild, distracted murmurings,
 Nor stormy elements could daunt ; thy bark
 Still struggled through the billows, while a spark 80
 Of hope, invisible to vulgar sight,
 Gleam'd in the vista with consoling light.
 The floating vessel, carved by savage hands,
 Blown from the West, proclaim'd those flowery lands
 Thy soul prophetic sought ; thy cultured mind,
 Ere yet the dawn of science bless'd mankind,
 Foretold what hour the solar beam should fade,
 And noonday splendour vanish in the shade :
 The prostrate Indian then adored in thee
 Some unknown world's presiding deity ! 90

What fame, what honours have that hero crown'd,
 Who, spurning earth's imaginary bound,
 Explored those mighty regions ? Say, what showers
 Of wealth and glory on his evening hours
 Were scatter'd by the princely hand, to prove
 A grateful kingdom's reverence and love ?
 Alas ! to thee, Columbus, courtly smiles
 Were like the siren's song ; the crafty wiles
 Of *Boabdilla* blasted to the core
 The blooming promise of thy toil, and tore 100
 The laurels from thy splendid brow ; thy hands
 Were bound with ignominious chains ; the lands,
 That should have raised thee to immortal fame
 Through endless ages, bear another's name ;
 And those memorials of a kingdom's shame,

The fetters, that a thankless tyrant gave,
Still rest thy cold companions in the grave !

Sweet is the sprightly morn on hill and dale,
When rosy milkmaids with the brimming pail
Trip o'er the primrose field on dewy feet
With panting heart the faithful swain to meet.
Bright is the splendour of the dawning day,
That calls the sportsman to the downs away
To chase the timid hare, that doubles round,
Baffling the mettled steed and flying hound.
But still more grateful is that glowing hour
To him, who pants to scale the lofty tower
Of glory, and of laurel boughs to weave
A garland for the soldier's peaceful eve.

110

Now shone the bosom of La Plata's stream
With liquid gold ; the soul-reviving beam
Chased with the spirit of celestial light
The dubious forms and phantoms of the night.
All hands rose hearty from refreshing sleep.
“ Quick ! heave the anchor”—from the slimy deep
The windlass swift the barbed iron drew,
And o'er the yards the fluttering canvass flew.
Breasting the current with propitious gales
The Cæsar thunder'd on with sounding sails,
Like lava rolling down Sicilia's shore,
Whose torrent stills retiring ocean's roar.
With graceful motion o'er the glistening flood
The light pintada swept ; now buoyant stood

120

130

On simmering foam ; now, fleet as zephyrs blow,
 Humour'd the billows' undulating flow :
 Alternately its spotted plumage, bright
 With sea-dew, rose and vanish'd from the sight ;
 Large in the distance ; but to nearer ken
 Its tiny form diminish'd to a wren ;
 A muff of feathers clasp'd the body round ; 140
 For, rarely resting on the solid ground,
 These wand'ring tenants of the shoreless seas
 For months lie floating on the waves or breeze.
 To all that dwell in ocean, land, or air,
 Such is impartial Heav'n's protecting care.

Th' unwieldy whale along this river too
 Spouted his sparkling jets of briny dew ;
 And rolling porpoises in firm array
 Marshall'd in black battalions, seem'd to play
 A mimic game—to march—unite and part, 150
 A lively mockery of warlike art.

Now dark and muddy toil'd the heavy stream ;
 Dense fogs their course impeded ; and the gleam,
 That casual pierc'd the misty curtain, gave
 One transitory glimpse of sky and wave.
 They work'd in cheerless gloom that dreary night,
 Till rising clear in morning's crimson light
 High in the west a comic hill appear'd
 Crown'd by a Pharos ; now the land they near'd,
 And marked a tower the British flag display, 160
 A grove of masts with streaming pennants gay ;

And Monte Video, rising o'er the tide,
Shew'd her dark batteries in martial pride.
Collected there, in gleaming armour bright,
Britannia's warriors panted for the fight ;
From land and ship, from morn to evening's close,
The joyful note of preparation rose ;
There Sidney and brave Chester grasp'd the hands
Of long-tried friends, that now in warlike bands
Assembled on Columbia's lonely shore
To twine round England's brow one laurel more.

Swift o'er the waves the gliding pinnace flew,
As with light oars the Cæsar's merry crew
Row'd Clara to the beach; a gloomy scene
The coast presented; no reviving green
Of field or forest cheer'd the weary sight,
Nor garden glittering with rosy light;
A sandy wilderness was spread around,
And vegetation scorn'd the barren ground.
Across the roads the slaughter'd cattle lay,
Till famish'd blood-hounds bore the prize away;
Troops of those savage dogs their victims chased
From eve till morn, and howl'd along the waste.
No hedge-rows smiled, in balmy flowers array'd;
Of bones and horns the crumbling walls were made.
Alone the sweet durasno cheer'd the gloom
With beauty from its leaves of crimson bloom.
They enter'd now the dismal town, with feet
Wading through slime along each narrow street,

That seem'd a mass of prisons—iron grates 190
Barr'd the dark windows ; and the pond'rous gates,
Harsh creaking with a melancholy sound,
Proclaim'd the fear of savage tribes around.
The proud Cabildos march'd with solenin pace,
Degen'rate offspring of Castilian race,
With dangling small-swords, chains of shining gold,
And velvet robes with many a sable fold.
In richest silks, of pure and glossy jet,
With stately step behold the bright brunette 200
Moving unconscious of her lover's gaze,
Though still an inborn pride her form displays,
When her dark eyes, like arrowy lightning dart
The sidelong glance, that pierces to the heart.
With deepest pleasure Sidney's bosom glow'd ;
The contrast, that his blooming Clara show'd
To those brown nymphs, convinced him more and more
That vestal purity on Britain's shore
Triumphant reigns ; her sweet, expressive face,
Her mild, blue eyes, and unpresuming grace,
Glisten'd, as on a gorgeous bed, all bright 210
With golden lilies, shines the virgin white.

But hark ! the signal gun, loud pealing, calls
To deeds of glory ; from those dismal walls
Well pleased the seaman and his future bride
Return'd to scale the trusty Cæsar's side.
Gay shone the warriors in their burnish'd arms—
Trumpets, and doubling drums, and all that charms

The youthful hero's breast, united there
In one full chorus, drown'd the voice of care.
The sea's diminish'd influence now gave
The river scope to pour his mighty wave.
Long time they struggled with the tow'ring swell,
That wind and ocean's tide could scarce repel.
At length the jocund morn the bay disclosed
Of Ensenada ; there the fleet repos'd ;
The soldiers' toil on Plata's southern shore
Commence, and weary seamen's task was o'er.

Now Chester's beating bosom rose ; the day
Was come his martial spirit to display,
To soar to fortune from his lowly state,
And burst the barriers of adverse fate.
But sad the scene, when clasping to his breast
The weeping Clara, thus the sire address'd
That jewel of his heart—" Dear, gentle maid !
More precious than the pearly stream, or shade
Of balmy groves by whispering zephyrs fann'd,
To pilgrims fainting on Arabia's sand—
In thee my soul finds shelter ; far from thee
I stand all lonely like the blasted tree,
Bereft of fruit and flowers ; but fate ordains
That purest pleasures flow from partial pains.
In some few days, if Heav'n a father hear,
The smile of joy shall chase this parting tear.
Wild swamps, of unknown depth, are spread around
These realms, and torrents intersect the ground ;

Cold damps at midnight, and the castle's storm,
But ill accord with beauty's tender form.
I leave thee to the noble Sidney's care—
One kiss, and then farewell!"—Her flowing hair
Stream'd on her dewy cheeks—she sobb'd aloud, 250
O'erwhelm'd by sorrow's unexpected cloud ;
For she had hoped to shield her valiant sire
Through warring elements and battle's fire.
She strain'd him to her bosom—“ Now, adieu !
My father—glory's lofty path pursue ;
But think, when rushing to the martial strife,
Oh ! think on thine depends thy Clara's life.”
Hark to the signal ! springing to the shore
Appear'd the British heroes—Sidney tore
The weeping virgin from her sire's embrace ; 260
But long she sought, with tearful eyes, to trace
His form across the boundless field, till night
Mingled the dubious shade with starry light.

No towering pine-tree, nor majestic oak,
The landscape's dull and weary sameness broke ;
Far as the sight could o'er the waste extend,
A clover'd plain, a meadow without end,
Spread like an ocean ; wand'ring herds were seen
Browsing at freedom on the herbage green,
And, wild with nature's spirit, raced the steed, 270
Snorting and prancing o'er the fenceless mead.
A fort, dismantled by the flying foe,
Gave shelter for the night—at morning's glow

From Barragen the merry troops again
Resumed their march across the boundless plain.
But now a dreary swamp, with rushes crown'd,
Their course impeded ; gloomy miles around
Was stretch'd that muddy marsh ; the slender sprays
Of yielding sallow guided through the maze
Their wavering steps ; but still with pain and toil 280
Feeble and cold they trod the sinking soil.
The soldiers, slipping on the slimy bed,
Waded, with pouch and musket o'er the head,
Breast-deep in splashing waters—Tyros strong
In youth and vigour dragg'd the weak along.
Aquatic birds of various form and hue,
Seared at the sight of man, wild screaming flew,
And vanish'd in the clouds : the solid ground
Attain'd, they ranged savannahs without bound—
Illimitable Pampas, where no trace 290
Of mortal power deform'd the healthy face
Of awful nature ; through the verdant blade
Clover and flowers of sweetest balm display'd
Their bright luxuriance ; listless and supine
Lay 'midst the bloom the saturated kine.
Oh ! my poor country—could thy exiled sons
Behold these shores of luxury, where runs
The stream of amber o'er enamell'd fields,
Whose bosom rich, unfading pasture yields
To grazing myriads, ever new and bright, 300
Brimming with beauty, splendour, and delight ;
Fresh as young Paradise at Eden's birth,
The opulence of pure and virgin earth ;

As if the mines beneath, by Flora drain'd,
Flow'd through the vegetable sap, and stain'd
The leaves with emerald, the cups with gold—
No more Canadian mountains, bleak and cold,
Nor sands of Lybia, desolate and bare,
Should see thy children perish in despair.

Knee-deep in herbage, that no sun embrowns, 310
The warriors wander'd o'er the trackless downs ;
And when their weary hearts demanded food,
Appear'd the swarthy *Peon*, wild and rude.
A *poncho* wrapp'd his limbs of giant mould ;
His hardy form, his visage dark and bold,
His lank, black hair, and harsh, unpolish'd tongue,
Proclaim'd the source from whence the savage sprung.
In native pride he scorn'd the worthless steel ;
Spurs of pure silver from his naked heel
Projected ; horse and ragged housings bore 320
Rich, unwrought ornaments of precious ore.
He sat with careless and untutor'd grace
Firm as a centaur ; in the swiftest chase
Lock'd to his steed, as if from mother earth
Both horse and rider drew their common birth.
He grasp'd a lasso in his tawny hand,
A thong of eel-skins, twisted like a band
Of braided hair ; the roving cattle knew
The mortal weapon, and in terror flew
Wide o'er the meadows ; quick as darting light 330
The keen-eyed Peon reach'd them in their flight ;

And, singling one of noblest form, in air
Waved his lithe lasso, and the fatal snare
Flung round the branching horn ; with rein-deer's speed
Courser and ox still bounded o'er the mead :
But now his noose a second *Peon* cast
With wondrous skill, and loop'd the victim fast
Beneath the pastern—swift to left and right
The horsemen gallopp'd, straining with their might
The quivering cord ; while languid on the green 340
Trembled the brute, his ruthless foes between.
Then one dismounted, while his steed well-train'd
Stood like a rock—the Peon quick attain'd
His prize, arrested by the double line,
And plunged his reeking dagger in the spine.
The soldier's palate, piercing as his blade,
Requires no spur from gastronomic aid ;
Rich sauce and spices of the orient please
The bloated victims of inglorious ease ;
But warriors scorn that culinary art, 350
That swells the veins, and hebetates the heart.
Braced by pure exercise and cheerful air
The troops now feasted on their homely fare,
While scarce the space of thirty minutes flew,
Caught—kill'd—skinn'd—cook'd and carved, and eaten
too.
All night they lay on grass and dewy flowers
Soft as the Paphian nymph in myrtle bowers ;
While some young epicures, elate with pride,
In clover slept between a doubled hide.

Morn dawn'd, as on the waves of glassy green 360
Aurora's fingers ope the gorgeous scene ;
No towering mountain cast an awful shade,
Nor forest's gloom the welcome beams delay'd ;
Clear from the Pampa rose the god of light,
Fresh splendour pouring ; and the dews of night,
That on the sweet and rosy blossom lay
Like tears on beauty's cheek, he brush'd away.
Now from their grassy couch the soldiers sprang,
Shook from their arms the pearly drops, and sang
Blithe as the soaring lark ; they march'd again 370
Through richest pasturage ; at length a fen,
Whose depth no spear could fathom, block'd the way :
Their blankets form'd a bridge : with spirits gay
They trod the slight ponton ; small, glittering streams
Oozed through the meadow like embroider'd seams
Of silver on a robe of brightest green ;
Through these the wading multitude were seen
Deep struggling ; while the lingering train behind
Filed o'er the plain a firmer path to find.
Cold—cold it was upon the marshy ground 380
That dreary night ; with faint and simmering sound
The fig's green branches, hissing at their feet,
But tantalized with mockery of heat.
Chilly they rose ; but glorious prospects cheer'd
Their hearts, when o'er the dusky plain appear'd
Convent and spire, soft gleaming in the rays
Of early morn—that goal, to which their days
Of pain and nightly visions tended all.
“ Soon shall the crest of that proud city fall,”

They cried, as on the burnish'd arms they laid 390
Their sinewy hands, and now prepared to wade
The deep *Chuelo*; strong the current flow'd;
But every breast with British ardour glow'd,
And stemm'd with ease the torrent—soon the roar
And flash of thund'ring cannon proved the shore
Contested by the foe—with steady speed
The light-arm'd troops, loud cheering took the lead,
Rush'd on the battery, and scatter'd wide
The hostile bands—their *corps elite*, the pride
Of transatlantic Spain, in terror fled; 400
The brave M'Leod his gallant Rifles led,
Pour'd on the trembling rear a shower of balls,
Defied, and chased them to their coward walls.
The night was mournful; dark and chilling rain,
Mix'd with sharp ice, descended on the plain.
Thunder was mingled with the savage yell
Of chain-bound dogs; the distant convent bell
Toll'd heavily, and lightning's quivering fire
Shot on alternate pools of blood and mire,
Where man and steed, that on that morning bled, 410
Lay gasping midst the dying and the dead.

Oh War! thou demon with alluring charms,
Banners, and bounding drums, and flashing arms—
In painted beauty, with insidious guile,
Like that fell serpent, whose bewitching smile
Tempted our mother to the fatal tree,
What scenes of wo, what horrors flow from thee!

In that dread lottery, while valour dies,
Behold the recreant snatch the glorious prize !
Some sleep in dust, some mount the laurell'd car, 420
And thousands bleed, that one may wear a star.
When, rous'd by art to counterfeited rage,
The mimic warrior treads the lofty stage ;
When Kemble soars with more than Pindar's wing,
The mirror of the hero and the king,
Our hearts, wild throbbing when the tyrant falls,
Swell to the storm where mighty genius calls.
Fair Sculpture, and her lovely sister too,
Lend their deceitful charm, but shade from view
The medal's sad reverse—the merry bells, 430
Whose every peal some deed of glory tells ;
The cannons roaring from the ancient tower,
Heralds of victory's ecstatic hour,
Raise to the zenith with resistless force
The British bosom ; honour's splendid course
Dazzles the reason, and attracts all eyes,
Like the proud eagle soaring to the skies ;
While his bright orbs defy the god of day,
Beholders mark his iron pinions play,
Nor think with sorrow on the plunder'd nest, 440
Nor see the ringdove's blood upon his breast.
Blest sons of Albion's dear and sacred isle,
That ne'er, subdued by valour, gold or guile,
Has seen, though round the world the battle roars,
One hostile foot pollute her lovely shores !
Alas ! ye know not War's funereal train—
The bleeding soldier, freezing on the plain ;

Stiff with his fester'd wounds, the moon's cold beam
Shews him the surface of the gliding stream,
That mocks him with its murmuring sound—he sips
The dewy grass to bathe his burning lips ; 451
When lo ! some wretch, that hover'd round the field,
Now by the dusky robes of night conceal'd,
Steals on the victim with his dagger keen,
And stabs him to the heart ! the mournful scene
That follows when the battle's bright array,
Colours, and martial horns, have past away,
Is still more awful—See the sparkling fire
Rise from the village ! mother, child, and sire,
Rush from the flames along the barren shore, 460
While licensed robbers grasp their little store :
Impell'd by famine, see the group return
To scrape the ground where beams and rafters burn !
Rooted by sympathy to that dear spot,
In the black ashes of their former cot
They kneel, and from the cold and clammy floor
The passing stranger's charity implore.

Nor less in cultured life the cries of wo
Resound, and streams of bitter anguish flow.
The dread Gazette, that some with gladness cheers, 470
Full many a beauteous bosom bathes in tears.
Oh ! say what solace to the virgin's breast
Can pealing bells afford, or windows drest
With glittering laurels, when the ruthless dart
Of death has pierc'd the partner of her heart ?

Or to the lonely widow, counting o'er
 The sad—sad hours, till on his natal shore
 Her son, her last, her only hope, shall land ?
 And now behold the mourner's trembling hand
 The fatal sheet unfolding—quick as light 480
 The tale of horror meets the mother's sight ;
 She shrieks—she falls—the mortal pang has riven
 Her swelling heart—she meets her son in heaven !

With pallid aspect rose the ling'ring day,
 Dash'd with dim clouds, and flung his slanting ray
 O'er many a valiant bosom doom'd to bleed,
 And many a cheerful eye, that morn decreed
 To view his beams no more—in silence deep,
 As lions stealing on a courser's sleep,
 They march'd, but started oft, with horror cold, 490
 To mark in heaps the bleeding bodies roll'd
 Of mutilated soldiers, gash'd and crush'd
 By coward vengeance ! On the warriors rush'd
 With rage indignant ; not the faintest sound
 Of war yet issued from the hostile ground :
 To catch in toils their unsuspecting prey
 The wary host in treach'rous ambush lay :
 All was enveloped in mysterious gloom ;
 The long, straight streets were silent as the tomb ;
 Each house, a castle, seem'd to brave the power 500
 Of mortal arm, or cannon's deadly shower.
 Small parapets conceal'd the lurking foe
 Stretch'd on the level roofs ; strong gates below

Were ribb'd with iron bars ; that barricade
 To burst the troops gigantic efforts made.
 When hearts are raised aloft in battle's strife,
 Nerves dormant spring to momentary life,
 And daring deeds are done, that strike the bold
 With fear and wonder when the blood is cold.

And now receding, with redoubled force 510

To rush, like rival racers in the course,
 A phalanx sprang, with strength unfelt before,
 And crash'd the panels of the ringing door.

Chester was first to mount the roof, and wave
 The British standard : as the echoing cave
 Returns the thunder of the stormy sea,
 Hark to the cheers, and shouts of victory !

Alas ! too soon—for now the dreadful hour
 Was come, to fall or struggle with a power
 Invisible as fate—the shaft of death 520

Sped viewless as the pestilential breath
 Of Java's blasting tree ; from roof and spire
 Volleys of stones, and shells replete with fire
 In showers descended ; down the crowded street,

Where Britons rush'd the dastard foe to meet,
 Thunder'd a storm of grape and leaden hail,
 Sweeping whole ranks like chaff before the gale.

Helpless they fell, as scatter'd leaves are found
 At autumn's close along the withering ground,
 When winds with wintry roar to splinters tear
 The stubborn oak, and leave a forest bare.

And how can valour stand, when thus assail'd
 By powers impalpable ? the bosom mail'd

In chains of brass, or adamant, must yield,
When lightning, launch'd from darkness, strikes the
. shield.

Yet deeds were done on that eventful morn,
Whose long-forgotten splendour might adorn
Our later annals—Wellesley's towering star
Has, like the lustre of Apollo's ear,
Quench'd all inferior lights, and raised the name 540
Of *soldier* to a rank with Nelson's fame.

Yet brave Achmuty still shall share the crown,
And waft the trodden wreath of laurel down
To ages yet unborn ; through volleying balls—
Portcullis—trench—and o'er the bristled walls,
He storm'd the blazing battery, the post
Of all their proud defences prized the most,
The strong *Retiro*—thence his heroes led
To that wide amphitheatre, where bled
Beneath the keen knife of the Matador 550
The mighty bull ; but now with human gore
Discolour'd ; quick the Britons clear'd
The broad arena, and that standard rear'd,
That still has waved, on land or restless main,
The hope or terror of distracted Spain.

Nor less shall gallant *Burne* exalted shine
Amidst the brightest names on glory's shrine.
Steady and calm in battle's wildest storm,
The fire, that levell'd legions, seem'd to warm
His breast to nobler deeds ; serene he stood 560
Like the clear Pharos o'er the rolling flood,

That glows through cloud and tempest, and the shore
Of safety points amidst the billows' roar.

To win those smiles, that meaner souls delight,
He scorn'd to act the creeping parasite ;
His modest gallantry, to courts unknown,
Ne'er stoop'd with bows to supplicate a throne,
Ne'er sought for titles with obsequious art ;
He wore the " star of honour" in the heart.

On that disastrous morn he saw expire 570
His noble troops beneath a galling fire
From viewless cannon—calm through flame and smoke
He rush'd—through trench and stony barrier broke,
And spiked the blazing engines 'midst the sound
Of shells and balls, that shatter'd all around.

And Chester too, though bent with honour'd years,
Shook off that morn the load of age—with cheers
The vanguard led, and to their castle hew'd
A passage through the flying multitude.

But what can spirit do, or valour's hand,
When thousands press a solitary band?
As now he storm'd the gates, a fatal ball
Pierced his brave breast—behold the hero fall!
Yet still he waved his glittering sword, and cried
With fainting voice, as flow'd the crimson tide,
“ Scale—scale the walls—and think of me no more!”
Alas! a volley, deep as Etna's roar,
That instant levell'd all their plumed pride,
And laid the bleeding ranks by Chester's side.

Meantime the Spaniards with o'erwhelming force
 Pour'd down ; arrested in their brilliant course 591
 The light-arm'd infantry, and circled all,
 Helpless, within Domingo's massive wall.
 The guns were primed to burst the convent's gate,
 When, vainly struggling with resistless fate,
 Oh ! faithless war's humiliating hour—
 The Britons, bending to superior power,
 Indignant flung their useless arms away,
 And march'd to chains, a haughty victor's prey.

Now all was lost ! the remnant of the brave, 600
 Marking Achmuty's lofty standard wave
 Above the *Place de Toros*, rush'd to find
 Support and shelter there ; but still behind
 Roll'd the loud cannon : at each awful sound
 Of shells and grape new victims press'd the ground ;
 And those, whose limbs propitious fortune bore
 From streets of carnage, left their tracks in gore.

While thus on land these scenes of horror pass'd,
 High o'er the wave appear'd the tow'ring mast
 Of Sidney's bark ; from Ensenada bay 610
 He work'd through wind and tide his tardy way,
 Impatient with a seaman's honest zeal
 To share the laurel : when the hollow peal
 Of thund'ring batteries first struck the ears
 Of tender Clara,—oh ! what hopes and fears
 Alternate fill'd her palpitating breast !
 " Perhaps my father now surmounts the crest

Of yon proud citadel, and tears in scorn
Iberia's standard down—perhaps the morn,
That rose with dawning glory, now declines, 620
O'ercast with clouds, and 'midst the blazing lines
Circled by foes, beneath the fatal fire,
With none to aid him, bleeds my valiant sire!"
But Sidney calm'd her fluttering heart, and gave
Assurance firm that Heaven would shield the brave.
" Rest thee, my love ! a little while in peace ;
I fly to bid yon deep-mouth'd cannon cease ;
For see ! the torrent sweeps whole lines away."
He mann'd his barge, and through the foaming spray
Dash'd to the battery—the foe dismay'd 630
Flew from the terror of the hero's blade ;
When, seizing guns and tumbrels, down the steep
He roll'd the silent engines to the deep.
Clara with beating bosom, and with eyes
Glist'ning with tears of joy, beheld the prize
Of valour won ; the snowy lawn she drew
That screen'd her breast, and o'er the cheering crew,
Clinging to slippery shrouds, exulting waved
Love's precious signal ; peril now she braved, 639
Though round her shower'd the whistling balls : serene
With trust in Heaven—when lo ! some hand unseen
Grasp'd her white arm, her brows with fillets bound
So quick, the careless seamen ranged around,
With anxious eyes directed to the shore,
Saw not the deed—the lurking robbers tore
Her fingers from their hold—her slender waist
Rudely encircled, and with savage haste

Deep in a boat their trembling victim cast.
They hoisted sails, and soon the rising blast
Bore them beyond the musket's range ; in vain 650
The sailors storm'd ; around the wat'ry plain
No barge appear'd ; and should their cannon sweep
The waves, *she* too might perish in the deep.
Is this, poor Clara ! this the mournful end
Of all thy toils ? to weep without one friend
To share thy tears, and o'er the wilds to rove,
Torn from a husband's—father's tender love ?
Oh ! no—there still was one, whose grateful heart
Was centred in thy fate—thou couldst not part
Unheard, unseen by her who owed to thee 660
More than life's blessing ; ere the sails were free
To seud before the wind, had Tamba sprung
Amidst the yesty billows—long she clung,
Imploring, to the vessel's side—the blade
Was raised to gash her hands—the captive maid,
Starting to hear the well-known accents, spread
Her arms in speechless agony, and shed
Such tears of anguish, that the savage breast
Was melted at the scene : received a guest
In sorrow's bark, that faithful girl behold 670
More blest than pleasure's slaves in halls of gold !
But where was Neptune ? where the guardian true
When danger summon'd ? well the villains knew
The brute's devotion, coax'd him from her side,
And chain'd him in the hold—when Clara cried,
Unheard by man, that watchful creature tore
The deck, and stain'd the fitters with his gore ;

With lion's strength he burst his bonds—but vain
His desp'rate spring the felon band to gain ;
The hatch was closed, and when the yelling sound 680
The seamen reach'd, he ranged the bark around
As if in madness, and a long, deep moan
Utter'd, whose peal would melt a heart of stone.

Meanwhile on church and tower the flag of peace
Proclaim'd that battle's trumpet tongue should cease ;
And Sidney hurried through the slippery street,
Wading in blood, surviving friends to meet,
And learn brave Chester's fate—too swift, alas !
On eagle wings misfortune's tidings pass,
While joy is seen on tortoise limbs to creep, 690
Though rack'd with doubt desponding millions weep.
A bleeding wretch the mournful tale disclosed,
How Chester, by resistless power opposed,
Expired in glory's arms—“ Lost friend, farewell !
Peace to thy ashes—Oh ! what tongue shall tell
The news to Clara ? How shall Sidney speak
The fatal words, that o'er that smiling cheek
Will strew death's pallid flowers, and bend that form,
As yields the virgin lily to the storm ?
But soft ! perchance beneath the bosom stain'd 700
With gore some latent spark of life remain'd ;
For oft on battle's wild, promiscuous bed
Slumber in trance the living with the dead.”
He hasten'd on—explored each roof and square,
And raised to light the fractured bodies there ;

At length before the castle gate he spied
 The form of Chester ; prostrate by his side,
 That morn replete with life, now senseless clay,
 Faithful in death his brave companions lay.

The sword still glitter'd in his sinewy hand,
 Pointed aloft, in token of command,
 To where the standard of Britannia's foes
 Above the citadel triumphant rose.

Now Sidney from the crowd the soldier drew,
 And bathed his temples with the fountain's dew :
 He held a sabre to his lips—the blade
 Of polish'd steel, discolour'd by a shade,
 Proclaim'd the vital breath ; rich wine he pour'd ;
 The potent juice the ling'ring spark restored—

Behold the hero live !—he cast around

His swimming eyes, and soon the features found
 Of faithful Sidney—dropp'd his sword, and grasp'd
 His hand in speechless gratitude, and elasp'd
 The noble seaman to his bleeding breast ;

But Sidney sought a calm retreat to rest
 The warrior's feeble frame—a convent stood
 Tranquil and cool beside La Plata's flood ;
 Thither he bore him in his arms, and bared
 His streaming wound ; the holy sisters shared
 The work of charity ; with wond'rous art

And pious zeal perform'd the leeches' part,
 Infused those drops that wand'ring sense recall,
 And from his bosom drew the flatten'd ball.

But sweeter still than herb or opiate's power
 Were Sidney's soothing words—“ Within this hour

710

720

730

I left thy Clara blooming as the dawn ;
I saw her wave aloft the snowy lawn
To greet me on the shore ; to her I fly
To calm her fears and check the struggling sigh ;
A little while, farewell ! these holy maids 740
Will tend thee ; and, ere evening's mellow shades
Soften the horrors of this bleeding land,
The cup of joy shall flow from Clara's hand."
They parted with a glance that utter'd more
Than lips can speak ; now gaily from the shore
The sails bore Sidney to the Cæsar's side,
Herald of gladness to his promised bride.
No welcome from her gentle voice—no cheer
Of cordial greeting charm'd the seaman's ear ;
The tars around abash'd and silent hung 750
Their mournful heads—the faithful spaniel's tongue
With low and murmuring sound proclaim'd alone
That all he prized on earthly worlds had flown.
But Sidney roused them from their trance, and drew
The fatal secret from their breasts : a crew
Of bold Hibernians, never known to pause
In peril's path, or lovely woman's cause,
Stepp'd forth, and volunteer'd on sea or land
To rescue Clara from the robber's band.
" Swift, man the pinnace"—scarce the word was said,
When Neptune bounded to the boat, that spread 761
Her white wings to the breeze, and dash'd around
The foaming water with the cannon's sound.
With sails, that swept the gunwale on the wave,
They flew with dread rapidity to save

The precious moments lost—when glow'd the west
 Brilliant and sweet, in blue and crimson drest,
 They touch'd Colonia's strand, and sprang ashore
 To seek their plunder'd treasure, and explore
 Each hill and forest in the trackless wild, 770
 Till on their toils benignant Fortune smiled.

While Sidney now consumes in fruitless chase
 The golden hours, the Muse returns to trace
 The path of Clara ; by her Tamba's side
 She lay in darkness, till the rolling tide
 Far from Colonia bore them to the land.
 To aid her doubtful steps a trembling hand
 Softly clasp'd hers, her humid eyes unbound,
 When, kneeling 'midst the robbers ranged around
 She mark'd Alphonso ! that Iberian proud, 780
 Whose spirit to victorious Sidney bowed
 In love and war—“ Forgive me, gentlest maid !
 Impell'd by madness, when that tongue forbade
 The faintest gleam of distant hope to rise,
 I tore from rival arms the matchless prize.
 Pardon the rudeness of untutor'd hands,
 Train'd to perform a corsair's bold commands ;
 These savage men amidst the billows' roar
 Have furl'd the sail, and tugg'd the dashing oar ;
 On the rough sea their stormy lives were past, 790
 Nurst on the surge, and cradled by the blast ;
 Unknown to them, a wild and lawless crew,
 The courtesies to charming woman due.

But now, from vain pursuit and peril free,
The pirate's stubborn heart shall bend to thee ;
And he, the patient victim of thy scorn,
At eve, in dusky night or cheerful morn,
Shall still in zeal, in word, and action, prove
A Spaniard's honour and devoted love.

Amidst those isles, that like green jewels stud 800
The crystal breast of Oronoko's flood,
My sires a princely castle built ; the walls
Of precious marble, and the lofty halls
Adorn'd with plumes and gold, by valour won
From costly domes and temples of the sun,
Where Montezuma reign'd ; rich groves of palm
With crowns umbrageous shed a holy calm
Above the torrent ; flowers of glowing hue
And sweetest odour, ever bright and new,
Springing spontaneous from the virgin ground, 810
A web of pure mosaic weave around—
Of all the charms of that romantic scene
Shall Clara reign the sole, despotic queen.
Thither we fly—and when long months are o'er
Of patient servitude, I ask no more
Than pity prompts that gentle heart to give,
When Clara's smile shall bid Alphonso live."
" Oh ! never," said the maid, " while glows one beam
Of holy spirit in this vital stream,
Shall Clara faithless to her Sidney prove ! 820
Prepared o'er rocks and thorny dells to rove,
With trust in Heaven I feel an inward charm,
That shields a virgin's fame from mortal arm.

A train of noble mules, of Spanish breed,
 Stood ready on the beach—with eagle's speed
 Was Clara borne along the pampa wild,
 Till evening on the sea of verdure smiled.
 On the sweet grass a snowy tent was spread,
 And flowers of clover gave a balmy bed ;
 Fruits and rich wine, in cups of cocoa pour'd, 830
 To life the captive's languid pulse restored ;
 And Clara, on her blooming couch reclined
 In peace, to gracious Providence resign'd.
 Now as bright Cynthia pour'd her silver ray
 On the dark group, that round in slumber lay,
 Tamba's keen eye discern'd one pallid face,
 Oft seen before, with lips that bore the trace
 Of vengeance gratified, as laughter broke
 Through stormy dreams, and savage smiles bespoke
 The traitor's task fulfill'd : the watchful maid 840
 With wringing hands implored Alphonso's aid
 To save the virgin from that monster's steel ;
 And Clara's heart was cold, as lambs will feel
 Instinctive terror when the wolf is nigh.
 “ The venom'd shaft shall through his bosom fly,”
 The Spaniard said, “ if e'er his coward hand
 Be raised to harm thee ; blackest of the band
 Of daring outlaws, he it was that first
 Proposed the desp'rate deed, to slake his thirst
 Of dark revenge—’tis he—the robber *Pest* ! 850
 Long rankling in his deep, satanic breast,
 Hatred to Sidney link'd him with this corps
 Of wand'ring pirates, who for worthless ore

Have seized a living treasure, that contains
A heart more precious than Potosi's veins.
By honour bound I lead them to those fields,
Where nature's bosom in profusion yields
Unlabour'd wealth ; and trust that tranquil hours,
Pastures, and bleating flocks, and balmy flowers,
May with sweet power their savage lives reform, 860
And calm succeed to passion's wintry storm.
But should one wretch offend my captive maid
In gesture, word, or act, this trusty blade
Shall pierce him to the earth ; repose in peace ;
Alphonso guards thee ; when the moon shall cease
To fling his borrow'd beams on wave and shore,
We tread this weary wilderness once more.”
Clara sigh'd deeply ; but with steady trust
In Him, whose guardian wings protect the just
Through night and storm, in sleep oblivious lay, 870
Till matin birds proclaim'd the dawning day.

But ere the morn arose, the mules were found
Helpless and struggling on the dewy ground.
Lo ! on each brute a rav'ous monster spread
His grasping claws and wings of dusky red—
The vampire bat, that o'er the pampa flies
In flocks of raven gloom that shade the skies.
These to the panting beasts tenacious clung,
And suck'd the bleeding veins with thirsty tongue ;
And through the flesh with piercing talons tore, 880
Ere man could chase them from their feast of gore.

With tardy pace along the grassy plain,
Enfeebled by the loss of blood and pain,
The mules their burden bore ; the solar beam
Shot fiery down—nor shade, nor warbling stream,
Cheer'd them with sounds harmonious ; chaplets cold
Of humid weeds and bells of flowery gold
They wove, and twined around the hair to chill
The rage of Phœbus ; wild and mournful still
The green savannah, like a shoreless sea, 890
Spread to the meeting clouds its dread immensity.

When Nature scatter'd with majestic hand
Gigantic features o'er this wond'rous land,
Pour'd amazonian waves, to which the Nile
A streamlet seems, and rear'd the mighty pile
Of Chimborazo, monarch of the chain
Of snow-capp'd Andes—on this awful plain
She ceased from toil ; and 'midst these balmy flowers
Refresh'd in verdure her exhausted powers,
Like a tempestuous morning's crimson close, 900
Splendid in storms, but lovely in repose.
Thus the calm evening of a noble life,
Spent in distracting cares and martial strife,
That prince of patriots, who held in scorn
Ribbon and star that meaner breasts adorn,
Immortal Washington serenely pass'd,
Glorious at dawn, and brilliant to the last.
At noon, when all the languid world around
Seem'd wrapt in sleep, a soft and murmuring sound

Floated mysterious in the viewless air. 910

The crack'd and dusty soil, the mountain bare,
The wave, the blasted tree, the smiling rose,
All teem with life ; the hum of insects flows,
Like sweet and distant waters, on the breeze ;
And breathing myriads o'er the solemn seas,
Though too refined for mortal vision, prove
The ceaseless action of eternal love.

When eve declined, the golden dusk was seen
A globe of fire above the boundless green ;

The grass, illumined by his dying rays, 920
Seem'd trembling with a momentary blaze,
And pearls were dropping from the flowers of dew,
As o'er the waste melodious zephyrs blew.

At night, when glow'd the heavens with starry gems,
Baldries, and rings, and glorious diadems,
Beneath, bright shoals of phosphorescent flies
Copied on earth the splendour of the skies.

On humid grass the shining glow-worm lay,
As on green ocean gleams the midnight spray ;
While the wing'd *luciole* in quivering flight 930
Shower'd on the gloom his sparks of living light.

Long days they wander'd o'er the level soil,
Thirsty and faint from heat and ceaseless toil ;
At length above the far horizon's rim
A stately forest dawn'd—how sweet to him,
Whose tedious hours on plains or cheerless sea
Have pass'd, the music of the waving tree,

The tremulous leaves, the lapse of lucid stream,
 And shades impervious to the burning beam !

Nor less the brute enjoys the grateful sound ; 940
 The mules, by instinct with vivacious bound
 Sprang like the free-born stag, and scorn'd the rein,
 Panting that sylvan paradise to gain.

They reach'd, ere eve, a dark, majestic wood
 Of Cucurito palms—each column stood,
 With soft plumes waving, like a mighty mast,
 Whose flags and streamers flutter in the blast.

Forest on forest seem'd to rise, and shoot
 Aloft the feathery crown and milky fruit.

Lianas crept around the barren stem, 950
 And mingled with the coeoas diadem
 Their graceful flowers; from branch to branch they wove
 Arcades of verdure; and the silent grove,
 Where those sweet rambling plants were seen to bloom,
 Screen'd the blue heavens, and spread nocturnal gloom.

Dear was the shelter of that calm retreat;
 A bed of golden moss refresh'd the feet,
 Ductile as eider down; a virgin spring,
 Wand'ring around in many a crystal ring,
 With nature's nectar cool'd the thirsty tongue, 960
 Purer than juice from grape or berry wrung.
 Train'd in the Lybian woods the branch to mount,
 Where flows rich gum as from an amber fount,
 Tamba embraced the cocoa's naked rhind
 Firm as an oak with ivy clasps intwined,

Climb'd like a squirrel to the plumpy crown,
And shook the vegetable treasure down.
Scoop'd from the clean, cool shell, and dripping sweet
With lucid milk, amidst oppressive heat
How pleasing was that fruit ! and Clara drank 970
The liquor from the brimming bowl, nor sank
Despondently beneath the frown of care :
She was not one to tremble in despair,
In peril's face to close her eyes and ears,
To pine and pipe in solitude and tears.
Her spirit, like the pine-tree on the rock,
Tower'd in the tempest ; wave or thunder's shock
Threatens in vain, and lightning hurtless flies
To her, whose hope is anchor'd in the skies.

Long wander'd they beneath the cool arcade, 980
Where no keen sunbeam pierc'd the grateful shade.
Pleasant it was to see the playful tribe
Of chattering monkeys, full of jest and gibe,
Swinging from branch to branch ; where distant hung
The waving boughs, with clasping tail they clung,
And, pendulous, attain'd the neighbour tree
By ceaseless oscillation ; wild and free
From man's oppressive bondage : parrots bright
With golden plumage glitter'd in the light ;
And hoarse macaws with croaking voices drown'd 990
The moaning gale, and palm-tree's solemn sound.

I seek not here by geographic scale
Their path to measure ; over hill and dale—

Through tangled forests never trod before
By mortal feet—across the rapid's roar
On slight canoes, or swinging bridges twined
Of pliant osier, waving in the wind,
Their vagrant journey lay ; the bending trees,
Whose broad boughs yielded to the tropic breeze,
Served as a compass—awful was the scene, 1000
When scorching sunbeams burn'd the rustling green,
And, rolling from the brown savannah's bed,
A casual spark to crimson torrents spread.
One night, when slumb'ring on the parched ground,
Their ears were startled by the sea-like sound
Of rushing flames ; a billowy tide on high
Of blood seem'd floating in the vaulted sky ;
Beneath, the crackling palms and pine-trees glow'd,
As the wide stream of fire incessant flow'd.
When the loud wind on whirring pinions broke 1010
Through the dense curtains of the sable smoke,
The forest flash'd intolerable light,
Vivid as flames, that burst in lurid night
From Etna's bosom ; dreadful was the roar,
Deep as hoarse ocean on the stormy shore ;
And oft in cloudy heav'n some giant beam,
Rent by the fulminating power of steam,
Shot burning to the stars, and left behind
A showery train, bright quivering on the wind.

Far from the scene with hurried steps they flew
O'er blazing branches to the pampa's dew, 1021

Where, shivering beneath the midnight blast,
Till morning dawn'd the weary hours they pass'd.
The light shone glist'ning from an awful cave,
A tomb of tribes extinct—a mammoth's grave !
The tibia, tusk and joint enormous proved
What monsters o'er these wild savannahs roved
In ancient days ; the ribs gigantic lay
Scatter'd through stones and indurated clay
Like petrifications buried in the core
Of firm-bound granite, or the stormy shore
Strew'd with the fractured rock, with boom and m¹
In thund'ring peals from ocean's bosom cast.
Perhaps, ere human hands the grass had stain'd
With gore, the quadruped despotic reign'd
O'er these wide realms, and this, the prince of all
Those tyrant brutes that trod this earthly ball,
The lordly mammoth, ranged the desert here,
Trampling the lama, bear, and antler'd deer,
Till the Great Man, as old tradition says, 1
Pour'd from the mountain rock the lightning's rays
And blasted all their tribe, save one, the sire,
A mighty bull, that shook the forked fire
From his broad front, and still in madness roars
Along the wild Ohio's lonely shores.

Pierce a dark fissure of the shatter'd globe;
Strip its torn bosom of the flowery robe;
Deep in the caverns of the hollow ground
Fossil remains, gigantic bones are found,

Colossal beasts that subject earth o'erran, 1050
 But not one remnant of imperial man.
 Could all this glorious firmament—the light
 Of cheerful day—the gems of starry night—
 The clouds, that hang like pictures from the sides
 Of azure heav'n—the stream that sweetly glides
 In wat'ry music—woods and crystal seas—
 The fruit nectareous on the bending trees—
 The new-born verdure of ambrosial spring,
 And flowers, that from their painted censers fling
 Delicious fragrance—could all these have sprung
 From nature's bosom to regale the tongue, 1061
 The sight of senseless brutes? Wild dreams, avaunt !
 That like a dim, heart-chilling spectre, haunt
 The brain of cold philosophy—this world,
 Clear as the banner of a god unfurl'd,
 Unfolds a scheme for nobler man design'd,
 A page to elevate th' immortal mind,
 By gradual steps along these blooming plains,
 As the young dove the patient mother trains,
 To lead us from this transitory shore 1070
 To brighter joys that Heaven has yet in store.

They still their desultory track pursued
 O'er the savannah's cheerless solitude,
 And through a dismal swamp laborious strain'd,
 Whose shaking surface scarce their feet sustain'd ;
 When lo ! a shock beneath the muddy stream,
 Swift and resistless as the lightning's beam,

The mules arrested ; palsy-struck and cold
The leader fell, and down the quagmire roll'd
Baggage and rider ; now the pirates knew 1080
The source from which the flash electric flew,
And rein'd their steeds, ere that mysterious power
Had stunn'd the springs of life ; the fiery shower
From thund'ring cannon, or the feather'd reed
From Indian quiver, ne'er with deadlier speed
Their victim struck, than that tremendous eel,
The dread *gymnotus* ; like conducting steel,
That shoots to earth the phosphor of the skies,
Through the dark wave the mystic volley flies,
Blasting young myriads of the scaly breed, 1090
And paralysing man and lordly steed ;
This, like the chill torpedo's touch, congeals
To ice the fervid blood ; the victim reels
Convulsive, and the charger's noble heart
Sinks thunderstruck beneath a pigmy's dart.
Wide was the marsh ; no bending osier stood
With weeping boughs, a landmark in the flood ;
All cold and desolate the fens around
Trembled as if an earthquake rock'd the ground.
Must beauty perish thus—the young—the fair 1100
The fate of brutes and drowning robbers share ?
Oh ! no—kind Heav'n with inborn power supplies
That lovely sex, whose strength in weakness lies,
And woman's slender form can laurels gain
Where Hercules might wield his club in vain.
When Clara's mule first shudder'd at the blow,
That laid him helpless in the weeds below,

She sprang, and rested on the turf beneath
 Light as the cygnet on a flowery wreath,
 That clasps sweet Severn's breast; from sod to sod 1110
 She flew, and on the tender cresses trod,
 Till rushes spread their aiding spears no more;
 Then Tamba's circling arms the virgin bore
 To life and freedom on the solid shore.

A long détour the sad survivors made
 To clear that fatal swamp; when evening's shade
 Came, like autunnal softness when the flood
 Of fiery summer's past, they reach'd a wood
 Where juicy grapes in purple beauty clung
 Round elms, and offer'd to the thirsty tongue 1120
 Refreshing nectar; there the wand'rers closed
 That day of peril, and in peace reposed.
 Through these vicissitudes, in storm and calm,
 Clara was still resign'd; that healing balm,
 Active employment, panacea true
 For all those visionary sprites that strew
 Health's rosy path with thorns, or mental pain,
 Cheer'd her on lonely hill or burning plain.
 At sultry noon, when deep in slumber lay
 The weary pirates, from the lofty spray 1130
 She struck the pretty *cardinal*, or breast
 Of golden parrot on his airy nest:
 Yet not in sport she saw the songsters fall,
 Nor wanton cruelty; a ductile ball
 Of cotton tipp'd her arrows; or the gun,
 With harmless water charged, that served to stun

But not destroy, the flutterers to her feet
Brought gently down; she loved the plumage sweet
Of tropic warblers, in whose brilliant dyes
Shone rose and gold, as if from crimson skies 1140
And ore, that glitters in Peruvian springs,
They stole the tincture of their splendid wings.
All these with mildest art she tamed, and fed
With seeds and fruit, till round the virgin's head
They flew delighted; and at evening's fall
The little humming-bird, the queen of all
Those animated jewels, softly came
And nestled in her bosom, bright as flame
Of sparkling ruby, and till dawning day
In that sweet paradise luxurious lay. 1150

Where streamlets wander'd through the shady grove
She sought the flexible *tickle-moth*, and wove
Light bonnets from its polish'd stem: the blade
She platted, and impervious baskets made,
Where crystal water floated in the grass
Compact as closest grain of horn or glass.
She tapp'd the juicy maple's rind, and drew
Its dulcet sap; the liquid sugar flew
In copious currents from each bleeding pore,
As if a prophet's wand had touch'd the core. 1160
She search'd the clefts of hollow rock or wood,
Where wild bees treasured their ambrosial food,
And from their balmy cells of golden gleam
Extracted sweet Metheglin's lucid stream.

Those pleasing arts, that once in woodbine bowers,
 Pursued for pastime, cheer'd her careless hours,
 Now in the desert came like long-lost friends
 To sooth and charm ; the maid, who wisely blends
 Use and bright ornament, may laugh to scorn
 Ennui, weak nerves, and passion's rankling thorn. 1170

The pirates oft, when fail'd their season'd store,
 Chased the fleet roebuck or the bristly boar,
 While Clara and her faithful Tamba spread
 The rustic board, and dying embers fed
 With balmy cedar ; thus employ'd one eve,
 So mild, that zephyr's wing could scarcely heave
 The light mauritia, hark ! what thund'ring feet
 And wail forlorn disturb this calm retreat ?
 From the dark thicket, like a rushing wind,
 Bounded a bleeding tiger ; far behind 1180
 The hunter's horn resounded ; streams of gore
 Stain'd the green herbage as the savage tore
 Through shrubs and brambles ; running by her side
 A wounded cub with yells terrific cried.
 What could, alas ! two helpless virgins do,
 When those ferocious beasts in phrensy flew
 To mangle and devour ? But Clara shew'd
 The blood of heroes ;—where the faggots glow'd
 She rush'd intrepid—seized a burning brand—
 Fronted the tyrant, and with steady hand 1190
 Held to her horrid jaws the dazzling fire :
 She started back ; and ere the monster's ire

Return'd, had Tamba with a poison'd dart
 Pierced through her brinded bosom to the heart.
 But now the cub with double fury raged,
 And sprang on Clara—See the brute engaged
 In conflict with that tender arm, that ne'er
 Had hurt an insect, but with soul to dare
 Deeds amazonian! woman's spirit now
 Rose to the zenith ; and the blazing bough 1200
 She thrust within his gnashing tusks : the flame
 Drove him to madness ; but Alphonso came
 Ere beauty's breast one precious drop had shed,
 And through his eyeballs sent the whistling lead.

Ghastly in death, the monsters on the green
 Lay cold ; the pirates now with sabre keen
 Stripp'd from each stiffen'd corse the speckled hide,
 Which soon the beams of sunny morning dried ;
 The Spaniard then to each intrepid maid
 The spoil presented—“ When with golden braid,”
 He cried, “ these housings are adorn'd, the steed 1211
 Shall bear this trophy of the matchless deed,
 That links young beauty with the brightest name
 Of splendid chivalry ; the spire of fame
 Henceforth shall man with gentlest woman share,
 And both participate the laurels there.”

Again to horse—o'er deep and swampy ground
 With many a mazy turn the party wound.
 The summits of the lofty palms that night
 Flash'd with red volumes of mysterious light ; 1220

Along the boughs quick lightning seem'd to play
Vivid and tremulous; at dawning day
Those magic fires they hurried to explore;
When, strange to tell—the bending branches bore
A living colony—that roving race
The *Tivitivas*, who from place to place
Wander for blessed freedom when pursued
By savage man—the sylvan solitude
Is their proud temple, and the towering tree
The standard of an exile's liberty.

1230

When rivers, swell'd by equatorial rains,
Spread like an ocean o'er those boundless plains,
They form thick mats of sedge and ropy grass,
And o'er the meshy surface lay a mass
Of viscous earth ; on these securely burn
Their household fires ; till wintry waves return
Within their wonted channels, they suspend
Their hammocks from the noble palms, that lend
Those outcasts from the world, who claim the wood
Their home, both shelter and refreshing food. 1240

A shelly fruit the green mauritia yields,
And farinaceous pith; the plumage shields
Its inmates from nocturnal dews; it sheds
Sweet liquor from the juicy core; and threads
Of hempen strength are woven from the rind:
Thus in that wondrous plant the pilgrims find
Those precious gifts that nature's hand bestows,
Subsistence, raiment, freedom, and repose.
Blush, sons of opulence! luxurious slaves,
Tost on the world like feathers on the waves, 1250

On rock or shoal at fashion's mercy cast,
Jest of the wise, and sport of every blast ;
Victims of sloth and visionary fears,
Who bathe the couch of down with listless tears,
Who tread on thorns within your marble halls,
And sigh, encompass'd by your palace walls,
Denied life's salutary storms to share,
Whose sole misfortune is the want of care—
Behold a race, of kindred blood and bone,
With feelings—passions, vivid as your own, 1260
Of peace and glorious liberty possest,
And in the bosom of a palm-tree blest !

Cords from the cocoa's stringy husk they twine,
And from the lofty boughs suspend the line
From ants and worms the tender seed to save ;
Secure from reptiles and the sapping wave,
Form'd of a carvel's keel, or light canoe,
These hanging gardens, as the breezes blew,
With balmy pulse and breathing blossoms crown'd,
Like censers flung ambrosial fragrance round. 1270

With hospitable smiles that tribe received
The toil-worn strangers, and with fruits relieved
Their drooping spirits ; milk of flavour sweet,
Fresh as if brimming from the living teat,
They pour'd in vessels by ingenious art
Composed of palm leaves ; from the cow-tree's heart
They draw that juice nectarious, and confine
In flasks of sylvan mould the dulcet wine.

Unfetter'd by the world's cold forms, they gave
An honest welcome ; long inured to brave 1280
The bitter elements, to them unknown
Those airy graces that adorn a throne ;
Envied enjoyment ! sung in lofty strains
By bards who soar above these sordid plains
On condor's plumes, yet still their glittering chains
Enamour'd clasp ; with adamantine hold
Coerced, the spirit bends to fame and gold ;
For who for freedom to the forest flies,
Though all in theory the blessing prize ?
Strange inconsistency ! the minstrel sings 1290
Of brooks and warbling birds, yet fondly clings
To purse-proud patronage and halls of state,
Though menials spurn him from the palace gate,
Where garter'd mendicants besiege the door,
And beggars, crown'd with pensions, kneel for more.
I would not, for a princely star, be bound
To drudge and languish in a weary round
Of courtly pageantries—to mark the wiles
Of cringing parasites, and faithless smiles,
That rise like bubbles from a fount of gall, 1300
Where, like a slave within the cloister'd wall,
While the gay ploughman whistles o'er the lea,
The fetter'd monarch sighs for liberty.

While thus the free-born monarchs of the wood
Feasted the strangers with luxurious food,
Forth from the covert of a thorny brake
Issued with rattling sound a hideous snake ;

His tawny skin, with stripes of sable hue,
Shone fresh with youth, and glossy in the dew ;
His tongue of aconite and eyes of fire, 1310
Like stars malignant, shot vindictive ire :
On Clara first his fascinating^r glance
Was fix'd ; behold his burnish'd scales advance
Convolving like the billows of the main,
Wave after wave ; but ere his tusk could gain
The flying virgin, Tamba swiftly tore
A pointed rock, and with the monster's gore
Steep'd the rank herbage ; now convulsive rang
His clattering tail, and with envenom'd fang
He sought to rend her cheek ; but undismay'd 1320
She, a devoted victim, stood to aid
By noble sacrifice her Clara's flight :
While thus engaged in dread and hopeless fight,
Her darts all flown, her strength nigh pass'd away,
And the fell savage gloated on his prey,
A negro sprang with more than panther's speed,
Poising an Esmeralda's polish'd reed,
And with one thrust transfix'd him to the ground ;
With agonizing folds he twined around
The dreadful sarbacan, but writh'd in vain, 1330
The griding spear had pierced through tongue and brain.
Now Tamba knelt, with clasped hands, to thank
Her brave preserver ; but the negro sank
O'erpower'd with joy and wonder—Tamba's eyes
Wander'd alternately from earth to skies,
Uncertain whether some delusive dream
Had mock'd her vision, or a golden gleam

Of Lybia's streams and balmy woods arose,
 Which after death repays the captive's woes,
 (Her country's wild tradition), but the kiss 1340
 From burning lips awoke to living bliss
 Her rambling senses—to her fervid breast
 She held her lover—him, whom long at rest
 She deem'd with sister, mother, friend, and sire,
 Who bled and perish'd in the robbers' fire.
 Long was the fond embrace, and sweetest tears
 Bedew'd their cheeks, ere Tamba's ravish'd ears
 Could list distinctly to *Anziko's* tale:
 'Twas short and mournful; in his native vale
 Amidst his murder'd relatives he lay 1350
 Wounded and senseless; with returning day
 A band of plunderers, who came to strip
 Each bleeding corse, perceived his quivering lip
 Yet warm with life, and bore him to their bark,
 Where ocean's breeze revived the latent spark,
 And his first glance was cast on cord and chain;—
 "I will not tell thee of the negro's pain,
 Bound by the fair-skimm'd savage, thou, alas!
 Poor maiden, to the dregs that bitter glass
 Perchance hast tasted; but the thoughts of thee, 1360
 Lost virgin! deeper anguish gave to me
 Than lash or fetters—still some voice within,
 Mysterious, cheer'd me, and the horrid din
 Of torture soften'd; when the western shore
 We near'd, I plunged amidst the surges' roar,
 And reach'd the strand unharmed, though fiery showers
 Swept the surrounding billows; weary hours

I wander'd in the woods, till spent with toil
And famine, towering o'er the swampy soil
I mark'd the Tivitivas' midnight flames, 1370
Whose light to persecuted man proclaims
Freedom and charity : with them I range
The forest, nor for jewell'd crowns would change
This blessed liberty, had not the powers,
That strew the waste with unexpected flowers,
Ordain'd that, poor Anziko's perils o'er,
His arms should clasp thee to this heart once more."

Clara was witness to this tender scene,
Charm'd with the graceful form and lofty mien
Of Tamba's lover ; she in brief express'd 1380
What debt was due to her, whose bounty bless'd
The slave with freedom, and the grateful swain
Knelt down and kiss'd the virgin's feet : with pain
Alphonso mark'd those joys to him denied ;
Stung with impatience and indignant pride,
He hurried them to horse : Anziko bade
A last farewell to those, whose timely aid
Preserved him in the desert ; swiftly now
They clear'd the forest, scaled the mountain's brow,
And rested on a lonely river's bank ; 1390
There on a bed of rushes Clara sank
Exhausted ; but the wakeful Tamba cried
" Rouse thee ! and hark to joy's returning tide ;
The spoiler's reign is o'er ;—relief is near ;—
The voice of Sidney strikes my startled ear."
While thus she spoke, the hills and valleys round
Rang to the rushing squadron's trampling sound :

Through clouds of dust the flash of sabres bright
Like meteors gleam'd with momentary light.
The cheers of champions thunder'd on the breeze 1400
Loud as the billows of the dashing seas ;
With stormy speed they flew ;—the pirates stood
Undaunted ; but when brave Hibernia's blood
Wells from the gen'rous heart, and nerves the hand
In woman's cause, what corsair can withstand
The whelming tide ? Like grass the robbers fell
Hewn by the scythe—not one survived to tell
The fatal story ; Tamba's ringing bow
Laid with each shaft a bleeding ruffian low ;
Anziko with resistless valour plied 1410
His thirsty sarbacan, and deeply dyed
With gore the herbage ; but the miscreant, *Pest*,
To glut his vengeful bosom sprang to wrest
The prize from Sidney ; where the trembling maid
Stood faint and pale beneath a plantain's shade,
(While groans of dying men assail'd her ears
Her spirit droop'd ; forgive a virgin's tears ;
The flame, that for a father's safety burn'd,
Expired, and woman's gentle soul return'd),
Furious he rush'd, and 'midst the battle's roar 1420
Swift to the flood his helpless burden bore,
Resolved to hurl her headlong from the steep,
To pierce her breast, or drown her in the deep.
“ Help ! help ! oh heavens !” distracted Clara cried ;
Her prayer was heard—quick dropping from her side
The villain's arm, arrested by a grasp,
Writhed as if tortured by the boa's clasp ;

Her champion, nimble as the lightning's beam,
 Dragg'd the pale wretch, and dash'd him in the stream :
 He struggled long in slime and wat'ry weeds, 1430
 Snatch'd at thin air, and seized the slipping reeds ;
 When lo ! a crocodile, that lurking lay
 In floating sedges, sprang upon his prey ;
 Through quivering flesh the crackling bone he ground,
 And mix'd his life-blood with the billows round ;
 In vain the victim, shrieking on the wave,
 Implored that mercy which he never gave ;
 The ruthless hypocrite, besmeared with gore,
 Sank in the bubbling stream to rise no more !

And he, who rescued thus from instant death 1440
 A weeping virgin, now with panting breath
 Sprang o'er the dead the long-lost maid to seek,
 Clung to her knees, and lick'd her pallid cheek,
 While the long murmur, that spontaneous broke
 From nature's source, his ecstasy bespoke.
 Clara shed tears—“ And is it thus from thee,
 My faithful Neptune ! on the stormy sea
 Or Indian wastes, that man must learn the ties
 Of love and gratitude ? Can shrieks or sighs,
 Or eloquence that flows with warmth divine, 1450
 Display devotion, friendship pure as thine ? ”
 While now the maid caress'd with patting hand
 Her bounding favourite, with flaming brand
 Sidney o'er bleeding corse and courser flew
 To fell the leader of the ruffian crew.

Alphonso met him ; prompted by despair
To pierce his rival's bosom, or to share
His cold companions' fate. As on the shore,
Where Alpine brutes descend with savage roar,
Two famish'd wolves in dread encounter meet, 1460
(In conquest life—destruction in retreat)
Gnash their sharp tusks, and rend the echoing sky,
While the contested lamb stands trembling by—
So rush'd the brave competitors ; both skill'd
Alike in battle's murd'rous art, and fill'd
With passion's flame ; bright sparks of living fire
Sprang from each sabre, as with desp'rate ire
The rivals all the hero's heart display'd,
And clash'd alternately the ringing blade.
But justice triumph'd in that awful hour, 1470
And nerved the Briton's arm with magic power
Unknown to guilt ; one swift and whelming blow
Shatter'd the Spanish brand, and laid the foe
Extended on the field—his glory past,
His tow'ring hopes all flown, Alphonso cast
One parting glance on her his soul adored,
And bared his bosom to the victor's sword.
But Sidney scorn'd to strike ; he bade farewell
To vengeance, when his helpless victim fell ;
And Clara like a spirit stood between, 1480
Sheathed with her gentle hand the falchion keen,
And raised Alphonso from the bloody ground.
“ Fortune has now,” she cried, “ my Sidney, crown'd
The labours of thy love ; the pirates slain
Press with their mangled limbs the slippery plain ;

And he, whose vengeful bosom plann'd the deed,
Has perish'd in the waves—by fate decreed
To wander lonely in this shadowy vale,
Thy rival lives to tell the mournful tale ;
His heart is honour's seat, though passion's power 1490
Sullied its pride in one distracted hour.
Through the dark wilderness my steps he led,
Watch'd the coil'd serpent, and the tiger's tread ;
With sweetest fruits refresh'd my feeble frame,
Lord of my life, yet guardian of my fame ;
Nor could the favour'd suitor's soul express
More noble truth, or manly tenderness.
Henceforth let rival feuds and discord end ;
Receive a grateful penitent and friend.”
She placed his hand in Sidney's—frank and free 1500
The seaman grasp'd it ; but the Spaniard's knee
Now press'd the ground—“ Unequall'd pair,” he said,
“ Youth of undaunted heart, and matchless maid !
Design'd by Heaven, ere yet the blazing sun
Had from chaotic night his course begun,
To bless each other's arms ; may blissful years
Roll on through flowers, and joys unstain'd by tears
Rise like the morning star each dawning day,
And cloudless shine till life has past away.
Forgive a wretch, in love and glory crost, 1510
Fame, honour, beauty's smile for ever lost !
And think, when Hymen's torch serenely burns,
Forlorn Alphonso in the desert mourns.
I fly from man and all the cultured race
To join the lonely savage in the chase,

And drown those thoughts, that sting me to the core,
In the dark hurricane, or torrent's roar."

He joined their hands, and sprang upon his steed ;
The courser bore him with the rein-deer's speed ;
And long they traced him by the evening's light, 1520
Till the receding speck was lost in night.

Of all his wildest dreams of joy possest,
Now Sidney clasp'd the virgin to his breast :
She shrank not from his loved embrace ; the heart
Of virtue scorns the prude's dissembling art.

But 'midst her smiles one shade of transient gloom
Flew, like a shower, across the rose's bloom.

" My father"—searce the tender word in tears
Was utter'd, when, to calm the maiden's fears,
Sidney exclaim'd, " The noble Chester lives, 1530
Enrich'd with all that fame or glory gives,
Bright laurels, that with towering splendour move
The rival's envy and the soldier's love.

He was to ev'ry manly soul endear'd,
The star—the magnet, that to honour steer'd
Through the cold billows in the stormy night
Till hope came cheering with returning light.

'Tis true, that on that fatal morn, when showers
Of fire descended—when the viewless powers
Wrapt in assassin's gloom, the firm and brave 1540
Scatter'd like mighty shipwrecks on the wave,
He too, the foremost of the daring band,
The peril shared ; some dark and coward hand
Aim'd at his gallant breast the deadly ball,
And shouting cravens saw the hero fall.

Weep not, my Clara ; Heaven's impartial laws
Shield him who suffers in his country's cause :
Ere touch'd the bosom of thy valiant sire,
On earth or stone the bullet spent its fire ;
Death's semblance o'er his pallid features spread, 1550
Senseless he lay on battle's gory bed ;
But timely care revived him ; pity pour'd
The cup of balm, and languid life restored.
I left him tended by those holy maids,
Whose mercy penetrates misfortune's shades,
Who seek no recompense nor glory here,
Save peace of conscience, and the grateful tear—
Sisters of charity ! immortal name !
Brighter than princely pomp, or victor's fame,
No bigot zeal, to caste or sect confined, 1560
With arms of love embracing all mankind,
Spanning both wave and shore through stormy night
With one pure galaxy of living light !
Thy sire composed, I hurried to impart
Glad tidings to my Clara's boding heart :
But oh ! what words can paint the wild alarms,
The soul's distraction, when from Sidney's arms
The raging tars confess'd that pirates bore
My helpless virgin to some distant shore ?
I follow'd thee, as eagles seek their young 1570
Torn from the plunder'd nest ; and fondly clung
To hope, as sinking swimmers in despair
Stretch their pale arms, and grasp at empty air.
By wanton sport, or dark design misled,
I sought thee on the pampa's sea-green bed ;

Pierced the deep forest, climb'd the towering pine,
And mournful traced the faint horizon's line.

Oft in the distance, like a captive's dream,
That cheers the soul with freedom's lovely beam,

I mark'd the pirates' red, nocturnal fire 1580

Glow with delusive splendour—and expire.

Reserving for this last, momentous hour,
Those precious grains, that imitate the power
Of thund'ring Jove, we saw the briery lands
Peopled with game that mock'd our feeble hands.

This faithful dog procured us daily food
In swamp, on mountain, or in tangled wood,
Sprang on the mallard in the marshy spring,
And seized the screaming curlew on the wing.

One eve I mark'd with many a mazy round 1590

And quivering nerve he snuff'd the dewy ground,
Gazed in my face, and with mysterious cry

Proclaim'd the close of toil and sorrow nigh :
We follow'd where the path his instinct traced,
As Israel's sons the pillar on the waste ;

Unerring as the trembling magnet leads
The rolling bark, o'er hills and grassy meads
He steer'd our footsteps to this lonely dell,
Where virtue triumph'd and the robber fell.

Some winter's eve we'll count our perils o'er 1600

When Heaven shall waft us to our natal shore ;
Enough that now I strain thee to my heart ;
No power, but Death, that levels with his dart
The rich and poor, the monarch and the slave,
Shall more divide us—on the bounding wave,

To spare thee from the morning's burning beam
And midnight dews, we'll reach La Plata's stream.
And thou, poor Tamba ! grateful, tender maid—
Faithful in joy's high noon, or sorrow's shade ;
Be this embrace my pledge that wealth and peace 1610
Shall crown thee when our toils and danger cease."

Now from that field, with mangled bodies strewn,
Where gleam'd the red grass to the pallid moon,
Sidney with gentle hand his Clara led ;
Of softest moss he laid a balmy bed,
And wove aloft of flexible shoots a bower
To screen her from the penetrating shower
Of night's cold dew ; with patient love he stood
Her guardian spirit, till the rosy flood
Of morning flowing through the forest glade 1620
Oped the sweet eyelids of his slumbering maid.
A tear stole down her cheeks as Clara press'd
Her Sidney's hand—“ And hast thou, robb'd of rest,
The long and chill nocturnal hours for me
Past in the shades of dread obscurity ?
Oh ! heart of sterling honour—still the same
On wave or desert—still the virgin's fame
Protecting as the mother guards her child,
Torn from the world, and helpless on the wild.
What poor return can Clara make to thee 1630
For these deep proofs of matchless loyalty ?
Can gratitude till life's departing day
Her Sidney's love—his tenderness repay ?”

“ Sole treasure of my heart !” the seaman cried,
 “ To see the bloom of joy’s returning tide
 Once more revisit that fair cheek is all
 That now I ask ; let dark oblivion’s pall
 Shroud thy past sufferings, and pleasures new
 Spring in thy path, like blossoms in the dew.
 Long used to mark the aspect of the skies, 1640
 Where the light send through viewless ether flies,
 I feel, though circled by the forest here,
 Instinctive proof that ocean’s flood is near.
 Come then, my love ! while morning cool and sweet
 Smiles cheeringly, ere yet the burning heat
 Has scorch’d the verdure of this flowery land,
 We’ll range the field, and seek the breezy strand.”

With heart at ease, her lover by her side,
 See Clara now, in youth and beauty’s pride,
 Exulting, as when erst in Evesham’s vale 1650
 Her own Arabian spun before the gale.
 A brisk and bounding barb, that Sidney led
 For this anticipated hour, and fed
 With richest grain, the lovely virgin bore ;
 Bravely his breast through briers and brushwood tore :
 They soon the forest clear’d ; her noble steed
 Flew like a shaft across the level mead.
 Ere noon the spirit of the fresh’ning breeze
 Came o’er the meadow, and the lofty seas
 From hill and rocky promontory shone 1660
 Like heaving silver ; with the trumpet’s tone

Sidney's clear voice o'er sounding billows hail'd
 A skiff, that through the creeks and shallows sail'd
 In search of turtle : 'midst the western isles
 Those creatures stand in long and martial files
 By thousands, with extended necks, to mark
 The lurking tiger, or approaching bark ;
 When all is calm on wave and shelly strand,
 With crooked claws they dig the burning sand,
 And in the bosom of that sunny nest

1670

Their eggs deposite ; through the night they rest
 Brooding with care maternal, but retire
 When morning dawns, and trust the solar fire
 To act the mother's part : with anxious eyes
 The Indians watch their tardy march, surprise
 The tribes unwieldy as to rocky cell
 Or sea they move ; reverse the pond'rous shell
 And leave them helpless ; or with barbed spear,
 When softly diving in the waters clear,
 Pierce the testaceous crust, o'er which a wain
 With trampling buffaloes might roll in vain.

1680

Intent on sport, and deafen'd by the roar
 Of wind and surf, the fishers from the shore
 Heard not the sound, nor saw the kerchief play,
 But, careless whistling, slowly sail'd away.
 Sidney, with heavy heart, the virgin led
 Beneath a dark and hanging rock, that spread
 An awful canopy : the day-star now
 Flash'd from the zenith, and the dusky brow

Of Tamba, though to Phœbus' fiery stream 1690
Long season'd, melted to the blazing beam.
They rested there till, sinking in the west,
The king of splendour flung o'er ocean's breast
His gold and crimson mantle ; far and wide
It flow'd in glory on the glittering tide,
Like fields of roses in Arabian vales,
Blushing in dew, and fluttering in the gales.
Thee, charming evening ! in the flowery spring
Or winter wild the bard delights to sing ;
The day's sweet Sabbath—sorrow's soothing balm—
Season of social joys, of pleasures calm, 1701
Gather'd affections, and domestic love ;
Dear as the coming of the welcome dove
When storms were past ; or music on the shore
Of Leman when the vintage labour's o'er.
How fondly to the world would mortals cleave,
Were man's existence one eternal Eve !
Oft on presumptuous wing my fancy flies
Through rosy vistas to those tranquil skies,
Where martyr'd saints in bowers of bliss repose, 1710
And that pure light for ever softly glows.
Oh ! could a limner's hand those streams arrest,
That flow in brilliance from the flaming west,
Like him who stay'd the splendid sun's career,
To mould those cloudy forms in colours clear,
To sketch the transient beam and awful shade
Of those red fringed curtains ere they fade !
But swift the vision passes from the green,
As on the mimic stage the shifting scene.

Ere the last glimmer of that glorious ray 1720
Set on impassion'd Rousseau's closing day,
" Raise me," he cried, " while yet Apollo swims
On ocean's verge ; oh ! bear these languid limbs
To yon bright casement ; let these eyes behold
Once more those draperies of floating gold
And azure, that in youth's ecstatic hour
Fill'd me with rapture !"—Such the magic power
Of lovely sunset, that the failing breath
Implored one parting gleam to gild the porch of death !

Now from that arch of rock the youthful pair 1730
Came forth, allured by vesper's balmy air.
Pensive they wander'd on the lonely shore
To mark a sail, or hear the dashing oar ;
Clara was silent ; but a tear, represt
In vain, fell trembling on her gentle breast ;
When, soft ! a liquid flute, harmonious, clear
As lucid fountains, murmuring in the ear
Like melting music breathing on the wave
From siren lips, a charming prelude gave ;
And soon a well-known voice with mellow sound 1740
Woke the sweet echoes from the caves around ;
And, as they stood entranced in pleasing pain,
The viewless minstrel pour'd this joyous strain.

The Turtle Feast.

JUSTICE GULLET would sigh, with a tear in his eye,
 Could he hear of the tar's recreation ;
 This four-footed fish were an epicure's dish
 To the lips of a whole corporation.

Oh ! this dear little turtle ;
 This tender voluptuous turtle ;
 Callipee, callipash, sweetly float in the hash 1750
 Of this lively, delicious, fat turtle.

I see them unbuckle, and smilingly chuckle,
 Preparing to feast on a mock fish,
 That's like this no more than a pig to wild boar,
 A turbot or sole to a stock-fish.

Oh ! could they see the green callipee
 Of this oily, rich, unctuous turtle,
 They would eat till they split with a savoury bit
 Of this luscious, unguentulous turtle.

At St Patrick's desire, that all snakes should retire
 From the fields of my own little island, 1761
 Viper, adder, and toad all left their abode
 In the valleys of Erin's green island.
 But oh ! he'd have spared this fine turtle,
 This quadruped creeper so frisky ;
 His disciples would fast on rich fat to the last,
 And wash the sin down with old whisky.

But still folks will swear there are toad-eaters there,
 And parasites smiling as cider,
 That will bubble sweet notes while they're cutting men's
 throats, 1770

And reptiles that crawl like a spider.

Oh ! my poor little island !

All hubbub on water and dry land ;
 Between Captain Rock and the falling of stock
 There's no rest in that dear little island.

We have Hock and Madeira ; if Sidney and Clara
 Could share the delights of this meeting,
 How gaily the glass round the circle would pass,
 In feasting, and songs, and in greeting !

Oh ! this mellow Madeira,

1780

That slips down so soft and so neatly,
 To my organs auricular London *particular*
 Bubbles from bottle less sweetly.

In the absence of friends, as dame Fortune still blends
 Our joys with the salt tears of sorrow,
 We'll drink to them now, and clear the sad brow
 In hopes of success on the morrow.

Then here's to our captain, gay Sidney,
 A sterling brave tar to the kidney ;

And here's to his bride, and all lasses beside, 1790
 That are worthy the heart of a Sidney.

Now, as resounded o'er the strand and sea
 The Britons' jovial cheer of three times three,
 Beneath a cool pavilion's pleasing shade,
 By rambling vines and green lianas made,
 Sidney his merry messmates found, all gay
 With lusty health, and sparkling as the spray
 Of their own element; on mossy beds
 They lean'd like Roman epicures; their heads
 With clusters of the purple grape were crown'd, 1800
 And brows with bacchanalian ivy bound;
 Their table was a level rock; their glass
 The coeoa shell; nor could a court surpass
 The richness of their wines and luscious fare.
 Hart, whose bright spirit never bow'd to care,
 Their joyous president, the bumper pour'd,
 And sent, with mirth and music, round the board
 The soul-inspiring toast; and one, whose name,
 Yet unrecorded, from the bard must claim
 This late remembrance, o'er the festal scene 1810
 Strew'd, like a vernal sunbeam on the green,
 New life and lustre; on Iberian strands,
 On Lusitanian hills and burning sands,
 I shared the painful march, the dews of night,
 With *Graham Henry*; from the morning's light
 Till evening's shades together have we prest,
 With weary feet, the mountain's rocky breast,
 And through the joyless hours of darkness lay
 In the cold bivouac on swampy clay.
 Form'd of those happy elements, that blend 1820
 The cheerful messmate with the steady friend,

In all those scenes that try the sterling ore
Of heart and temper to the inmost core,
Henry was still unchanged, and o'er the bowl
Or battle proved the sound Hibernian's soul.
Like the clear sun, that o'er Hesperian isles
Rises in brilliancy, and sets in smiles,
From dawn to dusk his spirit, ever gay,
Chased from the bosom sorrow's clouds away,
And to misfortune's deepest shadows gave 1830
New joy, like sparkles on the midnight wave.
If e'er this idle strain his eye shall meet
In fields of glory, or the calm retreat
Beneath his well-earn'd laurels, days long past
May rise in soft remembrance, and the blast
Of war's shrill trumpet from Mondego's shore,
Mellow'd by time, salute his ear once more.

While now they waved their cocoa cups, and sang
Till rock and cave with roaring music rang,
Sidney, with Clara smiling by his side, 1840
Before them like a spirit stood, and cried
“ What cheer, my lads?” that voice, whose thund'ring
sound
Oft warm'd them when the god of battle frown'd,
Silenced their revels with electric tone,
And each wild Bacchus seem'd transform'd to stone.
But soon the cordial grasp of Sidney woke
The statues into life, and shouts bespoke
Their honest joy ; around the blushing maid
They danced like satyrs, ecstasy display'd

Which none but jovial sons of Neptune feel ; 1850
And, ere one lip was suffer'd to reveal
Their strange adventures, to the plenteous board
They led their smiling guests, profusely pour'd
All fruits that glow beneath the burning line
On dewy leaves, and brimm'd with rosy wine
The sylvan chalice ; Neptune frolic'd round,
Greeting with speaking eyes and lively bound
His old companions ; young Anziko shared
Their gratulations, and with Tamba fared
Luxurious on the rural feast ; when now 1860
Keen hunger slacken'd, and each glistening brow
Reflected joy untarnish'd by a shade,
Henry thus spoke, " I see that gentle maid,
Though silent, panting with impatient love
To hear a father's fate ; the Powers above,
Guardians of piety and martial fame,
Have heard her prayers, and ere the living flame
Of yon bright orb shall vanish from the west,
Chester shall clasp her to his glowing breast.
Those charitable sisters soon restored 1870
The hardy veteran ; the bosom gored
With honourable scars their balsam heal'd ;
But deeper stung the dart, when tongues reveal'd
His Clara's loss ; the soldier's hope alone,
That withers not till life itself hath flown,
Sustain'd his spirit : when those promised lands,
The Western Paradise, to hostile hands
Return'd, and glory's splendid dream was o'er,
We sail'd dejected from that fatal shore,

Where all, but honour, perish'd in the grave. 1880
Along La Plata's melancholy wave
We slowly moved, explored each creek and bay,
Pour'd a loud peal of signal-guns by day ;
And, like the southern cross, with streams of light
Our floating Pharos glitter'd through the night.
We sent the Peon on his flying steed
To pierce the woods, and range the trackless mead,
With brilliant promises of tempting ore
To him who first successful tidings bore.
We swept wide ocean and Brazilian land 1890
From Maldonado to the golden strand
Of rich Janeiro ; but the father's love
No more could brook delay ; a shelter'd cove
Now holds the Cæsar, where thy valiant sire,
Fair maiden, fill'd with all the pristine fire
Of lusty youth, prepares at morning's dawn
To search the flood, the forest, and the lawn,
To trace the robber, and his darling child
Once more embrace, or perish on the wild.
To this small inlet has the gracious hand 1900
Of Heav'n our course directed ; we, a band
Of hearty volunteers, and champions bold
In beauty's cause and honour's ranks enroll'd,
Came hither to recruit our scanty store
With fruits and pulse on this luxurious shore :
But, thanks to Providence, our cares are vain ;
Spring, my brave tars, and dash the sounding main ;
Adieu to pirates, swamps, and war's alarms ;
Come, lovely maid, and bless a father's arms."

Tears of pure gratitude the virgin shed, 1910
 Then followed where her trusty pilot led ;
 But Hart, the jovial soul, a turtle spied
 Supine and panting for the coming tide ;
 "Thou swimm'st not here, my turtle-dove," cried he,
 "Nor shall wild Indians taste thy callipee."
 With thong and buckle then the living pack
 He bound, and strapp'd him on his bending back ;
 Monkland and Colton seized a lusty brother,
 And Henry's nervous arms embraced another ;
 As thus, half men, half fish, they march'd along, 1920
 The merry minstrel cheer'd them with a song.

The Jolly Bachelor.

I am like an old hack, with a load on my back,
 That would puzzle a porter to carry ;
 A lad might as well pull the Muscovite bell,
 Draw stones, row the galleys—or marry !

Oh ! what a life a man with a wife
 Must lead when he's pinion'd for ever ;
 Cold, hunger, and thirst I can brave to the worst,
 But Harry will marry—oh ! never.

If thus a fair bride on my shoulders were tied, 1930
 How she'd sing in bass, altos, and trebles !
 How her sharp tongue would clatter, and knuckles
 would batter
 My brains like a sledge on the pebbles !

The fish has soft paws, and the woman keen claws
 That would tear me and scratch me for ever ;
 It were wiser to carry a grampus than marry
 A spouter, that holds her tongue never.

I would rather thus bend with my four-footed friend,
 Though his pressure may give the lumbago,
 Than sink to the ground with the heart-piercing sound
 From the lips of a two-legg'd virago. 1941

A bachelor sails, unruffled by gales
 That Hymen's frail tackle soon sever ;
 For a Benedict's life is an ocean of strife,
 Where he's tost, duck'd, and pickled for ever.

The careless youth, who thus in merry strains
 Chanted the freeman's joys, and wedlock's pains,
 Ere long was noosed, and with the nuptial kiss
 His recantation seal'd ; the selfish bliss
 Of lonely bachelors he sings no more, 1950
 Snared in the trap like many rakes before.
 Who can his mystic horoscope divine ?
 Such fate, perchance, young reader, may be thine,
 Though now incredulous—alas ! or mine.

Gaily with feathering oars they swept the spray,
 And from the bosom of an opening bay
 The Cæsar's mast arose in streaming pride ;
 Clara, with fluttering heart, her father spied

Pre-eminent amidst the martial throng ; he stood
With telescope in hand, and o'er the flood 1960
Impatient gazed to mark the boat's return.
Torn by the rowers' blades, now seem'd to burn
The sparkling billows ; swift as solar light
The pinnace flew, and ere the vet'ran's sight
One feature of the crew distinctly traced,
The faithful spaniel sprang on board, embraced
His long-lost master, and with mellow roar
Proclaim'd that friends were join'd, to part no more.
Clara with trembling feet and beating breast
The steps ascended ; now in silence prest 1970
To that paternal heart, whose ruddy stream,
No longer glowing to ambition's beam,
But flow'd for her, with feeble voice she cried
“ My father ! ”—Nature's crystal source supplied
Passion and eloquence, and tears, that speak
Mysterious language, glitter'd on her cheek ;
Her sinking frame required a soldier's aid—
“ Welcome, my Clara ! sweetest, gentlest maid ;
Welcome to Chester's bosom as the light
Of dawning day to him, whose wintry night 1980
Through dreary moons has linger'd on the shores
Of icy Lapland—as Peruvian ores
When first the sparkle of the golden vein
Cheers the despairing miner ; lo ! I strain
Once more my rescued child ; bereft of thee,
Like the blind pilot on the stormy sea,
I drifted on the rocks and faithless sands,
Or like the pale, mysterious stork, that stands

All lonely on the Lusitanian spire,
An alien from the world, the stirring fire
Of glory quench'd, I gazed on all around
In listless vacaney ; but thou art found,
My soul's dear treasure ! and this brilliant hour,
An iris, shines through fortune's bitter shower."

1990

With honest cheers the circling seamen came
To greet their blushing favourite ; the flame
That burns within the fond, maternal breast,
Is scarce more pure than that which now possess'd
The bosoms of those brave, untutor'd tars
For her, whose tender hand had heal'd their scars, 2000
And golden vistas shewn beyond the grave :
But night now spread her pinions on the wave,
And Sidney with affection's piercing eye
Saw from his Clara's cheek the roses fly.
It is not when the passions' lofty tide
Swells to the tempest of indignant pride
Of glory, that material organs feel
Toil or depression ; sharp excitements steel
The nerve for noble deeds, and heroes warm
To trump and cannon in the battle's storm, 2010
Like the proud condor soaring to the sun,
But sink exhausted when the day is won ;
And Clara now, of all her hopes possest,
A pensive mourner seem'd, and sigh'd for rest ;
'Twas deepest joy in nature's language told,
Though heartless tongues may call the feeling cold.

2010

“ She thanks you all,” the grateful seaman said,
 As from the deck her falt’ring steps he led ;
 “ Wake not the slumb’ring maid this peaceful night,
 And mirth shall dawn with rosy morning’s light.” 2020

Sweet is the vernal blossom’s tender bloom
 On earth’s green carpet, when the winter’s gloom,
 Tempest and bitter frost have pass’d away,
 And hawthorns tremble to the blackbird’s lay ;
 Sweet to the mother’s eye the crimson streak
 That sparkles on her infant’s pallid cheek,
 A pledge of health return’d ; but sweeter far
 The glorious beam of day’s imperial star,
 That gilds the marriage morn ; in rays of gold,
 As bursts the turnsol from its dusky fold, 2030
 O’er ocean’s brim the splendid orb appear’d,
 And from the rocks and glassy billows clear’d
 Nocturnal shadows ; fluttering streamers flew
 From yard and towering mast, as softly blew
 Melodious zephyrs ; on the living sea,
 Whose pulses throbb’d with deepest harmony
 In unison with Clara’s heart, the waves
 Spread their white bosoms, warbling to the caves
 In wat’ry music ; now like sportive girls
 Dash’d their bright arms, and scatter’d dewy pearls
 On beds of crystal, or with polish’d hands 2041
 Glided harmonious to the glowing sands.
 With steps of cheerful confidenee, array’d
 In vestal purity, the blue-eyed maid

Came forth as brilliant as the first-born light
That smiled on chaos ; Hymen's holy rite,
To some a sacrifice, to more a jest,
With temper'd joy inspired her candid breast ;
No trembling limb suspicious dread bespoke,
Nor from the cheek deceitful blushes broke ; 2050
No tears were shed ; (I love not bridal tears,
That flow from fountains of prophetic fears,
Or tutor'd affectation, damping all
The bridegroom's bliss, and flinging sorrow's pall
O'er beds of blossoms : woman's cordial heart
Should on the nuptial morn become a part
Of him, to whose warm hand she trusts her own,
And smile a gem upon her husband's throne.)
With honest joy the gallant Chester gave
His treasure to those arms, that on the wave 2060
And wild her fame protected ; proudly heaved
His bosom, as the noble youth received
That sacred pledge, and rapture lit his brow,
When beauty's lips pronounced the solemn vow.
Silent the breathless seamen stood around,
But when the ring her snowy finger bound,
The mystic ring, which powers immortal wove,
That little circle of eternal love !
From cave and forest of the rich Brazil
Hark to the echoes of the thund'ring peal ! 2070
The cannon woke the tiger from his lair ;
On plumes of iron through the troubled air
Rose the majestic condor ; o'er the dew
Glided the startled snake, and Indians flew

In terror from the woods ; but Sidney cried
 " Avast ! my lads—here's yet another bride .
 To grace our festive morn ;" with modest mien,
 Deck'd in the splendour of an eastern queen,
 Tamba stepp'd forth ; Anziko's glowing hand
 Clasp'd hers, and there before the Christian band 2080
 They both abjured their Lybian rites, embraced
 The blessed Cross, and firm reliance placed
 For mercy in redeeming love : no tongue
 Of fire-denouncing missionary wrung
 The faithless lips' assent ; their piercing eyes
 Discern'd the light, that needs no dark disguise ;
 Conviction flash'd through feeling, sight, and sense,
 And reason proved its practick excellence.
 Their hands were join'd, and to the sounding shore
 Another peal the happy tidings bore. 2090
 Swift flew the winged hours ; but merry Hart
 Display'd that morn his culinary art ;
 " Gadzooks," cried he, " my toil must now begin,
 Tuck this soft napkin underneath my chin ;
 My cares commence where bride and parson end ;
 Bring hither, cook, my fat, amphibious friend ;
 No hand, but Harry's, shall one atom dash
 Of pepper on my noble callipash."

I know no sound in music, prose or fable,
 So thrilling sweet as " dinner's on the table." 2100
 Let Butler Tom his rosy face display,
 And lo ! the solemn circle melts away.

The host, in winter, like a hero bold,
 May poke the fire, and vow the weather's cold ;
 Alas ! in summer who can say or sing
 One magic word to break the dreadful ring ?
 All tongues are lock'd ; all hearts deplore with wonder
 Silence more awful than the crash of thunder.
 While Time, the drone, on leaden pinions flies,
 All watch the door with wet, beseeching eyes ; 2110
 Good Justice Paunch looks thin—the parson thinner—
 Cheer up, my ducklings ! hark ! the call to dinner,
 That charms alike all sexes, ranks, and ages,
 Kings, soldiers, doctors, bishops, fools, and sages :
 The stern philosopher looks wondrous wise ;
 But sharp observers pierce the thin disguise ;
 Unwieldy aldermen with sprightly bound
 Spring like a roebuck to the joyous sound ;
 Old maids unbend, and (wondrous to relate !)
 Stir their stiff bones, and start to win the *plate* ; 2120
 No more the smerking miss in window lingers,
 Pouting, but circles with her dainty fingers
 The captain's elbow ; all are smart and merry,
 Light as a shuttlecock, and brisk as perry.

The feast was spread ; with Sidney by her side
 Sate, like a new-blown rose, the happy bride ;
 And Tamba too with young Anziko there,
 Caress'd by all, partook the nuptial fare.
 The soul of Clara soar'd above the forms
 Of narrow prejudice ; the stream that warms 2130

The negro's heart, though Ethiopian skies
 The skin have stain'd, to her impartial eyes
 Was pure and precious as the ducal blood,
 That flow'd through titled robbers since the flood.
 She prized intrinsic excellence, though drest
 In sable robes ; beneath an inky breast
 She saw the mine, as Nature in the core
 Of rugged rocks conceals her richest ore.

But who is this, with copper vessel bending,
 The double task of cook and butler blending ? 2140
 With Stentor voice young Harry, ever gay,
 Cried " Fhaig an baille"—alias, " clear the way !"
 He placed the smoking cauldron on the board
 Brimful of turtle's luscious soup, and stored
 With soft, green fat ; the parson's jolly face
 Glow'd at the sight—then first he utter'd grace—
 Smiling he dipp'd the polish'd spoon, when lo !
 (So near is mortal happiness to wo)
 The festal table, of Norwegian oak,
 Sank on its tott'ring pedestals, and broke 2150
 With awful crash—" *O Domine Sanctissime,*"
 The chaplain cried, " we'll lose the callipee ;
 Save the sweet turtle—murder ! treason ! arson !"
 Hart grasp'd the cauldron—Henry seized the parson ;
 All roll'd together, but with wondrous art
 The jovial cook preserved the better part.
 Chester and Sidney hail'd with hearty cheers
 'The turtle's rescue ; and when Clara's fears

Subsided for the panting priest, she too
 Join'd in the laughter of the joyous crew ; 2160
 Pure was her soul, but not of mould too fine
 A joke to relish ; now the sparkling wine
 Flow'd copiously ; " Amidst this merry throng
 Can none," cried Sidney, " weave a nuptial song ?
 Harry's our cook ; on this auspicious day
 What minstrel chants the bridal roundelay ?"
 Henry sprang up, a social volunteer,
 And caroll'd thus in manly tones and clear.

Come haste to the Wedding.

Come haste to the wedding—but where are the lasses
 With bosoms of lily and *levres de rose*? 2170
 No matter—we'll brim with a bumper our glasses,
 Drink health to our friends, and oblivion to foes.
 Pass round the bowl, each jovial soul ;
 Drain to the bottom the flask of Madeira ;
 Let not a tear in the crystal appear,
 While we fill to the joys of brave Sidney and Clara.

In merry Westmeath a gay wedding begins
 With a cake, stuck with nine pins and ribbons all over ;
 But we play with nine-pounders, and not with nine pins ;
 A cannon's the voice of the maritime rover. 2180

Pass round the bowl, &c.

No May-poles are here, the green meadows commanding;
 No queen of the spring, with her nymphs dancing
 round her ;

But look to the mast like a pyramid standing,
 That never has bent to a forty-two pounder.

Pass round the bowl, &c.

No bagpipe, nor fiddle, nor dulcimer's twidle
 Is heard, and no bonfires bituminous burn ;
 But hark to the roar of our guns on the shore,
 Which the rocks of Brazil in loud thunder return !

Pass round the bowl, &c.

A bumper, my lads, like the wave's foaming crest ;
 Let the dew of the vine bathe the olive of peace ; 2190
 May Sidney and Clara for ever be blest,
 And ere nine moons are past may the blessing increase !

Pass round the bowl, while carriagades roll ;
 Fling to the billows the flask of Madeira ;
 With love-verses fill it, and let a sweet billet
 Fly post through the ocean for Sidney and Clara.

Thus, like wild blossoms on the mountain earth,
 Amidst my solemn scenes I scatter mirth ;
 Hard is the task to hit each reader's fancy ;
 Mary's a pensive soul—wit pleases Nancy ; 2200
 We, bards, must labour like a rogue in chains,
 To meet with poor compassion for our pains !

The merry dance, the harmless jest, the glee
 Combined in streams of cordial harmony ;
 Monkland the strains of ancient bards applied,
 Or apt effusions flowing in a tide
 From his rich mind with classic treasures stored ;
 And Evans' warbling flute new measures pour'd
 That blissful evening ; whirring rockets flew
 Replenishing the vault's transparent blue 2210
 With showers of stars ; the silver waves beneath
 Spread to the glittering heav'ns a rival wreath
 Of living pearls ; and Cynthia's peaceful light
 Smiled o'er the scene, and bless'd the nuptial night.

Once more wild ocean's crystal fields we plough,
 Spurning dull care behind, with gallant prow
 Pointed to merry England ; “ blow, fair breeze !
 Waft my sweet bride across the torrid seas
 To home and joy”—the winds blew fresh ; the mast
 Bent like a Dofrine pine-tree to the blast ; 2220
 Beauteous it was to mark the glassy waves
 Swell'd into mountains—hollow'd into caves,
 While roll'd the gallant ship, her steady line
 Preserving still, victorious on the brine ;
 An arch of emerald, with diamonds crown'd,
 Moves with majestic march and solemn sound,
 Denouncing ruin in the thund'ring peal,
 But sinks, and softly glides beneath the keel.
 And oft, when struggling in the midnight storm,
 Arose serene the Cæsar's fearless form, 2230

Proud as the Vatican's imperial dome,
And charged, like warrior's stead, through fire and foam.
Short was the voyage ; one delicious night
Gleam'd to the moon the shores of lovely Wight ;
The heart, that never on a foreign strand
Has panted for the lost, the native land,
Can faintly feel that joy that fills the breast,
When Albion's cliffs exalt their silver crest
Above the billows ; sweet sensations then
Rush to the bosom, and the tongues of men 2240
In that loved language, which from infant years
We utter'd, bathe our cheeks with holy tears.
Sad was the scene, when Clara bade adieu
To all those gallant tars ; the pearly dew
Swam in their eyes, as each brave hand she press'd,
Thank'd them for all their kindness past, and bless'd
Their future labours ; gold their spirit scorn'd ;
But ringlet, plume, or ribbon, that adorn'd
Her mild and graceful person, shone to them
More precious than a costly diadem. 2250
Hart and his gay companions promised soon
To seek her rural paradise ; bright June
Had now enrich'd Britannia's fields with flowers,
And strewn the hedge and hawthorn branch with showers
Of milky blossoms, when to that dear shore
The Caesar's barge the pensive party bore ;
The roll of echoing cannon, and the swell
Of cheering warriors spoke their last farewell.

It was a lovely evening, cool and calm,
 When Clara first inhaled the breathing balm 2260
 Of woodbine cottage ; Neptune wildly sprang
 To meet Cornelius ; hall and garden rang
 With cries exulting, as the old man came
 With beating bosom, though with bending frame,
 To greet the father's and his child's return.

“ No longer shall my trusty steward mourn,”
 Brave Chester said, “ in sorrow and distress,
 If gold can purchase mortal happiness.”

“ The roving sailor is a thirsty soul,”
 Cried Sidney—“ bring, my friend, a foaming bowl
 Of British wine, by Clara's fingers made, 2271
 Sweeter to me than rich Tokay, display'd
 On boards imperial, and my bride shall pass
 In circling harmony the jovial glass.

I know thy faithful services ; on thee
 Shall wealth descend, as Heav'n shall prosper me.

Cornelius from his secret cupboard drew
 A store of cordials ; brisk as soda flew
 The sparkling gooseberry ; Metheglin clear
 Stream'd in transparency like the lucid tear 2280
 Of *vin de goutte*, and all a double zest
 To Sidney gave, by beauty's hands exprest.

For Tamba first the brimming cup she pour'd ;
 “ Welcome ! thrice welcome to thy Clara's board,
 My life's preserver ! long may thou and thine
 Share at my table sweetest fruits and wine,
 And all that Sidney's bounteous heart bestows ;
 A cottage stands where silver Severn flows

Through greenest pasture ; there shall Tamba find
Repose and shelter, should the fates unkind 2290
E'er frown on Clara ; bleating lambs shall feed
Along thy dewy downs, the sprightly steed
Range through rich meads of clover ; wealthy kine
Shall stock thy fields : thy blooming gardens shine
With golden fruitage, and thy future cares
Henceforth be needless ; to Anziko's heirs
My husband shall bequeath them ; far at sea
This plan our gratitude arranged for thee.
But Woodbine Cottage still shall be thy home ;
If thy free will incline thy steps to roam 2300
Round these fair shores, to Clara ever dear
Shall Tamba find a cordial welcome here."
Sobs choked the Lybian's utterance ; but eyes
And heaving breast, whose language well supplies
All dearth of eloquence, her feelings told ;
But young Anziko's bosom could not hold
His joy tumultuous ; he clasp'd her knees,
And bless'd the gales that o'er the tropic seas
Bore that bright cherub in a mortal form
To save his shipwreck'd Tamba in the storm 2310

Now Clara fill'd the sparkling glass for all ;
Music and mirth resounded through the hall ;
Her plaintive harp was sighing in the breeze ;
Her flowers, fresh blooming, from the rocid trees
Dropp'd nectar, and her grateful spaniel's eyes
With pleasure glistened. Morning's crystal skies

Smiled on her path ; the golden moments flew
 Like rose-leaves on a river ; o'er the dew
 Of Worcestershire's ambrosial fields once more
 That airy form her loved Arabian bore.

2320

Her lambs, though fully grown, remember'd still
 The hand that fed them ; o'er the balmy hill
 And blossom'd valley were the creatures seen
 Her steps attending ; brilliant and serene
 Brave Chester too the sun of fortune bless'd,
 Gilding, though late, the hero's drooping crest :
 When Fame's loud trump to Britain's king reveal'd
 The worth that noble modesty conceal'd,
 Titles and gold, and glory's brighter ray
 Graced the calm sunset of his splendid day.

2330

To Clara now was ev'ry blessing given
 That mortals taste, anticipating heaven—
 Friends, sweet companions, blooming girls and boys,
 External honours and domestic joys—
 A garland which the hands of angels wove
 For filial piety and matchless love !

Parting Admonition.

WOMAN ! with thee began this simple lay ;
 What brighter theme can close my setting day ?
 For now, enchanted by the magic spell
 No more, I bid a long, a last farewell
 To lovely Poesy, that soothing power,
 That oft has cheer'd the solitary hour,

2340

Strew'd flowers, when thorns were rankling in the brain,
And conquer'd real by fictitious pain.
Through the vast realms of ocean, earth and air,
The temple, forest, camp, and desert bare,
The bard his various song incessant weaves,
And careless scatters, like autumnal leaves,
His mystic numbers ; hark ! to every note,
From the hoarse croaking of the raven's throat, 2350
Through each gradation—twitter, pipe and swell,
To the sweet thrush, and lovely philomel :
And hear the dark, mysterious Byron sing
In words and thoughts of nervous power, that wring
The bosom like a vice ! while he, and more
Of fame inferior, rushing from the shore
Through towering waves in storm and thunder sweep,
My little skiff must perish in the deep.
But, ere I sink in cold oblivion's sea,
The muse shall breathe one parting lay to thee, 2360
Of Nature's works the sweetest and the last !
We meet no more—forgive all errors past.
If e'er my pen, to weave some idle strain,
Sprinkled one drop to give an angel pain,
Oh ! blot from memory the careless line—
'Twas but in jest—my heart was ever thine.

An era dawns to cheer and bless mankind,
True golden age—millenium of the mind !
Progressive Science now expands her store,
Brightens the gloom, and gladdens ev'ry shore. 2370

See where the steam-wrought bark serenely glides
Through calm, through tempest, and opposing tides,
Like a leviathan subdues the main,
While rage the battling elements in vain !
Through polar ice the naval hero steers ;
The tongues of northern worlds salute his ears,
And Parry reaps beneath a Brunswick's reign
The laurel, while Columbus hugg'd a chain.
The steed no more, inglorious in the team
Tugs the dull barge against the foaming stream ; 2380
His limbs shall now, for nobler use design'd,
Leave on the course the whistling breeze behind,
Exulting spring victorious in the race,
Or bear young beauty in the glowing chase.
The wretch that now in cold and darkness pines,
Buried, a sleepless mole, in shafts and mines,
Or in the burning glass-house wastes away
The sap of life, henceforth in sunny day,
Free as the wand'ring tenants of the air,
May light, and joy, and mental glory share. 2390
While man thus shines, shall lovely woman still
Plod the dull round, and tread the weary mill ?
Were those fair hands by Providence design'd
To cut and shuffle, knots and nosegays bind,
To dress a doll—a prating parrot feed—
To tickle wire, or string a worthless bead ?
Forbid it, Heaven ! the female heart contains
More strength than revels in a giant's veins—
Spirit and promptitude, that never bow
To fate, though lightnings flash from peril's brow ;

Presence of mind in hours of awful need,
 When man, the despot, trembles like a reed ;
 And patience, never worn, that tends the bed
 Of anguish, till the fatal shaft has sped.

2401

Rouse the deep energies, that dormant lie,
 And soar resplendent to your native sky ;
 Snatch, or divide, the wreath of deathless fame,
 Which proud competitors exclusive claim ;
 Assert your bright prerogative, to cheer
 With smiles the pilgrim's lonely journey here, 2410
 And lead the path to purer realms above
 With heart of innocence and wings of love.
 Search the rich classics in their native ore ;
 The depths of Plato's mighty page explore—
 Maro's harmonious strains—the song of Troy—
 Be man's adored companion—not his toy.
 Design each tendril, plant, and breathing flower,
 That crowns the rock, or blossoms in the bower,
 From the dark pine, that braves the northern gale,
 To Scotia's bell, the primrose of the vale, 2420
 To mountain weed, or blade of trodden grass.
 Peruse the heavens through Herschel's awful glass ;
 See, where the flames of glimmering orbs expire,
 The comet pour new cataracts of fire ;
 And through all space eternal concord hear
 With mortal organ, or with mental ear,
 From the deep chorus of the thund'ring sea
 To those bright spheres' mysterious melody.

Look to De Staël, fair, unrivall'd star !
Whose spirit, like Columbus, burst the bar, 2430
That screen'd a glorious world from human sight,
And brought the mines of woman's soul to light.
Tread in her lofty steps, and prove that more
May grasp the wreath her splendid temples wore.
Fling tinsel to the winds, and seize the gold ;
Then shall the partner of thy joys behold
The lustre of the mind from beauty's eye
Sparkle like sunbeams through an azure sky,
And view once more, as at creation's birth,
Angels commingling with the sons of earth. 2440

NOTES.

NOTES TO BOOK I.

PAGE 62, LINE 783.

Floating like filmy folds of Abrovan.

THERE was a sort of muslin, called Abrovan, which was manufactured solely for the use of the emperor's seraglio, which, if spread on wet grass, was scarcely visible. The Emperor Aurung Zeb was angry with his daughter for shewing her skin through her clothes; whereupon the young princess remonstrated in her justification that she had seven jamaks, or suits, on. Another story was, that a weaver was chastised, and turned out of the city of Decca, for his neglect in not preventing his cow from eating up a piece of the same sort of muslin, which he had spread, and carelessly left on the grass.

LORD LAUDERDALE ON INDIA.

But all those exquisite specimens of oriental art are surpassed by the Munich cobweb, which has the virgin and child worked in it, and wrought to such an unrivalled pitch of delicate fineness, that the figures it contains cannot be discerned without a microscope.

PAGE 63, LINE 824.

Or web the flying spider weaves.

Mr Knight relates the following anecdote of this curious insect. "I have frequently placed a spider on a small up-

right stick, whose base was surrounded by water, to observe its most singular mode of escape. After having discovered that the ordinary means of retreat are cut off, it ascends the point of the stick, and, standing nearly on its head, ejects its web, which the wind readily carries to some contiguous object. Along this the sagacious insect effects his escape, not, however, till it has previously ascertained, by several exertions of its whole strength, that its web is properly attached to the opposite end."

Dr Lister informs us that the flying spider ascends the top of a wall or tree, and turning its head towards the wind, ejaculates several threads ; and rising from its station, commits itself to the gale, and is thus carried beyond the loftiest towers—they catch minute winged insects in their progress, and descend by contracting their limbs, and gradually disengaging themselves from the thread which supports them.

PAGE 66, LINE 889.

The creature turn'd his downcast head aside.

Some of my readers will smile at the idea of a dog's modesty ; but I have witnessed it a thousand times, and seen that sensitive creature hang down his head, and look another way, seemingly abashed, when surprised in the act of watching his master at meals.

PAGE 66, LINE 894

He felt the magic of harmonious sounds.

We frequently hear dogs howling to the sound of bells and bugles, and it is difficult to determine whether they receive pain or pleasure from the music ; but undoubtedly some of them have a correct ear for harmony. I had a spaniel, whose ear was particularly affected by one key,

and indifferent to all others. I often played a tune on the flute in various keys, without his taking the least notice of it ; but the moment I began on two flats (the softest key on the flute) he raised his head, and commenced with a low murmur, rising gradually in unison with the instrument, till the notes ascended too high for his compass, when he gave a bark of vexation, and waited till the return of the low notes, which he again accompanied. I tried this experiment at various times, and with different tunes, and always with the same effect.

PAGE 79, LINE 1257.

And robb'd proud Venice of her orient mines.

Before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama, Venice monopolized nearly the whole trade of India.

END OF NOTES TO BOOK I.

NOTES TO BOOK II.

PAGE 100, LINE 153.

Thus Clara moved and charm'd—

I ATTEMPT not to delineate a piece of puritanical perfection, like Lucilla Stanley ; my heroine is no controversialist, nor do I consider the most pious Christian less amiable for the possession of graceful accomplishments. I have represented Clara as skilled in the art of dancing, because I conceive it to be a healthy and innocent amusement. There are precise pastors, who, undoubtedly with the purest intentions, hurl their anathemas from the pulpit against the most harmless pleasures. If those spiritual legislators would enlighten their minds by travel, they would find that vice invariably flourishes most where innocent recreations are proscribed. The Christian religion, in its purity, is distinguished from all others by its cheerfulness ; the *mens conscientia recti* is always cheerful ; gloom and despondency are the companions of guilt. Dark must be the soul of that puritan, who can frown on his blooming daughters, employed in the harmless pastime of the dance. Cold is the heart, that can witness unmoved the peasant girl of Provence dancing under the elm-tree, after toiling all day in the vineyard, and enjoying that wholesome exercise by way of *rest* from her labours. When relaxation is forbidden, the weary spirit will seek some powerful stimulus to

recruit exhausted strength. In the tropic climes, when the air is rarified by heat, the storm rushes in to restore the equilibrium. Some visionary fanatics of the present age have thrown such a gloomy veil over the lovely face of Religion, that one is almost tempted to believe they are atheists in disguise, and whetting their daggers against crowns and altars under the cloak of sanctity. The madhouses are peopled with the victims of spiritual delusion. Our evangelical Lycurguses, full of

“ Cold, dead freedom, and of dull, sad pride,”

have bent the human passions to the ground, till the spring must either break, or recoil with double force ; and the consequent reaction will naturally lead us to an age of licentiousness, similar to that of the profligate Charles II., after the whining hypocrisy of Cromwell. We want another Hudibras to overwhelm the torrent of cant with the powers of ridicule ; and it becomes the duty of every man, who possesses the command of pen, pencil, or chisel, to exert his wit, learning, or genius, in the cause of true religion, and to strip the mask from those Tartuffes, who worm themselves into credulous families, and disturb the peace of innocence. I would say then to the guardians of youth, “ Proscribe not harmless recreation ; for nature abhors a vacuum, and the intervals of toil and study must be filled with rational amusement, or with something worse : let your daughters dance and sing, and thank Heaven if they have no deeper crimes to repent of.”

Though an advocate for dancing, I am no admirer of what the French call, with their ludicrous pomposity, *La declamation des Jambes* ! I have seen the first opera dancers in Europe, and felt no more gratified by their unnatural

antics, than by the movements of a dancing dog. The only theatrical dancer I ever saw to please me, was the fascinating Miss Foote, in the character of Fair Star ; her graceful performance was the true “ poetry of motion ;” and I have seen the child and the philosopher derive equal pleasure from the beautiful Arabian story, of which she was the brightest ornament.

PAGE 108, LINE 375.

Ne'er from Canora's living chisel sprang.

Ye compounds of lilies and roses ! hide your diminished heads ; this poor slave, black as ebony, was, with one exception, the most perfect beauty I have ever seen.

PAGE 111, LINE 457.

High o'er his brow fantastic horns arose.

Many of the goats in the Cape de Verd islands have four horns, and some six ; which is effected by splitting them with a knife, when young and tender.

PAGE 112, LINE 489.

They were a simple race—

As a proof of the simplicity of the females, I asked a respectable shopkeeper at Porto Praya if she had any children ; she replied, in Portuguese, that she had one boy, whom she was nursing ; and to explain herself with greater perspicuity, she uncovered one of her breasts, and, squeezing it with both hands, squirted the balm of life in my face across the counter !

PAGE 117, LINE 629.

All ocean was alive—

Those brilliant coruscations in the tropic seas seem to be satisfactorily accounted for by M. Labillardière, author of the voyage in search of La Pérouse: he preserved some bottles of sea-water, taken up during its phosphorescence; the water, poured in a glass, was set in motion in the dark; he immediately saw luminous globules similar to those which appear when the waves are agitated; he strained the water through a piece of brown paper; some molecules, very gelatinous and transparent, remained in the strainer, and from that time the water lost all its phosphorescence, which he restored at pleasure by throwing therein the little molecules. It was necessary not to leave these diminutive animals exposed long to the air, for they soon lost all their phosphoric properties.

Mr Scoresby calculated, that a single drop of water, taken from the surface of the Greenland sea, contained 26,450 animalcules.

PAGE 145, LINE 1446.

The tulip-tree, by noble Auson rear'd.

The botanists may exclaim against this description of a tulip-tree; but it was so called by the natives, and I have sketched it graphically from notes written on the spot. I was once telling a story to a shrewd Frenchman, and began my narration with ‘*J'ai vu*’—“I love that *j'ai vu*,” said he, “it carries more conviction to my mind than all the theories of the academicians.” In fact, I have caught from the cabin window scores of fish, that would puzzle a Buffon or Linnaeus, and resembling nothing to be found

in books of natural history ; and it would be an advantage to science in general, if every traveller would describe what he has seen in plain English, and leave technical terms to the fireside philosophers ; and particularly omit such vague expressions as *suave rubente*, and *suave olente*, which are no more characteristic of a tree than they are of a jack-pudding.

PAGE 147, LINE 1507.

See that old sempstress creep—

For the sake of variety, I have attempted a few lines *à la Crabbe* ; a poor imitation, I confess, of his admirable style of Dutch painting ; but, with all due respect for the original talents of Mr Crabbe, his unrivalled graphic delineations of homely scenes, and fearless fidelity to nature, I do not conceive that he has been happy in his choice of poetical subjects ; he brings us too near the painful truth, like the waxen image of a departed friend, which is disagreeable in proportion to its minute resemblance. Goldsmith has given us pictures of rustic poverty, equally forcible and true, without one unpleasing image. The beauties of painting and poetry consist, not so much in a faithful representation of natural scenes, as in a selection of those objects which are most agreeable to the imagination ; which are calculated to touch the heart without shocking the feelings. We view with pain and commiseration the body of a bleeding soldier, but contemplate with delight the statue of an expiring gladiator in polished marble. The charming illusion of some theatrical scenes proceeds from an invisible curtain ; and the spell of Mokanna was dissolved, when the mystic veil was torn from his unsight-

ly visage. Had Mr Crabbe always written in the style of “Sir Eustace Grey,” these observations would appear equally unnecessary and presumptuous.

PAGE 153, LINE 1684.

At length the waves their blue transparence lost.

For poetical effect, perhaps I should have represented La Plata and the ocean meeting like a brace of curly-headed bulls, and bellowing to the clouds. There are poets and orators in my country, who, in a strain of metaphorical madness, would have painted Neptune in the act of thrusting his foaming head into the river’s jaws, like a cauliflower into a boiling cauldron ; but plain truth is worth all the flights of the muses ; the fact is, that we were sailing for two days up that immense river, without perceiving any difference between it and the sea, except by the colour of the water.

END OF NOTES TO BOOK II.

NOTES TO BOOK III.

PAGE 165, LINE 180.

Across the roads the slaughter'd cattle lay.

THERE is such an abundance of cattle in the province of Buenos Ayres, that the natives kill them for the hides, and allow wild dogs to carry off the meat. Such is the indolence of the inhabitants of Monte Video, that a cow and a pound of butter bear the same price—one dollar ! During the siege of that city, they killed four thousand head of cattle for the purpose of making sand-bags of the hides.

PAGE 168, LINE 270.

And, wild with nature's spirit, raced the steed.

We employed the Peons to catch wild horses at a dollar a-piece ; but when the officers had saddled those untrained animals, and strapped their boat-cloaks on them, they frequently broke loose and set off at full speed, when the soldiers fired a volley after them, in hopes of saving those precious articles, which perhaps some of them carried to their death.

PAGE 175, LINE 465.

In the black ashes of their former cot.

In the track of Massena's retreat near Lleria, I saw numbers of women and children begging for bread, and kneeling in the ashes of their former habitations.

PAGE 177, LINE 509.

With fear and wonder when the blood is cold.

At the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the storming party crossed a deep trench and scaled a part of the wall, seemingly inaccessible—a feat, which appeared as incredible to the gallant survivors next morning, as it did to the spectators, who were drawn there by curiosity.

PAGE 178, LINE 556.

Nor less shall gallant Burne exalted shine.

Major-General Burne, who commanded the 36th regiment in every quarter of the globe ; the standard of the soldier and the gentleman—a man, whose gallantry in the field is equalled only by his modesty in retirement. When seated by the side of that unassuming veteran, in his plain uniform, how some of our titled ciphers and parliamentary heroes must blush at the stars and crosses that adorn their poor persons ! His character may be well described in the emphatic words of Sheridan, when speaking of Lord Lyndoch, “ There never was a loftier spirit seated in a gentler breast.”

PAGE 188, LINE 824.

A train of noble mules, of Spanish breed.

La Pérouse remarks, that the introduction of two domestic animals into America has had the most striking influence upon the manners of all the tribes ; they no longer follow any of their ancient customs ; they no longer live upon the same fruits, nor wear the same garments ; and they have a much stronger resemblance to the Tartars, or the borderers upon the Red Sea, than to their ancestors of two centuries past.

PAGE 189, LINE 875.

His grasping claws and wings of dusky red.

Dampier mentions a bat, whose wings extended as far as his outstretched arms.

PAGE 190, LINE 890.

The green savannah, like a shoreless sea.

There exist in the pampas of Buenos Ayres twelve million cows and three million horses, without comprising the cattle that have no acknowledged proprietor.

DE HUMBOLDT.

PAGE 195, LINE 1040.

Till the Great Man—

A tradition among the Ohio Indians.

PAGE 197, LINE 1087.

The dread gymnotus—

The gymnotus shoots the electric fire from the bottom of the waters, and benumbs the fisherman through his wetted line—it kills small fish at a distance, by giving them a shock through the water ; it gives no shock when wet sealing-wax is applied to the organs, but violent strokes when excited by a metallic rod.

PAGE 198, LINE 1136.

With harmless water charged—

La Vaillant, to preserve the plumage of African birds uninjured, fired at them on the summits of the trees with a charge of water, which was separated from the powder by a wadding of wax candle.

PAGE 203, LINE 1273.

— *Milk of flavour sweet.*

The cow-tree, *palo de vacca*, yields abundance of a glutinous milk, of an agreeable and balmy smell. Incisions are made in the trunk; the natives recognise, from the thickness and colour of the foliage, the trunks that yield the most juice, as the herdsman distinguishes, from external signs, a good milch-cow.

PAGE 205, LINE 1327.

Poising an Esmeralda's polish'd reed.

The reed of the Esmeralda, of which the sarbacans are made, is 17 feet long, without a knot.

PAGE 217, LINE 1681.

With trampling buffaloes might roll in rain.

Turtles have been found of the enormous weight of 480 lbs., and strong enough to bear 600 lbs. on their backs.

PAGE 225, LINE 1880.

Where all, but honour, perish'd in the grave.

I have cautiously abstained from making any remarks on the conduct of the unfortunate commander of the expedition; he has been tried and sentenced by the laws of his country.

PAGE 228, LINE 1986.

Like the blind pilot on the stormy sea.

This alludes to that awful instance of retribution, when some hundreds of slaves were seized with the ophthalmia, and the monsters who captured them flung the unprofitable cargo into the sea; but the disease had spread amongst the crew, and a passing ship beheld the blind murderers rolling at the mercy of the winds and waves!

PAGE 229, LINE 1989.

All lonely on the Lusitanian spire.

The stork is regarded with superstitious veneration in many countries, particularly in Portugal, where laws are enacted for its preservation ; a custom which probably originated with the Egyptians, as those birds are useful in destroying the young serpents on the banks of the Nile. I have never seen a more striking example of solitude personified than one of those revered creatures standing on the summit of a spire in a Portuguese village, during a calm summer evening, when all nature was at rest, and he looked down from his throne in proud security, as if despising the idle world beneath him.

PAGE 230, LINE 2036.

Whose pulses throbb'd with deepest harmony.

These lines are versified from a passage in the pleasing novel of Ringan Gilhaize, by Mr Galt.

PAGE 232, LINE 2084.

Of fire-denouncing missionary wrung.

In the “Conquesta de Almas,” the Spanish missionaries killed all who made resistance, burned their huts, and carried away the old men, women, and children, as prisoners !

DE HUMBOLDT.

I have no doubt that there are many of our British missionaries, who set out on their sacred errand, inspired with all the fervour of apostolic zeal ; but they appear to me too sanguine in their expectations of the miraculous interference of Providence, when they have neglected all rational means of success ; their labours commence where they ought to end ; they should educate, civilize, and

shew those children of ignorance the practical effects of the Christian religion, before they attempt to explain mysteries, which are above all human comprehension, to a troop of naked savages.

PAGE 243, LINE 2391.

While man thus shines, shall lovely woman still.

As an instance of the advantages arising from an improved system of education, I cannot resist the pleasure of noticing a miniature debate, which lately afforded the highest gratification to a crowded audience in my native place. It was an exhibition of parliamentary eloquence by the pupils of a preceptor, who is more a companion than a master among his scholars, forming a striking contrast to the pedagogue of former days, when schoolmaster and tyrant were considered synonymous terms. There was an excellent band, in which the pupils were the sole performers ; and, at an age when a few years since the fingers of youth were employed in chalking their knuckles to play marbles, the choice orations of Pitt, Fox, and Ponsonby, were recited in a style of animation and classic elegance, which have rarely been surpassed in the British senate.

I have already transgressed too long, and now, courteous reader, I make my farewell bow ; for the field of poetry is at present occupied by such a phalanx of heroes, that a poor tyro, like myself, can only expect to be sent to the rear with the heavy lumber, with the mortification of hearing the shouts of victory echoing from hill to hill in the distance, and cheering the hearts of the fortunate commanders. I therefore retire, and pledge myself, if ever I

again intrude on the public, to appear before them in the garb of humble prose, which it is probable some critics will say is the only proof of good sense to be found in my pages. I part with my muse as I did with my ship after a fourteen months' voyage, thanking her for the many pleasant hours which she afforded me, and hoping most sincerely never to see her face again. But in thus taking a formal leave of my readers, I expose myself to a retort similar to that which a modern hero received, on taking the command of an invading army—" Soldiers," said he, " I arrive amongst you ;" when a wag provokingly whispered " Who the devil cares ?"

THE END.

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